



CORNELL
UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY



BOUGHT WITH THE INCOME
OF THE SAGE ENDOWMENT
FUND GIVEN IN 1891 BY
HENRY WILLIAMS SAGE



Cornell University
Library

The original of this book is in
the Cornell University Library.

There are no known copyright restrictions in
the United States on the use of the text.

<http://www.archive.org/details/cu31924013278761>



Miscellanea Antiqua Anglicana.



THE

OLD BOOK COLLECTOR'S

MISCELLANY.



OLD BOOK COLLECTOR'S
MISCELLANY:

OR, A

COLLECTION OF READABLE REPRINTS

OF

LITERARY RARITIES,

ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE HISTORY, LITERATURE, MANNERS,
AND BIOGRAPHY OF THE ENGLISH NATION

DURING THE

Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries.

EDITED BY CHARLES HINDLEY, Esq.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

REEVES AND TURNER,
196, STRAND.

TO
JAMES EGLINGTON A. GWYNNE, ESQ.,
J.P., F.S.A., C.E., ETC.,
OF HARLEY STREET, LONDON,
AND DOVERCOURT, IN THE COUNTY OF ESSEX,

AS

A TESTIMONIAL OF ESTEEM

“ For him, as ”

A LOVER OF LITERATURE AND PATRON OF THE FINE ARTS,

The First Volume of

“THE OLD BOOK COLLECTOR'S MISCELLANY”

IS MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED BY

THE EDITOR.

Rose Hill Terrace,

Brighton,

September, 1871.



ARRANGEMENT AND CONTENTS

OF

VOLUME I.

- 1.—How the Good Wife taught her Daughter.
- 2.—A Dialogue Between the Common Secretary and Jealousy.
- 3.—Harman's—A Caveat or Warning for Common Cursetors, vulgarly called Vagabonds.
- 4.—Green's—A Quip for an Upstart Courtier : or, a Quaint Dispute between Velvet-Breeches and Cloth-Breeches.
- 5.—Gabriel Harvey's—The Trimming of Thomas Nash, Gentleman.

How the Goode Wif Thaught
hir Daughter.

The Goode Wif thaught hir Doughter fele tyme
 & ofte gode woman for to be.

Doughter zif pou wilt ben a wif / & wifeliche werche
 Loke þ^t pou loue welle god / & holy cherche

Go to cherche when pou mygthe / lette for no reyne
Alle þe day pou farest þe bette / þ^t pou hast god ysegne

 Hele thryuethe þat god louethe my dere childe
Blethely zeue þi tythys / & þin offerynges bothe
þe pore men at þi dore / be þou hem nogthe lothe
Zeue hem blethely of þi good / & be þou nogthe to harde

Seldam is þe house pore / þere god is stywarde
 Tresour he hathe þ^t pouere fedithe my leue childe

The while þou sittest in chirche / þi bedys schalt þou
 bidde

Make þou none iangelynge / withe fremed ne withe
 sibbe

Laughe none to shorne / nethir olde ne zonge

Be of a good berynge / & of a good tonge

In þi gode berynge begynnthe þi worschipe my dere
 childe

Zif any man bidde þe worschipe / & wille wedde the
 Aupsely answere hym / scorne hym noghte what he be
Schewe it to þin frendis / & for=hele it noght

Sitte bi hym ne stande / þer synne may be wroght

A slaundree þ^t is reised is cuelle to felle my leue childe

THE GOOD WIFE TAUGHT HER
DAUGHTER MANY A TIME AND
OFT GOOD WOMAN FOR TO BE.



DAUGHTER if thou wilt be a wife, and
wisely work

Look that thou love well God, and Holy
Church

Go to church when thou mayest, stop for no rain
All the day thou farest the better, that thou hast God seen,
Well thriveth that God loveth my dear child.

Blithely give thy tithes, and thy offerings both
The poor men at thy door, be thou to them not loth
Give them blithely of thy good, and be thou not too
hard ;

Seldom is the house poor, where God is Steward
Treasure he hath that the poor feedeth my dear child.

The while thou sittest in church, thy beads shalt
thou bid [relative]

Make thou no jangling, with stranger, nor with sib
Laugh none to scorn, neither old nor young,
Be of good bearing, and of a good tongue
In thy good bearing beginneth thy worship my dear
child

If any man bid thee worship, and will wed thee
Advisedly answer him, scorn him not whatever he be
Show it to thy friends, and conceal it not

Sit [not] by him, nor stand where sin may be wrought
A slander that is raised is evil to fell my dear child.

What man þe wedde schalle / be for god withe a rygne
 Honour hym & wurchipe him / and bowe ouere alle
 þinge

Mekely hym answere / & noght to haterlynge
 And so þou schalt slake his mode / & be his derlyngge
 Fayre wordes wratthe slakithe my dere childe

Swete of speche schalt þou be / glad of mylde moode
 Trewe in worde & in dede / in lyue & soule goode

Kepe þe fro synne / fro vylenye & schame

And loke þ^t þou bere þe so wele / þ^t men seie þe no blame
 A gode name fore wynneth my leue childe

Be þou of semblauntz sad / & euer of faire chere
 þat þi chere chaunge noght / for noght þ^t þou maiste here
 Fare noght as a gygge / for noght þ^t may be tyde
 Laughe þou noght to lowde / ne zane þou noght to wyde
 Lawchen þou maight & faire mought make my dere
 childe

When þou goest be þe weie / goe þou noght to faste
 Wagge noght withe þin hedde / þin schuldres away to
 caste

Be noght of many wordes / swere þou noght to grete
 Alle suche maners my dere child / þou muste lete
 Quelle lak euelle name my leue childe

Go þou noght to toune / as it were a gase
 Fro house to house / for to seke þe mase

Goe þou noght to market / þi borelle for to selle
 Ne goe þou noght to tauerne / þi wurchipe to felle
 þat tauerne hauntethe his thriste for=sakithe my dere
 childe

Whatever man shall thee wed before God with a ring
 Honour him and worship him, and bow over all things
 Meekly answer him, and not too sharply
 And so thou shalt slake his anger, and be his darling.
 Fair words slaketh wrath my dear child.

Sweet of speech shalt thou be, glad, of mild mood
 True in word and in deed, in life and soul good
 Keep thee from sin, from indecency, and shame
 And look that thou bear thee so well, that men say
 to thee no blame

A good name far winneth my dear child.

Be thou of appearance sad, and ever of fair cheer
 That thy cheer change not, for naught that thou
 mayest hear

Fare not as a flighty person, for naught that may
 betide

Laugh thou not too loud, nor yawn thou not too wide
 Laughing thou mayest and fair mouth make my
 dear child.

When thou goest by the way go thou not too fast
 Wag not with thy head, thy shoulders away to-cast
 Be not of many words, swear thou not too greatly
 All such manners my dear child, thou must forsake
 Evil play evil name my dear child.

Go thou not to town, as it were to gaze
 From house to house, for to seek the maze
 Go thou not to market, thy cloth for to sell
 Nor go thou not to tavern, thy worship to sell
 He that tavern haunteth his thrift forsaketh, my
 dear child.

How the Good Wife

Zif pou be in any stede / per good drynke is a losse
Whethir pou serue / or sitte softe

Mesurely take per offe / þ^t þe falle no blame

Zif pou be ofte dronken / it fallithe the to grete schame
þat mesure louethe & skille ofte hathe his wille my leue
childe.

Goe pou noght to wrastelynge / ne schetyngge at þe
cokke

As it were a strumpet / or a gegelotte

Whone at home doughter / & kepe þin owen wike
And so pou schalt my leue child / sone ware riche
Mery is owne þinge to kepe my dere childe

Awhynte þe noght withe il ke man / þ^t pou metest in
þe strete

And þei he speke foule to þe / faire pou him grete

. . pou forthe in þe weie / longe by none pou stande

. . pou þorow no bylegny þin hert no þinges chaunge

For alle ben nought trewe þ^t faire spekyu my leue
childe

For none wronge couetise / zifte pou ne take

But pou wete wele whi / sone pou it forsake

Goode wise men withe ziftis / men may ouergone

Thow þei were also trewe / as euer was þe stone

Bounden he is þat zifte takithe my dere childe

In othir mannys house / make pou none maistrpe

Ne blame pou no þinge / þ^t pou seiste withe þi eye

I pray þe my dere childe / loke pou bere þe so wele

þat alle men may seyeu / pou art so trewe as stele

Godde name is golde worthe my leue childe

If thou be in any place, where good drink is aloft
 Whether thou serve, or sit softly
 Measurely take thereof, that to thee there fall no blame
 If thou be oft drunken, it falleth thee to great shame

He that loveth measure and skill oft hath his will
 my dear child.

Go thou not to wrestling, nor shooting at the cock
 As it were a strumpet, or a giglot [silly, flighty
 wanton]

Dwell at home daughter, and keep thy own wike
 [house]

And so thou shalt my dear child, soon be rich.

Merry it is one's own things to keep my dear child.
 Acquaint thee not with each man that thou meetest
 in the street

And though he speak foul to thee, fair thou him greet
 Hie thou forth in the way, long by none thou stand
 Dothou through no indecency thy heart nothing change

For all be not true that speak fair my dear child.
 For no wrong covetousness, take thou any gifts
 But thou wit well why, soon thou forsake it
 Good wise men with gifts, men may over-gone.
 Though thou wert as true, as ever was the stone

Bound he is that taketh gift my dear child.
 In other man's house, make thou no mastery
 Nor blame thou no thing that thou seest with thy eye
 I pray thee my dear child, look thou bear thee so well
 That all men may say, thou art as true as steel.

Good name is worth gold my dear child.

Be pou no chider / ne of wordis bolde
 To mysseyn þi neyboure / neither zonge ne olde
 Be pou noght to mody / ne to endyouse
 For noght þi may be tyde / in othir mannys house
 Endyouse herte hym selfe fretithe my dere child
 And zif þi neyboures wif / haue riche atpyre
 Ther for make pou no stryue / ne bren pou noght as fyre
 But þanke god of þi good / þi he hathe þe zeuen
 And so pou schalt my good child / in grete ese leuen
 At ese he is þi seldam thankithe my leue childe
 Housewifly schalt pou goen / on þe werke day
 Pryde & reste & ydelchipe / do it alle away
 And when þe haliday is come / wise schalt pou be
 þe haliday to wurchipe / & god schalle loue þe.
 More for worschipe þan for pryde my dere childe
 Withe ryche robys & garlondys / & swiche þinge
 Ne countirfete no ladijs / as þi lorde were a kynge
 Withe swiche as he may þe fynde / payede schalt pou be
 þat he lees noght his manhed / for þe love of þe
 Quere done pryde makythe nakid syde my leue childe
 Mekille schame ben wpmmen worthi / & so hem
 schalle be tide
 þat bryngyn her lordis in mischef / for here mekille
 pryde
 Be wele wise doughtere / & kepe þin owen gode
 For aftir þe wrenne hathe beynes / men schalle late
 hir blode
 Dis thriste warithe thynne þi spendithe more þan
 wyne my dere childe

Be thou no chider, nor of words bold
 To speak ill of thy neighbour, neither young nor old,
 Be thou not too moody, nor too envious,
 For nought that may betide, in other man's house,

 Envious heart fretteth himself, my dear child.

And if thy neighbour's wife have rich attire,
 Therefore make thou no strife, nor burn thou not as fire
 But thank God of that good, that he hath given thee
 And so thou shalt, my good child, in great ease live

 At ease he is that seldom thanketh my dear child.

Housewife-like shalt thou go on the week day,
 Pride and rest and idleness, put it all away,
 And when the holyday is come, wise shalt thou be
 The holyday to worship, and God shall love thee

 More for worship than for pride, my dear child.

With rich robes and garlands, and such things
 Do not counterfeit ladies, as if thy lord were a king,
 With such as he may find thee, pleased shalt thou be
 That he lose not his manhood for the love of thee

 Overdone pride maketh naked side, my dear child.

Much shame are women worthy of, and so shall
 betide them,

That bringing their lords in mischief, for their much
 pride

Be well wise, daughter, and keep thy own goods,
 For after the wren hath veins, men shall let her
 blood,

 His thrift waxeth thin that spendeth more than he
 winneth, my dear child.

Housewifly loke þin house / & alle þin meyne
 To bitter ne to boner / Withe hem ne schalt þou be
 Loke what note is moste nede / for to done
 And sette hem þer to / bothe rathe & sone

Nedy is at nede aforne done dede my leue childe
 And zif þin lorde be fro home / lete hem nocht goen
 ydelle

Loke þ^t you wete wele / ho do mekylle or lytelle
 He þ^t hathe wele done / zelde hym wele his whyle
 He dothe an oþer tyme þe bette / but he be a vyle

A dede wele done herte it whemyth my dear childe
 And zif þi nede be grette / & þi tyme streite
 Goe þi selfe þere to / & make an housewifis breyde
 Alle þei schalle do þe better / þ^t þou bi hem standes
 þe werke is þe soner done / þ^t hathe many handes

Many handys make light werke my leue childe
 Loke wele what þi meny dothe / abowte hem þou
 wende

Wilke dede þ^t schalle be done / be at þe tone ende
 Zif þou fynde defaugthe / sone do þou it amende
 . . . þei haue swiche for hem / þ^t may hem defende

Mykelle note hym be-houethe to don þ^t house schall
 holden [my leue childe]

Loke þat alle þing be wele / when þei her werke letyne
 Take þe keyzys to þe warde / þ^t þei be nought for-
 getyne

Loke þat þinge be wele / lette for none feyntyse
 Doughter zif þou doest so / þan doest þou as þe wise
 Neue none better þan þi selfe my leue childe

Housewife-like look to thine house and all thy meynè
 Too bitter nor too free with them, shalt thou be ;
 Look what work is most needful for to [be] done
 And set them there-to, both early and soon

Needy is at need before-done-deed, my dear child.
 And if thy lord be from home let them not go idle,
 Look that thou know well who do much or little ;
 He that hath well done yield him well his while,
 He doth an other time the better but he be a vile (person).

A deed well done it pleaseth heart, my dear child.
 And if thy need be great and thy time strait
 Go thyself there-to and make an housewife's turn,
 All they shall do the better for that thou by them
 standest,

The work is the sooner done that hath many hands.

Many hands make light work, my dear child.
 Look well what thy household doth, about them thou
 wend [go],

Whatsoever deed shall be done be at the one end
 [thereof]

If thou find default soon do thou amend it
 . . they have such for them that may defend them.

Much work behoveth him to do that house shall
 hold, my dear child.
 Look that all things be well when they leave their
 work,

Take the keys to the warden that they be not forgotten,
 Look that things be well, stay not for any idleness,
 Daughter if thou doest so then doest thou as the wise.

Believe none better than thyself my dear child.

How the Good Wife

Sitte þou nought to longe / on nygthis by þe cuppe
 And sey wasselie & drynkeheil / oure sires thriste is
 vyppē

Go to þi bedde be tyme / on morowe reys vyppē be lyue
 And so þou schalt my dere childe / hasteliche thryue.

All his ese may be nought haue þ^t thryue schalle my
 dere childe

Zif it so betyde / þin frendes fro þe falle

And god sendde þe childryn / þ^t affir brede wille calle

And þou haste mekylle nede / & counseyllē haste þou
 none

But as bare as þou come / from þe harde ston

Thynge þ^t may be tyde is for to dowte my leue childe

Doughter I þe praye / þ þou þe so be thengke

What men þe honouren / & sette þe on þe bēngke

Of aventurys þ^t may be tyde / boþe zonge & olde

þat now ben fulle pouere / þ^t sum tyme were fulle
 bolde

Many for folpe hem self for-doothe my dere childe

Take ensauple by hem / & lette alle folie

þ^t þou haue none defawte / ne they or ze dyen

Zif god þe sende children / þou hast þe more to done

þei askyn grete dispens / here warisone þei wille haue
 sone

Care he hathe þ^t childryn schalle kepe my leue childe

And zif þou be a ryche wiffe / be þou nought to harde

Welkome fayre þin neyhoures / þ^t comen to þe
 towarde

Sit thou not too long a-nights by the cup
 And say "Wassail!" and "drink hail!" "our sires thrift
 is up" ;

Go to thy bed betimes, on the morrow rise up belive
 [early, soon]

So thou shalt my dear child, hastily thrive

All his pleasure may he not have that shall thrive,
 my dear child.

If it so betide, that friends fall from thee

And God send thee children, that after bread will call

And thou hast much need, and counsel hast thou none

But art as bare as if thou camest from the hard stone

Think that what may betide is to be feared, my
 dear child.

Daughter I pray thee, that thou so bethink thee

(Whatever men honour thee, and set thee on the
 bench [daïs])

Of adventures that may betide both young and old

That now are full poor, that some time were full bold,

Many for folly ruin themselves, my dear child.

Take example by them, and leave all folly

That thou have no default, nor they ere ye die

If God do send children, thou hast the more to do.

They demand great expense, their sustenance they
 will have soon

Care he hath that shall keep children, my dear
 child.

And if thou be a rich wife, be thou not too hard

Welcome kindly thy neighbours, that come toward
 thee,

Meete & drynke withe faire semblaunte / þe more
schalle be þi mede.

Like a man after his state / & zeue þe pouere atte nede
For happe þ^t may be tide loue þi neybourghe þe be
side my leue childe

Loke to þin doughters so wele / þat þei bethe nought
for lorne

Fro þat tyme þ^t þei ben / of þin body borne
Gader þou muste faste / to here mariage
And zeue hem sone to man / when þei ben of age
Maydenys ben loneliche & no þing sekir my leue
childe

And zif þou loue þin childryn / loke þou holde hem lowe
Zif any of hem do amys / curse hem nought ne blowe
But take a smerte rodde / & bete hem alle by rowe
Tolle þei crye mercy / & be here gylte aknowe
Leue childe lore behoueth my dere childe
Borow nought blethely / ne take nought frest
But þe more nede it make / or þe more brest
Make þe nought to riche / of oþer manny's þinge
The bolder to spend / þe worthe of a ferthinge
Borrowed þinge wole home my leue childe
Zeue þi meyne here hire / at here terme day
Whether þei leue stille / or þei wende away
Be þou wise wif of þin owen / þ^t þou hast in wolde
þ^t þi frendes haue joye of þe / bothe zonge & olde
Chi thrifte is þi frendis myrthe my dere childe

Meat and drink with kind cheer, the more shall be
thy meed [reward],

Each man after his state, and give the poor at need
For happen what may betide, love thy neighbour
beside thee, my dear child.

Look to thy daughters so well that they be not
forlorn [ruined].

From the time that they be of thy body born ;

Gather thou must fast for their marriage

And give them soon to a man when they be of age.

Maidens be lonely and nothing sure, my dear
child.

And if thou love thy children look thou hold them low

If any of them do amiss curse them not nor blow

But take a smart rod and beat them all by row,

Till they cry "mercy!" and their guilt be acknow-
ledged.

The dear child needs learning my dear child.

Borrow not blithely nor take thou any loan

But the more need there is or the more force

Make thee not too rich of other man's things

The bolder to spend the worth of a farthing.

Borrowed things will home, my dear child.

Give thy attendants their hire at their term day

Whether they still remain or they go away ;

Be thou wise, wife, of thy own that thou hast in thy
power,

That thy friends have joy of thee, both young and old,

Thy thrift is thy friend's mirth, my dear child.

How the Good Wife

Now haue I taught þe daughter / so diide my modir
me

Think þer on bothe nyght & day / forzete nought þise
þre

Haue mesure lowdenesse & forthought. / þ^t I haue þe
taught

What man þ^t þe wedde schalle / þan is he nought
breaught

Better were a childe vnborne þan vntaught my leue
childe

Now thriste & thedam mote þou haue / my leue swete
barn

Of alle oure forme fadres / þ^t euer ware or arn

Of patriarkes of prophetis / þ^t euer were o lyue

Here blessinge mote þuo haue / & wele mote þou
thryue

Wete is þe childe þat þryue may my dere childe.

Explicit expliciat ludere scriptor eat.

Now have I taught thee daughter, as did my
 mother me

Think on her both night and day, forget not
 these three

Have moderation, lowliness and forethought that I
 have taught thee,

Whatever man shall wed thee, then is he not becaught
 Better were a child unborn than untaught my dear
 child.

Now thrift and prosperity mayest thou have, my
 dear sweet child

Of all our ancestors, that ever were or are,

Of patriarchs, of prophets that ever were alive,

Their blessing mayest thou have and well mayest
 thou thrive.

Well is the child that may thrive my dear child.

Explicit expliciat ludere scriptor eat.



A DIALOGUE
BETWEEN THE
COMMON SECRETARY
AND
JEALOUSY.



A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN THE

COMMON SECRETARY & JEALOUSY

TOUCHING

THE UNSTABLENESS OF HARLOTS.

WITH A

FACSIMILE LETTER

FROM

JOHN PAYNE COLLIER, Esq., F.S.A.,

On the Subject of his Introduction to his Reprint
of the Work.

WITH A MODERNIZED VERSION OF THE TEXT.

Edited by CHARLES HINDLEY.

LONDON :

REEVES AND TURNER,

196, STRAND,

(Opposite St. Clement Danes Church).

1871.



Riverside
Maidenhead
17 May 1871

Sir
If you use my "Introduction" you will of course acknowledge it: if you do, you are quite welcome to apply it to the purpose you mention

Your very obed^t
J. Payne Collier

Mr Char Hindley

THE above is a facsimile of the letter which we received from that ardent labourer in the field of early literature, JOHN PAYNE COLLIER,

Esq., in reply to our request to be allowed to use *in extenso* his very excellent and exhaustive Introduction to the rare little tract herewith presented to the reader, and of which Mr. Collier had in 1844 reprinted twenty-five copies in **black letter** upon very substantial paper, which he issued to the twenty-five subscribers to his little reprinting club, neatly bound in the Roxburghe style.

Here publicly acknowledging our best thanks to Mr. J. Payne Collier, not only for his extreme courtesy in granting the favour sought, but also for his prompt reply, we lay before our reader his

INTRODUCTION.

HE ensuing brief and humorous production is not altogether unknown to bibliographers, although only two copies of it appear to have been preserved: one of these, if we are not mistaken, was in the library of the late Mr. Heber, and the other is in the hands of a gentleman, who had liberally allowed it to be reprinted exactly in the shape it bears in the original. We have followed the text, even in the most minute matters of punctuation, preserving also errors of the press

(easily discovered and corrected,) upon the title-page and in the body of the tract. Our object has been, as nearly as modern types will allow, to present a fac-simile of the curious relic.

The printer of it was John Kynge, who published eight known works with dates, extending from 1550 to 1561, and six works without dates, besides others mentioned in the Stationers' Registers, which have not come down to our time: many, if not most of these, were of a comic kind, calculated to be popular, and it is not surprising that, in passing from hand to hand among careless readers, not a few have been entirely lost, or have only reached us from the presses of later typographers.

The following tract is precisely of this description; and as it is extremely characteristic of the age when it appeared, and is in several respects illustrative of our older literature, by the use of words and proverbial expressions not now employed, it has been thought that some service, however trifling, would be rendered to archæology by placing it beyond the reach of future destruction. Among the now uncommon words we may mention "diffuse," in the sense of *unintelligible*, or *confused*, as found in Shakespeare's "Merry Wives," "Henry V.," and "King Lear;" while the phrase, "light of the sere," may perhaps aid in explaining a well-remembered passage in "Hamlet:" the double

sense of the word "occupy" is also explained near the end of the Dialogue, which thus has a peculiar value for philologists, independently of its great rarity. The proverbial phrases, some of them common to other writers, do not seem to require particular notice.

To whom the authorship may be assigned is merely matter of conjecture; but it is very clear, from the style and character of the production, that it was not a translation. Edward Gosynhyll, as he himself spells his name, was the writer of at least two humorous productions from the press of John Kynge, although bibliographers have hitherto only mentioned one of them as his, viz., "The prayse of all women, called Mulierum Pean," which came out without date, and was reprinted by Myddylton under the same circumstances: this work has been duly assigned, by Ritson and others, to Gosynhyll, but nobody seems to have been aware that he was also the author of "The Scole house of women," printed by Kynge in 1560, and included by Mr. Utterson in his two elegant volumes, "Select Pieces of Early Popular Poetry," 8vo., London, 1817. This fact is ascertained very unequivocally by Gosynhyll himself for he admits it in his "Prayse of all women, called Mulierum Pean:" the author is thus addressed by a number of ladies in a vision:—

"A wake, they sayde, slepe nat so fast,
Consyder our grefe, and how we be blamed,

And all by a boke that lately is past,
 Whyche, by reporte, *by thee was fyrst framed,*
The Scole of Women, none auctour named :
 In prynte it is passed, lewdely compyled,
 All women wherby be sore revyled."

Here, therefore, Gosynhyll avows that he wrote "The Scole house of women," which had been published anonymously in 1560: and we are thus sure also that "The prayse of all women" followed it, as a sort of amends to the female sex. The subsequent stanza, which concludes this latter production contains Gosynhyll's name at length.

"Yf question he moued who is thine authour,
 Be nat adorad to vtter his name :
 Say, Edward Gosynhyll toke the labour
 For womanhede thee for to frame ;
 Call hym thyne authour, do nat shame.
 Thankes lokes he none for, yet wold he be glad
 A staffe to stand by that all women had."

Thus, having given "all women" their bane in his "Scole house," Gosynhyll afforded them their antidote in his "Prayse of all women." From the nature of the production, and the style of composition, as well as from the circumstance that it came from the press of Gosynhyll's printer, it may not appear unlikely that he was also the author of the ensuing Dialogue.

J. P. C.

A dialogue bytwene the commune secretary and Ialowspe,

Touchynge the vnstableness^t of Harlottes.

Ialowspe.

What a worlde is thys, I true it be acurst
Fayne wolde I mary, yf that I durst
But I trowe, syth the tyme that god was borne
So many honest men helde of the horne.

Secretary.

What is the mater, be ye in any dout
Pacifye your mode, let it all come out
Discharge your stomake, auoyde it forth
Sorowes in store be nothyng worth.

Ialowspe.

Trowth it is, I trust ye wyl not be greued
Though a smal questyon to you be meued
In a mater, to me doubtfull and diffuse
Which I suppose ye haue had in experience and vse.

Secretary.

That perauenture, but I wyl not promyse you pre=
To assoyle your questyon very wysely [cysely
Now be it, that ye saye, I am of experyence
So ye wyl beclose, ye shall heare my sentence.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE COMMON SECRETARY
AND JEALOUSY,

TOUCHING THE UNSTABLENESS OF HARLOTS.

Jealousy.

What a world is this! I trow it be accurst.
Fain would I marry, if that I durst;
But I trow, since the time that God was born
So many honest men held of the horn.

Secretary.

What is the matter? Be ye in any doubt,
Pacify your mood, let it all come out;
Discharge your stomach, avoid it forth,
Sorrows in store be nothing worth.

Jealousy.

Truth it is, I trust ye will not be grieved,
Though a small question to you be meved,
In a matter, to me doubtful and diffuse,
Which I suppose ye have had in experience and use.

Secretary.

That, peradventure, but I will not promise you pre-
To assoil your question very wisely; [cisely
Howbeit, that ye say I am of experience,
So ye will disclose, ye shall hear my sentence.

Jalowspe.

Than thus she that hath a rollynge eye
 And doth comey it well and wysely
 And therto hath a wauerynge thought
 Trowe you that this trull wyll not be bought.

Secretary.

Hes but take hede by the pryce ye haue no losse
 A mad marchaunt that wyll gyue v marke for a gosse
 Beware a rollynge eye w^t waueryng thought, marke y^t
 And for suche stuffe, passe not a dantypprat.

Jalowspe.

She that is very wanton and nyse
 Thynkynge her selve meruaylous wyse
 And wyll come to hym that doth her call
 Wyll she not wrastell for a fall.

Secretary.

Hes surely, for a fall as flatte as a cake
 And careth not how many fallcs she dothe take
 There is no fall can make her lame
 For she wyll be sure of the best game.

Jalowspe.

She that dothe make it all straunge and quaynt
 And loketh as she were a very saynt
 If a man in the darke dothe her assay
 Hath she any power to holde out, nay nay.

Jealousy.

Then thus : she that hath a rolling eye,
 And doth convey it well and wisely,
 And thereto hath a wavering thought,
 Trow you that this trull will not be bought?

Secretary.

Yes, but take heed that by the price ye have no loss ;
 A mad merchant that will give 5 marks for a goose.
 Beware a rolling eye with wavering thought ; Mark
 And for such stuff pass not a dantiprat. [that,]

Jealousy.

She that is very wanton and nice,
 Thinking herself marvellous wise,
 And will come to him that doth her call,
 Will she not wrestle for a fall ?

Secretary.

Yes, surely, for a fall as flat as a cake,
 And careth not how many falls she doth take.
 There is no fall can make her lame,
 For she will be sure of the best game.

Jealousy.

She that doth make it all strange and quaint,
 And looketh as she were a very saint,
 If a man in the dark doth her assay,
 Hath she any power to hold out ? Nay, nay.

Secretary.

Holde out, yes, or it is pytpe she was borne
 A horse, a whelbarowe, and a rammes horne
 If the other thynge come, ye whote what I meane
 For all her holy lokes, she wyll condey it cleane.

Jalowspe.

She that dothe loue moche dallpence
 Wyth dyuerse men, for fayre spekyng
 And thynketh not on her owne shame
 Wyll not thys wyld fowle be made tame

Secretary.

Yes wyth good handelyng as I ayne
 Cuen by and by ye shall her reclayne
 And make her tame as euer was tyrtyll
 To suffre kyssyng and tyklyng vnder the kyrtyll.

Jalowspe.

She that is somewhat lyght of credence
 And to make her fresshe, large of exspence
 Now saye you, and her money do fayle
 Wyll she not laye to pledge her tayle.

Secretary.

Yes, and yf she be of that appetyte
 She wyll bothe pledge and sell out ryght
 Heade pece, tayle pece, and all foure quarters
 To one or other, rather than fayle to carters.

Secretary.

Hold out, yes, or it is pity she was born ;
 A horse, a wheelbarrow, and a ram's horn ;
 If the other thing come, ye wot what I mean,
 For all her holy looks, she will convey it clean.

Jealousy.

She that doth love much dallying
 With divers men, for fair speaking
 And thinketh not on her own shame,
 Will not this wild fowl be made tame ?

Secretary.

Yes, with good handling, as I aim,
 Even by and by ye shall her reclaim,
 And make her tame as ever was turtle,
 To suffer kissing and tickling under the kirtle.

Jealousy.

She that is somewhat light of credence,
 And to make her fresh, large of expense,
 How say you, and her money do fail,
 Will she not lay to pledge her tail ?

Secretary.

Yes, and if she be of that appetite,
 She will both pledge and sell outright,
 Head piece, tail piece, and all four quarters,
 To one or other, rather than fail to carters.

Jalowspe.

She that loueth to syt and muse
 And craftely can her selfe excuse
 Whan she is taken with a fatwte
 Wyll she not be wonne wyth a small assawte.

Secretary.

What nedes assawte, I dare saye she wyll consent
 That ye shall entre by a reasonable poyntment
 And than take hede, for in keping of this warde & holde
 Is more daunger than in getynge a thousande folde.

Jalowspe.

She that is of mynde somewhat rechelesse
 Gyuyng her selfe all to ydelnesse
 And loueth to lye longe in her bedde
 Who wayteth a tyme, shall he not be spedde.

Secretary.

Tyme? nay nay, wayte yf she be in good mode
 For out of the chyrche, all tymes be good
 But passe not thereon, though she saye naye
 For so she wyll, whan she hath best lust to playe.

Jalowspe.

She that can no conseyle kepe
 And lyghtly wyll sobbe and wepe
 Laugh agayne, and wote not why
 Wyll she not be soone tyced to foly.

Jealousy.

She that loveth to sit and muse,
 And craftily can herself excuse,
 When she is taken with a fault,
 Will she not be won with a small assault ?

Secretary.

What needs assault ? I dare say she will consent
 That ye shall enter by a reasonable appointment ;
 And then take heed, for in keeping of this ward and
 Is more danger than in getting, a thousand fold. [hold

Jealousy.

She that is of mind somewhat reckless,
 Giving herself all to idleness,
 And loveth to lie long in her bed,
 Who waiteth a time, shall he not be sped ?

Secretary.

Time ? Nay, nay ; wait if she be in good mood,
 For out of the church all times be good ;
 But pass not thereon, though she say nay,
 For so she will when she hath best lust to play.

Jealousy.

She that can no counsel keep,
 And lightly will sob and weep,
 Laugh again, and wot not why,
 Will she not be soon enticed to folly ?

Secretary.

The teares betoken a gracious couroge
 And laughynge dothe all malyce aswage
 When she is in that takynge, marke well marke
 Let slyp, spare not for one course in her parke.

Jalowsye.

She that is fayre, lusty and yonge
 And can comon in termes wyth fyled tonge
 And wyll abyde whysperynge in the eare
 Thynke ye her taylor is not lyght of the seare

Secretary.

By all these semely touches, me thynketh surely
 Her owne taylor she sholde occupy
 Somtyme for nede, her honesty saued.
 She wyll wasshe often, or she be ones shaued.

Jalowsye.

She that paynteth her in starynge apparell
 Use hote wynes, and dayly fare well
 And loueth to slepe at after none tyde
 Who lyst to stryke, trowe ye she wyll not stryde.

Secretary.

I can not saye, yf she wyll stryde
 But yf reason be offred, nothyng shall fall besyde
 For of trouth, as frost engendreth hayle
 Ease and rank fedynge, doth cause a lycorous taylor.

Imprynted at London in Crede Lane
 by John Kynge.

Secretary.

The tears betoken a gracious courage,
 And laughing doth all malice assuage ;
 When she is in that taking, mark well, mark,
 Let slip, spare not for one course in her park.

Jealousy.

She that is fair, lusty and young,
 And can commune in terms with defiled tongue,
 And will abide whispering in the ear,
 Think ye her tail is not light of the sear ?

Secretary.

By all these seemly touches, methinketh surely
 Her own tail she should occupy
 Some time for need ; her honesty saved,
 She will wash often, ere she be once shaved.

Jealousy.

She that painteth her in staring apparel,
 Use hot wines, and daily fare well,
 And loveth to sleep at afternoon tide,
 Who list to strike, trow ye she will not stride ?

Secretary.

I cannot say, if she will stride,
 But if reason be offered, nothing shall fall beside,
 For of truth, as frost engendereth hail,
 Ease, and rank feeding, doth cause a lecherous tail.

A
CAVEAT OR WARNING
FOR
COMMON CURSETORS,
VULGARLY CALLED
VAGABONDS.

SET FORTH BY
THOMAS HARMAN, ESQUIRE,
FOR THE
UTILITY AND PROFIT OF HIS NATURAL COUNTRY.

WHEREUNTO IS ADDED,
THE TALE OF THE SECOND TAKING OF THE COUNTERFEIT
CRANK, WITH THE TRUE REPORT OF HIS BEHAVIOUR,
AND ALSO HIS PUNISHMENT FOR HIS DISSEMBLING,
MOST MARVELLOUS TO THE HEARER
OR READER THEREOF.

Edited by CHARLES HINDLEY.

LONDON :
REEVES AND TURNER,
196, STRAND,
(Opposite St. Clement Danes Church).
1871.



INTRODUCTION.

HARMAN'S "A CAVEAT OR WARNING FOR COMMON CURSETORS, VULGARLY CALLED VAGABONDS," was first printed in 1566, and was reprinted three—or four—times within seven years after its first appearance, and continued to supply the greater and most valuable portion of their materials to most of the pamphleteers who wrote on the same subject for half a century after, some of whom pilfered not merely his facts and the substance of his statements, but his language itself, without the least acknowledgment. But Harman was himself indebted to "The Fraternitie of Vacabondes," to which he alludes in his Dedication to the Countess of Shrewsbury (*see* page 111). There are some verses at the back of the title-page, with a wood-cut of a birch broom; and it is worth remark that William Griffith, who made the first entry at Stationers' Hall of Harman's "Caveat," also registered "a ballad intituled a description of the nature of a birchen broom." We have little doubt that the verses at the back of the title page of Harman's "Caveat" were part of this very description.

"Probably the oldest work of a similar kind to that of Harman is that said to have been edited by Luther, under the title of *Liber Vagatorum*, printed early in the 16th century. This also contains a remarkable list of words in common use by vagrants in Germany."

No edition of "A Caveat" is known to have been reprinted after 1573, till the modern impression—consisting only of 100 copies—was brought out in 1814, printed by Bensley and published by Triphook. In the meantime, a work was published in 1592, entitled "The Groundwork of Conney-catching; the manner of their Pedlers French, and the meanes to vnderstand the same, with the cunning slights of the Counterfeit Crank. Therein are handled the practises of the Visitor, the Fetches of the Shifter and Rufflar, the deceits of their Doxes, the devises of Priggers, the names of the base loytering Losels, and the meanes of every

Black-Art-mans shifts, with the reproofe of all their deuellish practises. Done by a Justice of Peace of great authoritie, who hath had the examining of diuers of them. Printed at London by Iohn Danter for William Barley, and are to be sold at his shop at the vpper end of Gracious streete ouer against Leadenhall, 1592." This work although introduced by an address "To the gentle Readers health," declaring that "all these playing their coossenings in their kinde are here set downe, which neuer yet were disclosed in any booke of Conny-catching." Then after merely introducing a chapter on The Visiter and A Shifter, reprints the whole of Harman's book.

Thomas Decker, Decker, Dekker, or Dekkar, as the name is differently spelt in his various publications—an "author by profession" who seems to have lived from hand to mouth, supplying his necessities by his pen in the production of plays, pamphlets and poems, and was often, if not always, in difficulties—also "cribbed" from Harman's "Caveat" in his "The Bellman of London, Bringing to light the most notorious Villanies that are now practised in the Kingdom, Profitable for Gentlemen, Lawyers, Merchants, Citizens, Farmers, Masters of Households and all sortes of Servants to Marke, and delightful for all Men to Reade. *Lege, Perlege, Relege.*—Printed at London for Nathaniel Butter, 1608." Decker's name is not to be found to this tract, but, in what may be considered a second part of it, "Lanthorne and Candle-light," 1609, he recognises "The Bellman of London" as his production. Its popularity was extraordinary, for it was printed three times in the first year. The work is dedicated anonymously "to all those that either by office are sworne to punish, or in their owne love to vertue wish to have the disorders of the State amended." The greater part of the tract is borrowed *totidem verbis* from "A Caveat for Common Cursetors," but here and there curious additions are made applicable to the time."

"This fraud is noticed in another tract, by Samuel Rowlands, entitled "Martin Mark-all, Beadle of Bridewell; his Defence and Answere to the Bell-man of London, Discovering the long-concealed Originall and Regiment of Rogues, when they first began to take head, and how they have succeeded one the other successively vnto the sixe and twentieth Yeare of King Henry the eighth, gathered out of the Chronicle of Crackeropes, and (as they terme it) the Legend of Lossels. London 1610," who accuses the then unknown author of the "Bellman of London" of stealing from Harman's book. "At last up starts an old Cocodemicall Academicke with his frize bonnet, and gives them all to knowe that this invective was set forth, made and printed above fortie yeeres agoe, and being then called a Caveat for Cursitors is now newly printed and termed the Belman of London, made at first by one Master

Harman, a Justice of Peace in Kent, in Queene Marie's daies,—he being then about ten yeeres of age." The exposure roused the ire of Decker in his "Lanthorne and Candle-light," but he made no sufficient reply.*

A work entitled "The English Rogue, described in the life of Meriton Latroon, a witty extravagant! comprehending the most Eminent Cheats of both Sexes:"

*Man's life 's a Play, the world a Stage, whereon
Learn thou to Play, or else be play'd upon.*

London: 8vo, Four vols., generally bound in two, 1671-80, with portrait and cuts. Vols. i and ii were written by Richard Head, vols. iii and iv by Francis Kirkman. Contains a vocabulary, alphabetically arranged, of the canting words said to have been used by the gipsies—which are in the main taken from Harman.

A very much abridged edition of "The English Rogue" was printed, as a Chap-book, by T. Norris, at the Looking-glass on London-bridge, 1723, price one shilling, but does not contain the canting vocabulary. The work again appeared in 1676, 12mo, 3 vols., as "The English Rogue; or, the Life of Jeremy Sharp. To which is added A Narrative of Mary Toft; of an extraordinary Delivery of Eighteen Rabbits, Prefomed by Mr. John Howard, Surgeon at Guildford, in Surrey, in the Year MDCXXXVI. Published by Mr. St. Andre, Surgeon, and Anatomist to his Majesty: Likewise An Extract Diary, of what was observed, during a close Attendance upon Mary Toft, by Sir Richard Manningham, Knt, Fellow of the Royal Society, and of the College of Physicians; from November 28, to Wednesday December 7 following. This edition contains the vocabulary of cant words.

Of "Thomas Harman Esquire," who, "for the utility and profit of his natural country," drew up and published this treatise, but little beyond what can be gleaned from its pages is known, as that he was a country gentleman of Kent—poor gentleman, as he describes himself—who kept house for twenty years, and although not uninfected by the pedantry of his time, of which his preference of the new and learned word *Cursetors* or *Cursitors* to the vulgar *Vagabonds* is a small specimen, he was a person of much penetration and sound sense, and he had taken great pains to collect his facts—à la Henry Mayhew, the author of "London Labour and the London Poor"—as well as enjoyed very favourable opportunities of acquiring information not easily to come at in his day. There is a very capital article in Charles Knight's "London," vol. iv, chap. lxxxv, on "Old London Rogueries," and to which

* Collier's "Bibliographical Account of Early English Literature."

we are indebted for some of our remarks, that throws much light on Cozenage and Cozeners of the period of which it treats.

After we had commenced reprinting this modernized version of Harman's "Caveat," we were made acquainted with the fact that the work had been published by the Early Text Society—Extra Series IX, under the united editorship of Mr. Edward Viles and F. J. Furnival—two gentlemen, from their great experience, well qualified for the task—who have used the editions of 1567, supplying some few deficiencies from the reprint of the edition of 1573, from which we here present our readers with a modernized—and consequently—"Readable Reprint:" we having, *en passant*, disentangled the many—very many—knots which the slovenly printers of the period had tied in the thread of our plain-spoken old English author's yarn!

As Harman's Caveat is a work so often quoted, and as it throws so much philosophical light on the manners and customs of the vagabond life during the Elizabethan era. And descriptions given, and the tales told in such a "round unvarnished" manner—for, "unto the pure all things are pure."—By a fine old English gentleman, one of the olden time, who, "For the utility and profit of his natural country, thought it good, necessary, and his bounden duty to acquaint my singular good Lady Elizabeth Countess of Shrewsbury with the abominable, wicked and detestable behaviour of these rowsey, ragged rabblement of rascals that range about the coasts, so that there indecent doleful dealing and excrable exercises may appear to us all as it were in a glass;" and as

"Vice is a monster of so frightful mein,

As, to be hated, needs but to be seen,"

will, we trust, be deemed a sufficient excuse for laying before the reader this literary and philological curiosity,

"To hold as 'twere the mirror up to nature."

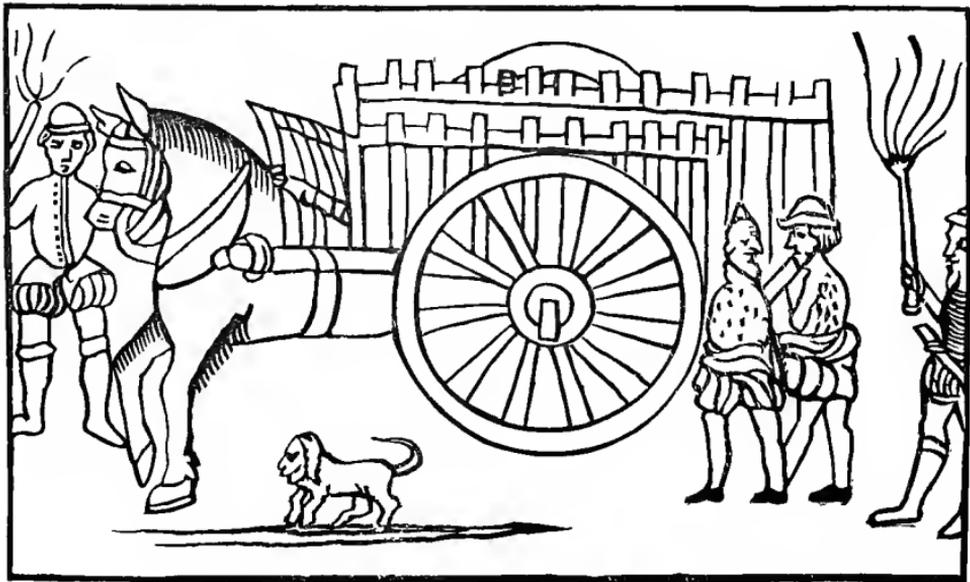


A Caueat or warening for

Common Cursetors, vvlgarely called

Vagabones, set forth by Thomas Harman, Esquier, for the
vtilitie and profit of his naturall Country. Augmented and
inlarged by the first Author hereof. Whereunto is added
the tale of the second taking of the counterfet
Crank, with the true report of his behau-
or and also his punishment for his so
dissembling, most maruelous to
the hearer or reader thereof.
Newly Imprinted.

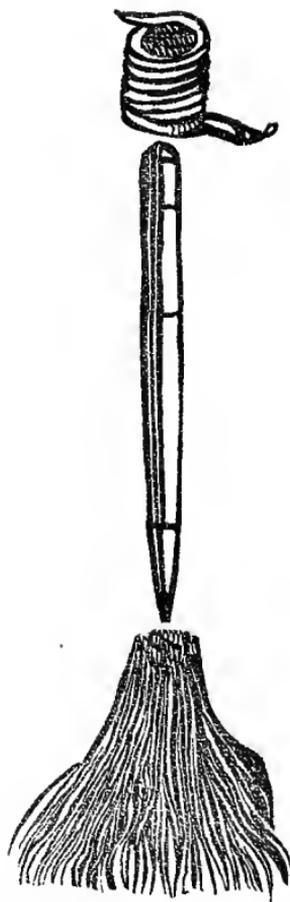
ANNO 1573.



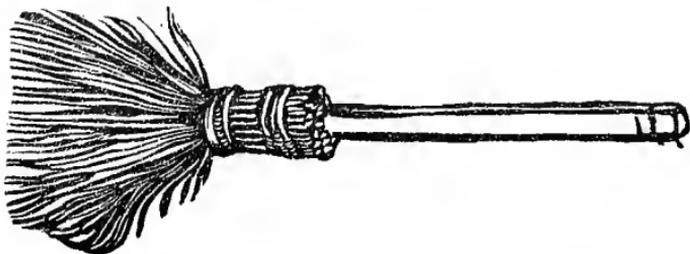
This Cart at his taylor doth draw all about,
Such pylfering pickers, that to it is tyed :
The whip with his whiskes, the bloud fetcheth out,
The Baudes for baudery, and Hores therein ryed.

Three things to be noted all in
A Staff, a Besom, a With¹ that

their kind,
will wind.



A besom of birch for babes very feet,
A long lasting libbet² for loubbes³ as meet :
A with so wind up that these will not keep,
Bind all up in one, and use it to sweep.



¹ WITH.—A twig of willow

² LIBBET.—A staff, stick, or club.

³ LOUBBES.—Lubbers.



To the Right Honourable, and my singular good
Lady Elizabeth Countess of Shrewsbury.¹

Thomas Harman wisheth all joy
and perfect felicity, here
and in the world
to come.

AS of ancient and long time there hath been,
and is now at this present many good
godly profitable laws and acts made and
set forth in this most noble and flourishing
realm, for the relief, succour, comfort, and
sustentation of the poor, needy, impotent and
miserable creatures, being and inhabiting in all
parts of the same. So is there (right honourable
and mine especial good Lady) most wholesome
statutes, ordinances, and necessary laws, made,
set forth and published, for the extreme punish-
ment of all vagrants and sturdy vagabonds as
passeth through and by all parts of this famous
isle, most idly and wickedly: and I (by good expe-
rience) well understanding and considering your
most tender, pitiful, gentle and noble nature, not
only having a vigilant and merciful eye to your
poor, indigent and feeble parishioners: yea not
only in the parish, where your honour most happily

¹The Countess died in 1567 and was buried in the parish church of Erith,
Co. Kent.

doth dwell, but also in others environing or nigh adjoining to the same. As also abundantly pouring out daily your ardent and bountiful charity upon all such as cometh for relief unto your lucky gates.

I thought it good necessary, and my bounden duty to acquaint your goodness with the abominable, wicked and detestable behaviour of all these rowsey,¹ ragged rabblement of rake-hells, that under the pretence of great misery, diseases and other innumerable calamities, which they feign through great hypocrisy, do win and gain great alms in all places where they wily wander, to the utter deluding of the good givers: deceiving and impoverishing of all such poor householders both sick and sore, as neither can or may walk abroad for relief and comfort (where indeed most mercy is to be showed,) And for that, I (most Honourable Lady) being placed as a poor gentleman, have kept a house these twenty years, whereunto poverty daily hath and doth repair, not without some relief as my poor calling and ability may and doth extend: I have of late years gathered a great suspicion that all should not be well: and as the proverb saith: *Something lurk and lie hid that did not plainly appear.* For I having more occasion (through sickness) to tarry and remain at home, than I have been accustomed, do by my there abiding, talk and

confer daily with many of these wily wanderers, of both sorts, as well men and woman, as boys and girls : by whom I have gathered and understand their deep dissimulation and detestable dealing, being marvellous subtle and crafty in their kind, for not one amongst twenty will discover, either declare their scelerous¹ secrets : yet with fair flattering words, money, and good cheer, I have attained to the type by such as the meanest of them, hath wandered these thirteen years, and most sixteen and some twenty and upward, and not without faithful promise made unto them, never to discover their names or anything they showed me : for they would all say, if the Upright men should understand thereof, they should not be only grievously beaten, but put in danger of their lives, by the said upright men. There was a few years since a small brief set forth of some zealous man to his country, of whom I know not, that made a little show of their names and usage, and gave a glimpsing light not sufficient to persuade of their peevish pelting and picking practices, but well worthy of praise.² But (good Madam) with no less travail than goodwill, I have repaired and rigged the ship of knowledge, and

¹SCELEROUS (Lat).—Wicked.

²Harman here alludes to "the Fraternitey of Vacabondes, by John Awdeley," published 1560-1-5, and from which he took the hint for his "A Caveat."

have hoisted up the sails of good fortune, that she may safely pass about and through all parts of this noble realm, and there make port sail of her wished wares, to the confusion of their drowsy demeanour, and unlawful language, pilfering, picking, wily wandering, and liking lechery, of all these rabblement of rascals that ranges about all the coasts of the same, so that their indecent doleful dealing and execrable exercises may appear to all as it were in a glass, that thereby the Justices and Sheriffs may in their circuits be more vigilant to punish these malefactors, and the constables, bailiffs and householders, setting aside all fear, sloth, and pity, may be more circumspect in executing the charge given them by the aforesaid Justices. Then will no more this rascal rabblement range about the country. Then greater relief may be showed to the poverty of each parish. Then shall we keep our horses in our pastures unstolen. Then our linen clothes shall and may lie safely on our hedges untouched. Then shall we not have our clothes and linen hooked out at our windows, as well by day as by night. Then shall we not have our houses broken up in the night, as of late one of my neighbours had and two great bucks¹ of clothes stolen out, and most of the same fine linen. Then shall we safely keep our pigs and

¹BUCKS.—Baskets.

poultry from pilfering. Then shall we surely pass by the highways leading to markets and fairs unharmed. Then shall our shops and booths be unpicked and spoiled. Then shall these uncomely companies be dispersed and set to labour for their living, or hastily hanged for their demerits. Then shall it encourage a great number of gentlemen and others, seeing this security, to set up houses and keep hospitality in the country, to the comfort of their neighbours, relief of the poor, and to the amendment of the commonwealth. Then shall not sin and wickedness so much abound among us. Then will God's wrath be much the more pacified towards us. Then shall we not taste of so many and sundry plagues as now daily reigneth over us. And then shall this famous empire be in more wealth and better flourish, to the inestimable joy and comfort of the Queen's most excellent Majesty, whom God of his infinite goodness, to his great glory, long and many years make most prosperously to reign over us, to the great felicity of all the Peers and Nobles, and to the unspeakable joy, relief and quietness of mind of all her faithful Commons and subjects. Now, me thinketh I see how these peevish perverse and pestilent people begin to fret, fume, swear, and stare at this my book, their life being laid open and apparently painted out, that their confusion and end draweth on apace: whereas

indeed if it be well weighed, it is set forth for their singular profit and commodity, for the sure safeguard of their lives here in this world, that they shorten not the same before their time, and that by their true labour and good life, in the world to come they may save their souls, that Christ the second person in the Trinity hath so dearly bought with his most precious blood : so that hereby I shall do them more good than they could have devised for themselves. For behold their life being so manifest wicked, and so apparently known : the honourable will abhor them : the worshipful will reject them : the yeoman will sharply taunt them : the husbandmen utterly defy them : the labouring men bluntly chide them : the women with a loud exclamation wonder at them. And all children with clapping hands cry out at them. I many times musing with myself at these mischievous mislivers marvelled when they took their original and beginning, how long they have exercised their execrable wandering about ; I thought it meet to confer with a very old man that I was well acquainted with, whose wit and memory is marvellous for his years, being about the age of four score, what he knew when he was young of these lousy leuterers. And he showed me that when he was young, he waited upon a man of much worship in Kent, who died immediately after the last Duke

of Buckingham was beheaded,¹ at his burial there was such a number of beggars besides poor householders dwelling thereabouts, that unneth² they might lie or stand about the house : then was thereto prepared for them a great and a large barn, and a great fat ox served out in frumenty³ for them with bread and drink abundantly to furnish out the premises, and every person had two pence, for such was the dole. When night approached the poor householders repaired home to their houses, the other wayfaring bold beggars remained all night in the barn, and the same barn being searched with light in the night by this old man and then young and others, they told seven score persons of men, every of them having his woman, except it were two women that lay alone together for some especial cause. Thus having their makes to make merry withal : the burial was turned to boozing and belly-cheer, mourning to mirth, fasting to feasting, prayer to pastime, and pressing of paps and lamenting to lechery. So that it may appear this uncomely company hath had a long continuance, but then nothing given so much to pilfering, picking and spoiling, and as far as I can learn or understand by the examination of a number of them, their language which they

¹Edward Stafford, third Duke of Buckingham, was beheaded on Tower Hill, May 17, 1521.

²UNNETH.—Scarcely.

³FRUMENTY.—Wheat boiled in milk,

term peddler's French or Canting, began but within these thirty years or little about, and that the first inventor thereof was hanged all save the head, for that is the final end of them all, or else to die of some filthy and horrible diseases : but much harm is done in the mean space by their continuance as some ten, twelve and sixteen years before they be consumed, and the number of them doth daily renew. I hope their sin is now at the highest, and that as short and as speedy redress will be for these, as hath been of late years for the wretched, wily wandering vagabonds calling and naming themselves Egyptians, deeply dissembling and long hiding and covering their deep deceitful practices, feeding the rude common people wholly addicted and given to novelties, toys and new inventions, delighting them with the strangeness of the attire of their heads, and practising palmistry to such as would know their fortunes. And to be short, all thieves and whores (as I may well write) as some have had true experience, a number can well witness, and a great sort hath well felt it. And now (thanks be to God) through wholesome laws and the due execution thereof, all be dispersed, banished, and the memory of them clean extinguished, that when they be once named hereafter, our children will much marvel what kind of people they were ; and so I trust shall shortly happen of these. For what thing doth chiefly cause these rowsey rake hells

thus to continue and daily increase? surely a number of wicked persons that keep tippling houses in all shires, where they have succour and relief, and whatsoever they bring, they are sure to receive money for the same, for they sell good penny worths. The buyers have the greatest gain, yea if they have neither money nor ware, they will be trusted, their credit is much. I have taken a note of a good many of them, and will send their names and dwelling places to such Justices as dwelleth near or next unto them, that they by their good wisdom may displace the same, and authorise such as have honesty. I will not blot my book with their names, because they be resident. But as for this fleeting Fellowship, I have truly set forth the most part of them, that be doers at this present, with their names that they be known by. Also I have placed in the end thereof their lewd language, calling the same Pedlar's French or Canting. And now shall I end my prologue, making true declaration (Right Honourable Lady) as they shall fall in order of their untimely trifling time, lewd life and pernicious practices, trusting that the same shall neither trouble or abash your most tender, timorous, and pitiful nature, to think the small meed should grow unto you for such alms so given. For God our merciful and most loving Father, well knoweth your heart and good intent, the giver never wanteth his reward, according to the saying of Saint

Augustin : as there is (neither shall be) any sin unpunished, even so shall there not be any good deed unrewarded. But how comfortably speaketh Christ our Saviour unto us in his gospel (give ye and it shall be given you again) behold further, good Madam, that for a cup of cold water, Christ hath promised a good reward. Now Saint *Austin* properly declareth why Christ speaketh of cold water, because the poorest man that is, shall not excuse himself from that charitable work, least he would peradventure say that he hath neither wood, pot, nor pan, to warm any water with. See further what God speaketh in the mouth of his prophet Isaiah. "Break thy bread to him that is a hungry," he saith not give him a whole loaf : for peradventure the poor man hath it not to give, then let him give a piece. This much is said because the poor that hath it should not be excused, now how much more than the rich. Thus you see, good Madam, for your treasure here dispersed, where need and lack is, it shall be heaped up abundantly for you in heaven, where neither rust or moth shall corrupt or destroy the same. Unto which triumphant place after many good happy, and fortunate years prosperously here dispended, you may for ever, there most joyfully remain. Amen.



THE

EPISTLE TO THE READER.

ALTHOUGH good reader I write in plain terms, and not so plainly as truly, concerning the matter, meaning honestly to all men, and wish them as much good as to mine own heart, yet as there hath been, so there is now, and hereafter will be curious heads to find faults : wherefore I thought it necessary now at this second impression, to acquaint thee with a great fault, as some taketh it, but not as I mean it, calling these Vagabonds Cursetors, in the entitling of my book, as runners or rangers about the country, derived of this Latin word (*Curro*) neither do I write it Coorsetores with a double oo, or Cowretors with a w, which hath another signification : is there no diversity between a gardein, and a garden, maynteynance, and maintenance ; streytes, and streets : those that have understanding, know there is a great difference : who is so ignorant in these days, as knoweth not the meaning of a vagabond ? and if any idle leuterer should so be called of any man, would not he think it both odious and re-

proachful? will he not shun the name? yea and whereas he may and dare with bent brows, will revenge that name of ignominy: yet this plain name vagabond is derived as others be of Latin words, and now use makes it common to all men: but let us look back four hundred years since, and let us see whether this plain word vagabond, was used or no? I believe not, and why? because I read of no such name, in the old statutes of this realm, unless it be in the margin of the book, or in the Table, which in the collection and printing was set in, but these were then the common names of these lewd Leuterers,¹ Faytores,² Robardesmen,³ Drawlatches,⁴ and valiant beggars. If I should have used such words, or the same order of writing, as this realm used in King Henry the Third, or Edward the First's time. Oh what a gross barbarous fellow have we here, his writing is both homely and dark, that we had need to have an interpreter, yet then it was very well and in short season, a great change we see, well this delicate age shall have his time on the other side, Eloquence have I none, I never was acquainted with the Muses, I never tasted of Helicon. But

¹LEUTERER.—A thief; a vagabond.

²FAYTORES, or *Faiturics*.—Fortune-tellers.

³ROBARDESMEN.—A gang of lawless vagabonds rife in the fourteenth century. They are mentioned in "Piers Ploughman," there called *Roberdes knaves*.

⁴DRAWLATCHES.—A thief; literally a house-breaker,

according to my plain order, I have set forth this work, simply and truly, with such usual words and terms, as is among us well known and frequented. So that as the proverb saith (although truth be blamed, it shall never be shamed,) well good reader, I mean not to be tedious unto thee but have added five or six more tales, because some of them were done while my book was first in the press,¹ and as I trust I have deserved no rebuke, for my good will, even so I desire no praise for my pain, cost and travail. But faithfully for the profit and benefit of my country, I have done it, that the whole body of the Realm, may see and understand their lewd life and pernicious practices, that all may speedily help to amend that is amiss. Amen say all with me.

¹MY BOOK WAS FIRST IN THE PRESS.—That is, the first edition, which was printed in 1566.





A

Caveat for Cursetors.

CAP. I.

A RUFFLER.

THE Ruffler, because he is first in degree of this odious order: and is so called in a statute made for the punishment of vagabonds: In the twenty-seventh year of King Henry the Eighth late of most famous memory: He shall be first placed as the worthiest of this unruly rabblement. And he is so called when he goeth first abroad, either he hath served in the wars, or else he hath been a serving man and weary of well doing, shaking off all pain, doth choose him this idle life, and wretchedly wanders about the most shires of this realm. And with stout audacity he demandeth where he thinketh he may be bold, and

circumspect enough, as he seeth cause to ask charity, ruefully and lamentably, that it would make a flinty heart to relent, and pity his miserable estate, how he hath been maimed and bruised in the wars, and peradventure some will show you some outward wound, which he got at some drunken fray, either halting of some privy wound festered with a filthy fiery flankard. For be well assured that the hardest soldiers be either slain or maimed, either if they escape all hazards, and return home again, if they be without relief of their friends, they will surely desperately rob and steal, or either shortly be hanged or miserably die in prison, for they be so much ashamed and disdain to beg or ask charity, that rather they will as desperately fight for to live and maintain themselves as manfully, and valiantly they ventured themselves in the princes' quarrel. Now, these Rufflers the outcasts of serving men when begging or craving fails, then they pick and pilfer from other inferior beggars that they meet by the way, as Rogues, Palliards, Morts, and Doxies: yea if they meet with a woman alone riding to the market, either old man or boy, that he well knoweth will not resist, such they filch and spoil. These Rufflers, after a year or two at the farthest become Upright men, unless they be prevented by twined hemp.¹

¹TWINED HEMP.—That is, hanged by the neck.

I had of late years an old man to my tenant, who customably a great time, went twice in the week to London, either with fruit or with peascods,¹ when time served therefore. And as he was coming homeward on Blackheath, at the end thereof next to Shooter's Hill, he overtook two Rufflers, the one mannerly waiting on the other, as one had been the master, and the other the man or servant carrying his master's cloak: This old man was very glad that he might have their company over the hill, because that day he had made a good market, for he had seven shillings in his purse, and an old angel,² which this poor man had thought had not been in his purse, for he willed his wife over night to take out the same angel, and lay it up until his coming home again. And he verily thought that his wife had so done, which indeed forgot to do it. Thus after salutations had, this master Ruffler entered into communication with this simple old man, who riding softly beside them commoned of many matters. Thus feeding this old man with pleasant talk, until they were on the top of the hill where these Rufflers might well behold the coast about them clear; quickly steps unto this poor man,

¹PEASCODS.—Green peas.

²ANGEL.—A gold coin, varying in value from about six shillings and eight pence to ten shillings.

and taketh hold of his horse bridle, and leadeth him into the wood, and demandeth of him what and how much money he had in his purse, Now by my troth quoth this old man, you are a merry gentleman, I know you mean not to take away anything from me, but rather to give me some if I should ask it of you. By and by this servant thief casteth the cloak that he carried on his arm about this poor man's face, that he should not mark or view them, with sharp words to deliver quickly that he had and to confess truly what was in his purse. This poor man then all abashed yielded and confessed he had but just seven shillings in his purse, and the truth is he knew of no more. This old angel was fallen out of a little purse into the bottom of a great purse. Now this seven shillings in white money they quickly found, thinking indeed that there had been no more, yet farther groping and searching, found this old angel. And with great admiration this gentleman thief began to bless him, saying: good Lord what a world is this, how may (quoth he) a man believe or trust in the same, see you not (quoth he) this old knave told me that he had but seven shillings, and here is more by an angel, what an old knave and a false knave have we here (quoth this Ruffler) our Lord have mercy on us, will this world never be better, and therewith went their way, and left the old man in the wood doing him no more harm.

But sorrowful sighing this old man returning home
declared his misadventure, with all the words
and circumstances above showed, whereat
for the time was great laughing, and
this poor man for his losses among
his loving neighbours well
considered in
the end.





CAP. II.

A U P R I G H T M A N .

A UPRIGHT man the second in sect of this unseemly sort must be next placed, of these ranging rabblement of rascals, some be serving men, artificers, and labouring men, traded up in husbandry : These not minding to get their living with the sweat of their face, but casting off all pain, will wander after their wicked manner, through the most shires of this realm.

As Somersetshire, Wiltshire, Berkshire, Oxfordshire, Hertfordshire, Middlesex, Essex, Suffolk, Norfolk, Sussex, Surrey, and Kent, as the chief and best shires of relief. Yea not without punishment by stocks, whippings, and imprisonment, in most of these places above said : yet notwithstanding they have so good liking in their lewd lecherous loitering, that full quickly all their punishments be forgotten. And repentance is never thought upon, until they climb three trees with a ladder.¹ These unruly

¹THREE TREES WITH A LADDER—*i. e.*, the gallows ; the wooden horse, or three-legged mare.

rascals in their rolling,¹ disperse themselves into several companies, as occasion serveth, sometime more and sometime less. As if they repair to a poor husbandman's house, he will go alone or one with him, and stoutly demand his charity, either showing how he hath served in the wars and there maimed, either that he seeketh service and saith he would be glad to take pain for his living, although he meaneth nothing less : If he be offered any meat or drink, he utterly refuseth scornfully, and will nought but money, and if he espy young pigs or poultry, he well noteth the place, and then the next night or shortly after, he will be sure to have some of them, which they bring to their stauling-kens, which is their tippling houses, as well known to them according to the old proverb (as the beggar knows his dish). For you must understand every tippling ale house will neither receive them or their wares but some certain houses, in every shire, especially for that purpose, where they shall be better welcome to them, than honest men, for by such have they most gain, and shall be conveyed either into some loft out of the way, or other secret corner not common to any other, and thither repair at accustomed times their harlots which they term Morts and Doxies, not with empty hands, for they be as skilful in picking,

¹ROLLING.—Travelling.

rifling and filching, as the upright men, and nothing inferior to them in all kind of wickedness, as in other places hereafter they shall be touched. At these aforesaid pelting pevish places and unmannerly meetings, O! how the pots walk about, their talking tongues talk at large: They bowl and booze one to another, and for the time boozing belly-cheer. And after their roistering recreation if there be not room enough in the house, they have clean straw in some barn or back house near adjoining, where they couch commonly together, as it were dog and bitch, and he that is hardiest may have his choice, unless for a little good manner, some will take their own that they have made promise unto until they be out of sight, and according to the old adage (out of mind). Yet these upright men stand so much upon their reputation, as they will in no case have their women walk with them, but separate themselves for a time, a month or more. And meet at fairs or great markets where they meet to pilfer and steal from stalls, shops, or booths. At these fairs the upright men, use commonly to lie, and linger in highways, bye-lanes, some pretty way or distance from the place, by which ways they be assured that company passeth still to and fro, and there they will demand with cap in hand and comely courtesy, the devotion and charity of the people. They have been much lately whipped at fairs. If they ask at a stout

yeoman's or farmer's house his charity, they will go strong as three or four in a company : where for fear more than goodwill, they often have relief, they seldom or never pass by a Justice's house, but have byeways, unless he dwell alone, and but weakly manned, thither will they also go strong after a sly subtle sort, as with their arms bound up with kercher or list, having wrapped about the same filthy clothes, either their legs in such manner be wrapped halting down right, nor unprovided of good cudgels, which they carry to sustain them, and as they feign to keep dogs from them, when they come to such good gentlemen's houses, if any search be made or they suspected for pilfering clothes off hedges, or breaking of houses which they commonly do, when the owners be either at the market, church, or other ways occupied about their business, either rob some silly man or woman by the highway, as many times they do. Then they hie them into woods, great thickets, and other rough corners, where they lie lurking three or four days together, and have meat and drink brought them by their Morts and Doxies : and while they thus lie hidden in covert, in the night they be not idle, neither as the common saying is (well occupied) for then as the wily fox, creeping out of his den, seeketh his prey for poultry, so do these for linen and anything else worth money, that lieth about or near a house. As

sometime a whole buck of clothes carried away at a time. When they have a greater booty, than they may carry away quickly to their stauling-kens as is above said, they will hide the same for a three days in some thick covert, and in the night time carry the same like good water spaniels to their aforesaid houses, to whom they will discover where or in what places they had the same where the marks shall be picked out clean, and conveyed craftily afar off to sell if the man or woman of the house want money themselves : and if these upright men have neither money nor wares, at these houses they shall be trusted for their victuals, and it amount to twenty or thirty shillings : yea if it fortune any of these upright men to be taken, either suspected or charged with felony or petty bribery done at such a time or such a place, he will say he was in his host's house. And if the man or wife of that house be examined by an officer, they boldly vouch that they lodged him such a time, whereby the truth cannot appear. And if they chance to be retained into service, through their lamentable words, with any wealthy man they will tarry but a small time, either robbing his master, or some of his fellows. And some of them useth this policy, that although they travel into all these shires above said, yet will they have good credit, especially in one shire, where at divers good farmers' houses they be well known, where they

work a month in a place or more and will for that time behave themselves very honestly and painfully. And may at any time for their good usage have work of them, and to these at a dead lift or last refuge, they may safely repair unto, and be welcome, when in other places for a knack of knavery that they have played they dare not tarry. These upright men will seldom or never want, for what is gotten by any Mort or Doxy, if it please him he doth command the same: and if he meet any beggar, whether he be sturdy or impotent, he will demand of him whether ever he was stalled to the rogue or no. If he say he was, he will know of whom, and his name that stalled him. And if he be not learnedly able to show him the whole circumstance thereof, he will spoil him of his money, either of his best garment if it be worth any money, and have him to the boozing-ken: which is, to some tippling house next adjoining and layeth there to gage the best thing that he hath for twenty pence or two shillings: this man obeyeth for fear of beating. Then doth this upright man call for a gage of booze, which is a quart pot of drink and pours the same upon his peld pate,¹ adding these words I P. G. do stall thee W. T. to the Rogue, and that from henceforth it shall be lawful for thee to Cant, that is to ask or beg for thy

¹PELD PATE,—Uncovered head.

living in all places. Here you see that the upright man is of great authority for all sorts of beggars are obedient to his behests, and surmounteth all the others in pilfering and stealing.

I lately had standing in my well-house which standeth on the backside of my house a great cauldron of copper being then full of water, having in the same half a dozen of pewter dishes well marked and stamped with the cognizance of my arms : which being well noted when they were taken out were set aside, the water poured out, and my cauldron taken away, being of such bigness that one man unless he were of great strength was not able far to carry the same. Notwithstanding the same was one night within this two years, conveyed more than half a mile from my house, into a common or heath, and there bestowed in a great furbush. I then immediately the next day sent one of my men to London and there gave warning in Southwark, Kent-street, and Bermondsey-street, to all the Tinkers there dwelling, that if any such cauldron came thither to be sold, the bringer thereof should be stayed, and promised twenty shillings for a reward. I gave also intelligence to the watermen that kept the ferries that no such vessel should be either conveyed to London, or into Essex, promising the like reward, to have understanding thereof. This my doing was well understand in many places

about, and that the fear of espying so troubled the conscience of the stealer, that my cauldron lay untouched in the thick furbush more than half a year : after which by a great chance was found by hunters for coneys¹ : for one chanced to run into the same bush where my cauldron was; and being perceived, one thrust his staff into the same bush and hit my cauldron a great blow, the sound whereof did cause the man to think and hope that there was some great treasure hidden, whereby he thought to be the better while he lived.

And in further searching he found
my cauldron, so had I the
same again un-
looked for.

¹ CONEYS.—Rabbits.





CAP. III.

A HOOKER OR ANGLER.

THESE Hookers or Anglers be perilous and most wicked knaves, and be derived or proceed forth from the upright men, they commonly go in frieze jerkins and gally slops, pointeth beneath the knee : these when they practise their pilfering, it is all by night, for as they walk a day times from house to house to demand charity, they vigilantly mark where, or in what place they may attain to their prey, casting their eyes up to every window, well noting what they see there, whether apparel or linen, hanging near unto the said windows, and that will they be sure to have the next night following, for they customably carry with them a staff of five or six foot long, in which, within one inch of the top thereof is a little hole bored through : in which hole they put an iron hook, and with the same they will pluck unto them quickly anything that they may

reach therewith, which hook in the day time they covertly carry about them, and is never seen or taken out till they come to the place where they work their feat, such have I seen at my house and have often talked with them and have handled their staves not then understanding to what use or intent they served, although I had and perceived by their talk and behaviour great likelihood of evil suspicion in them, they will either lean upon their staff to hide the hole thereof, when they talk with you, or hold their hand upon the hole, and what stuff either woollen or linen, they thus hook out, they never carry the same forthwith to their stauling-kens, but hides the same a three days in some secret corner, and after conveys the same to their houses abovesaid where their host or hostess giveth them money for the same but half the value that it is worth, or else their doxies shall afar off sell the same at the like houses. I was credibly informed that a Hooker came to a farmer's house in the dead of the night, and putting back a draw window of a low chamber, the bed standing hard by the said window, in which lay three persons, a man and two big boys: this Hooker with his staff plucked off their garments which lay upon them to keep them warm, with the coverlet and sheet, and left them lying asleep naked saving their shirts, and had away

all clean and never could understand where it
became. I verily suppose that when they
were well waked with cold, they surely
thought that Robin Goodfellow,
(according to the old saying)
had been with them
that night.





CAP. IV.

A ROGUE.

A ROGUE is neither so stout or hardy as the upright man: Many of them will go faintly and look piteously when they see either meet any person, having a kercher as white as my shoes tied about their head, with a short staff in their hand, halting although they need not, requiring alms of such as they meet or to what house they shall come. But you may easily perceive by their colour that they carry both health and hypocrisy about them, whereby they get gain, when others want that cannot feign and dissemble. Others there be that walk sturdily about the country, and feigneth to seek a brother or kinsman of his, dwelling within some part of the shire either that he hath a letter to deliver to some honest householder dwelling out of another shire, and will show you the same fair sealed, with the superscription to the party he speaketh of, because you shall not think him to run idly about the country, either have they this shift, they will carry a certificate or passport about

them from some Justice of the Peace, with his hand and seal unto the same, how he hath been whipped and punished for a vagabond according to the laws of this realm and that he must return to T, where he was born or last dwelt, by a certain day limited in the same, which shall be a good long day. And all this feigned, because without fear they would wickedly wander, and will renew the same where or when it pleaseth them ; for they have of their affinity that can write and read. These also will pick and steal as the upright men, and hath their women and meetings at places appointed, and nothing to them inferior in all kind of knavery. There be of these Rogues Curtails, wearing short cloaks, that will change their apparel as occasion serveth, and their end is either hanging, which they call Trining in their language, or die miserably of the pox.

There was not long since two Rogues that always did associate themselves together and would never separate themselves unless it were for some especial causes, for they were sworn brothers, and they were both of one age and much like of favour : these two travelling into East Kent, resorted unto an alehouse, being wearied with travelling, saluting with short courtesy (when they came into the house) such as they saw sitting there : in which company was the parson of the parish, and calling for a pot

of the best ale, sat down at the table's end : the liquor liked them so well that they had pot upon pot, and sometimes for a little good manner would drink and offer the cup to such as they best fancied, and to be short they sat out all the company, for each man departed home about their business : when they had well refreshed themselves, then these rowsy rogues requested the good man of the house with his wife to sit down and drink with them : of whom they enquired what priest the same was and where he dwelt, then they feigning that they had an uncle a priest, and that he should dwell in these parts, which by all presumptions it should be he, and that they came of purpose to speak with him, but because they had not seen him since they were six years old, they durst not be bold to take acquaintance of him until they were farther instructed of the truth, and began to inquire of his name, and how long he had dwelt there, and how far his house was off from the place they were in, the good wife of the house, thinking them honest men without deceit, because they so far inquired of their kinsman, was but of a good zealous natural intent, showed them cheerfully that he was an honest man and well beloved in the parish and of good wealth, and had been there resident fifteen years at the least, but saith she, are you both brothers? yea surely said they, we have been both in one belly and were

twins : Mercy God ! quoth this foolish woman, it may well be, for ye be not much unlike, and went unto her hall window calling these young men unto her, and looking out pointed with her finger and shewed them the house standing alone, no house near the same by almost a quarter of a mile, that said she is your uncle's house : nay saith one of them he is not only my uncle, but also my godfather, it may well be quoth she, nature will bind him to be the better unto you : well quoth they, we be weary and mean not to trouble our uncle to-night, but to-morrow God willing, we will see him and do our duty. But I pray you doth our uncle occupy husbandry, what company hath he in his house ? alas saith she, but one old woman and a boy, he hath no occupying at all : tush quoth this good wife you be mad men, go to him this night for he hath better lodging for you than I have and yet I speak foolishly against mine own profit, for by your tarrying here I should gain the more by you. Now by my troth quoth one of them, we thank you good hostess for your wholesome counsel, and we mean to do as you will us, we will pause a while and by that time it will be almost night, and I pray you give us a reckoning (so mannerly paying for that they took) bade their host and hostess farewell with taking leave of the cup, marched merely out of the doors towards this parson's house, viewed the same well round about

and passed by two bowshots off into a young wood where they lay consulting what they should do until midnight : quoth one of them (of sharper wit and subtler than the other) to his fellow, thou seest that this house is stone walled about, and that we cannot well break in, in any part thereof : thou seest also that the windows be thick of mullions, that there is no creeping in between, wherefore we must of necessity use some policy when strength will not serve. I have a horse lock here about me, saith he, and this I hope shall serve our turn : so when it was about twelve of the clock they came to the house and lurked near unto his chamber window : the dog of the house barked a good, that with the noise, this priest waketh out of his sleep, and began to cough and hem : then one of these rogues steps forth nearer the window and maketh a rueful and pitiful noise, requiring for Christ's sake some relief that was both hungry and thirsty and was like to lie without the doors all night and starve for cold, unless he were relieved by him with some small piece of money. Where dwellest thou, quoth this parson ? alas sir saith this rogue, I have small dwelling, and have come out of my way : and I should now saith he, go to any town now at this time of night, they would set me in the stocks and punish me : well well quoth this pitiful parson, away from my house, either lie in some of my outhouses until the

morning, and hold here is a couple of pence for thee. A God reward you, quoth this rogue, and in heaven may you find it. The parson opened his window and thrusteth out his arm to give his alms to this rogue that came whining to receive it, and quickly taketh hold of his hand and calleth his fellow to him, which was ready at hand with the horse lock and clappeth the same about the wrist of his arm that the mullions standing so close together for strength, that for his life he could not pluck in his arm again, and made him believe, unless he would at the least give him three pound, they would smite off his arm from the body, so that this poor parson in fear to lose his hand, called up his old woman that lay in the loft over him, and willed her to take out all the money he had, which was four marks, which he said was all the money in his house, for he had lent six pound to one of his neighbours not four days before. Well quoth they, Master parson if you have no more, upon this condition we will take off the lock that you will drink twelve pence for our sakes to-morrow at the ale-house where we found you and thank the good wife for the good cheer she made us : he promised faithfully that he would so do : so they took off the lock and went their way so far ere it was day, that the parson could never have any understanding more of them : now this parson sorrowfully

slumbering that night between fear and hope, though it was but folly to make two sorrows of one, he used contentation for his remedy, not forgetting in the morning to perform his promise but went betimes to his neighbour that kept tippling, and asked angrily where the same two men were that drank with her yesterday : which two men quoth this good wife ? the strangers that came in, when I was at your house with my neighbours yesterday : what your nephews quoth she. My nephews quoth this parson, I trow thou art mad. Nay by God quoth this wife, as sober as you, for they told me faithfully that you were their uncle, but in faith are you not so indeed, for by my troth they are strangers to me, I never saw them before. O! out upon them quoth the parson, they be false thieves, and this night they compelled me to give them all the money in my house. *Benedicite* quoth this good wife, and have they so indeed ? as I shall answer before God, one of them told me besides that you were godfather to him and that he trusted to have your blessing before he departed, what did he, quoth this parson, a halter bless him for me, me thinketh by the mass by your countenance you looked so wildly when you came in quoth this good wife, that something was amiss : I use not to jest quoth this parson, when I speak so earnestly, why all your sorrows go with it quoth

this good wife, and sit down here and I will fill a fresh pot of ale to make you merry again, Yea saith this parson fill in and give me some meat, for they made me swear and promise them faithfully that I should drink twelve pence with you this day? what did they quoth she, now by ^{the} marry mass they be merry knaves, I warrant you they mean to buy no land with your money: but how could they come unto you in the night, your doors being shut fast? your house is very strong, then this parson showed her all the whole circumstance how he gave them his alms, out at the window, they made such lamentable cry, that it pitied him at the heart, for he saw but one when he put out his hand at the window, be ruled by me quoth this good wife, wherein quoth this parson, ever by my troth speak more of it, when they shall understand of it in the parish they will but laugh you to scorn, why then quoth this parson,
the devil go with it, and
their an end.





CAP. V.

A WILD ROGUE.

A WILD Rogue is he that is born a Rogue, he is more subtle and more given by nature to all kind of knavery than the other, as beastly begotten in barn or bushes, and from his infancy traded up in treachery : yea and before ripeness of years doth permit wallowing in lewd lechery, but that is counted amongst them no sin. For this is their custom, that when they meet in barn at night, every one getteth a mate to lie withal, and there chance to be twenty in a company, as their is sometimes more, and sometimes less : for to one man that goeth abroad, there are at the least two women, which never make it strange when they be called, although she never knew him before. Then when the day doth appear, he rouses him up and shakes his ears, and away wandering where he may get ought to the hurt of others. Yet before he skippeth out of his couch and departeth from his darling (if he like her well) he will appoint her

where to meet shortly after, with a warning to work warily for some cheats, that their meeting might be the merrier.

Not long since, a Wild Rogue chanced to meet a poor neighbour of mine who for honesty and good nature surmounteth many. This poor man riding homeward from London, where he had made his market : this rogue demanded a penny for God's sake to keep him a true man. This simple man beholding him well, and saw he was of tall personage with a good quarter staff in his hand, it much pitted him as he said to see him want, for he was well able to serve his prince in the wars. Thus being moved with pity, looked in his purse to find out a penny, and in looking for the same, he plucked out eight shillings in white money, and raked therein to find a single penny, and at the last finding one, doth offer the same to this wild rogue, but he seeing so much money in this simple man's hand, being stricken to the heart with a covetous desire, bid him forthwith to deliver all that he had, or else he would with his staff beat out his brains : for it was not a penny would now quench his thirst, seeing so much as he did : thus swallowing his spittle greedily down, spoiled this poor man of all the money that he had, and leaped over the hedge into a thick wood, and went his way as merrily as this

good simple man came home sorrowful. I once rebuking a Wild Rogue, because he went idly about: he showed me that he was a beggar by inheritance, his grandfather [was a beggar, his father was one, and he must needs be one by good reason.





CAP. VI.

A PRIGGER OF PRANCERS.

A PRIGGER of Prancers be horse stealers, for to prig signifieth in their language to steal, and a Prancer is a horse, so being put together, the matter is plain. These go commonly in jerkins of leather or white frieze, and carry little wands in their hands, and will walk through grounds and pastures to search and see horses meet for their purpose, and if they chance to be met and asked by the owners of the ground what they make there, they feign straight that they have lost their way, and desire to be instructed the best way to such a place. These will also repair to gentlemen's houses and ask their charity, and will offer their service. And if you ask them what they can do, they will say that they can keep two or three geldings and wait upon a gentleman. These have also their women that walking from them in other places, mark where

and what they see abroad, and showeth these priggers thereof, when they meet, which is within a week or two, and look where they steal anything, they convey the same at the least three score miles off or more.

There was a gentleman, a very friend of mine riding from London homeward into Kent, having within three miles of his house business, alighted off his horse, and his man also, in a pretty village, where divers houses were, and looked about him where he might have a convenient person to walk his horse, because he would speak with a farmer that dwelt on the back side of the said village, little above a quarter of a mile from the place where he lighted and had his man to wait upon him, as it was meet for his calling, espying a Prigger there standing, thinking the same to dwell there, charging this pretty priggling person to walk his horses well, and that they might not stand still for taking of cold, and at his return (which he said should not be long) he would give him a penny to drink, and so went about his business. This pelting Prigger, proud of his prey, walketh his horses up and down, till he saw the gentleman out of sight, and leaps him into the saddle, and away he goeth a main. This gentleman returning, and finding not his horses, sent his man to the one end of the village, and he went himself unto the other end, and inquired as he went for his horses

that were walked, and began somewhat to suspect, because neither he nor his man could see nor find him. Then this gentleman diligently inquired of three or four town dwellers there, whether any such person, declaring his stature, age, apparel, with so many linaments of his body as he could call to remembrance. And *una voce* all said that no such man dwelt in their street, neither in the parish that they knew of, but some did well remember that such a one they saw there lurking and hugging two hours before the gentleman came thither and a stranger to them. I had thought quoth this gentleman, he had here dwelled, and marched home manerly in his boots far from the place he dwelt not. I suppose at his coming home he sent such ways as he suspected or thought meet to search for this Prigger, but hitherto he never heard any tidings again of his palfreys. I had the best gelding stolen out of my pasture that I had amongst others while this book was first a printing.





CAP. VII.

PALLIARDS.

THESE Palliards be called also Clapperdudgeons, these go with patched cloaks, and have their Morts with them which they call wives: and if he go to one house to ask his alms, his wife shall go to another, for what they get, as bread, cheese, malt and wool, they sell the same for ready money, for so they get more, and if they went together, although they be thus divided in the day, yet they meet again at night: if they chance to come to some gentleman's house standing alone, and be demanded whether they be man and wife, and if he perceiveth that any doubteth thereof, he showeth them a testimonial with the minister's name and others of the same parish, naming a parish in some shire far distant from the place where he showeth the same. This writing he carrieth to salve that sore: there be many Irish men that

go about with counterfeit licences, and if they perceive you will straightly examine them, they will immediately say they can speak no English.

Farther understand for truth, that the worst and wickedest of all this beastly generation are scarce comparable to these prating Palliards. All for the most part of these will either lay to their legs an herb called spearwort, either arsenic, which is called ratsbane. The nature of this spearwort will raise a great blister in a night upon the soundest part of his body, and if the same be taken away, it will dry up again and no harm. But this arsenic will so poison the same leg or sore,

that it will ever after be incurable, this
do they for gain and to be pitied.

The most of these that
walk about be
Welshmen.





CAP. VIII.

A FRATER.

SOME of these Fraters will carry black boxes at their girdle, wherein they have a brief of the Queen's Majesty's Letters Patent given to such poor spital house for the relief of the poor there, which brief is a copy of the Letters Patent, and utterly feigned, if it be in paper or in parchment without the great seal: also if the same brief be in print, it is also of authority. For the printers will see and well understand before it come in press, that the same is lawful. Also I am credibly informed that the chief Proctors of many of these houses, that seldom travel abroad themselves, but have their factors to gather for them, which look very slenderly to the impotent and miserable creatures committed to their charge, and die for want of cherishing whereas they and their wives are well crammed and clothed and will have of the best: and the founders

of every such house, or the chief of the parish where they be, would better see unto these proctors, that they might do their duty, they should be well spoken of here, and in the world to come abundantly therefore rewarded. I had of late an honest man and of good wealth, repaired to my house to commune with me about certain affairs. I invited the same to dinner, and dinner being done, I demanded of him some news of those parts where he dwelt. Thanks be to God sir (saith he) all is well and good now. Now! (quoth I) this same now declareth that some things of late hath not been well. Yes sir (quoth he) the matter is not great. I had thought I should have been well beaten within this seventh night: how so (quoth I) marry sir said he, I am Constable for fault of a better, and was commanded by the Justice to watch. The watch being set, I took an honest man one of my neighbours with me and went up to the end of the town as far as the spital house: at which house I heard a great noise, and drawing near stood close under the wall, and this was at one of the clock after midnight, where he heard swearing, prating, and wagers laying, and the pot apace walking, and forty pence gaged upon a matter of wrestling, pitching of the bar, and casting of the sledge: and out they go in a fustian fume into the back side, where was a great axiltyre, and there fell to the pitching of the bar, being three to three:

the moon did shine bright, the constable with his neighbour might see and behold all that was done. And how the wife of the house was roasting of a pig, while her guests were in their match. At the last they could not agree upon a cast and fell at words, and from words to blows. The constable with his fellow runs unto them to part them, and in the parting licks a dry blow or two. Then the noise increased, the constable would have had them to the stocks. The wife of the house runs out with her good man to entreat the constable for her guests, and leaves the pig at the fire alone. In cometh two or three of the next neighbours being waked with the noise, and into the house they come and find none therein but the pig well roasted, and carrieth the same away with them, spit and all, with such bread and drink also as stood upon the table. When the goodman and the good wife of the house had entreated and pacified the constable, showing unto him that they were proctors and factors, all of spital houses, and that they tarried there but to break their fast, and would ride away immediately after, for they have far to go, and therefore meant to ride so early. And coming into their house again, finding the pig with bread and drink all gone, made a great exclamation, for they knew not who had the same.

The constable returning and hearing the lamentable words of the good wife how she had lost both meat and drink, and saw it was so indeed, he laughed in his sleeve, and commanded her to dress no more at unlawful hours for any guests: for he thought it better bestowed upon those small feasts his poor neighbours, than upon such sturdy lubbers. The next morning betimes, the spit and pots were set at the spital house door for the owner. Thus were these factors beguiled of their breakfast, and one of them had well beaten another: and by my troth (quoth this constable) I was glad when I was well rid of them. Why quoth I, could they cast the bar and sledge well? I will tell you sir (quoth he) you know there hath been many games this summer, I think verily, that if some of these lubbers had been there, and practised amongst others, I believe they would have carried away the best games: for they were so strong and sturdy that I was not able to stand in their hands. Well (quoth I) at these games you speak of both legs and arms be tried: yea (quoth this officer) they be wicked men. I have seen some of them since with clouts bound about their legs, and halting with their staff in their hands. Wherefore some of them (by God) be all nought.



CAP. IX.

A ABRAHAM MAN.

THESE Abraham men be those that feign themselves to have been mad, and have been kept either in Bethlehem, or in some other prison a good time, and not one amongst twenty that ever came in prison for any such cause: yet will they say how piteously and most extremely they have been beaten and dealt withal. Some of these be merry and very pleasant, they will dance and sing, some others be as cold and reasonable to talk withal. These beg money, either when they come at farmer's houses, they will demand bacon, either cheese or wool, or anything that is worth money, and if they espy small company within, they will with fierce countenance demand somewhat. Where for fear the maids will give them largely to be rid of them.

If they may conveniently come by any cheat, they will pick and steal, as the upright man or rogue, poultry or linen. And all women that wander, be at their commandment. Of all that ever I saw of this kind, one naming himself Stradling, is the craftiest and most dissemblingest knave. He is able with his tongue and usage, to deceive and abuse the wisest man that is. And surely for the proportion of his body, with every member thereunto appertaining, it cannot be amended. But as the proverb is (God hath done his part.) This Stradling, saith he was the Lord Sturton's man, and when he was executed¹ for very pensiveness of mind he fell out of his wit, and so continued a year after and more, and that with the very grief and fear, he was taken with a marvellous palsy, that both head and hands will shake when he talketh with any and that apace or fast, whereby he is much pitied, and getteth greatly. And if I had not demanded of others both men and women, that commonly walketh as he doth, and known by them his deep dissimulation, I never had understand the same. And thus I end with these kind of vagabonds.

¹ Lord Charles Stourton was executed for murder at Salisbury on the 6th of March, 1557. An halter of silk was used in respect to his quality.



CAP. X.

FRESH WATER MARINERS OR WHIP-JACKS.

THESE fresh water Mariners, their ships were drowned in the plain of Salisbury. These kind of caterpillars, counterfeit great losses on the sea, these be some Western men, and most be Irish men.

These will run about the country with a counterfeit licence, feigning either shipwreck, or spoiled by pirates, near the coast of Cornwall or Devonshire and set a land at some haven town there, having a large and formal writing, as is above said, with the names and seals of such men of worship at the least four or five as dwelleth near or next to the place where they feign their landing. And near to those shires will they not beg until they come into Wiltshire, Hampshire, Berkshire, Oxfordshire, Hertfordshire, Middlesex, and to London, and down by the river to seek for their ship and goods that they never had, then they pass through Surrey, Sussex, by the sea coast, and so

into Kent, demanding alms to bring them home to their country.

Sometimes they counterfeit the seal of the Admiralty, I have divers times taken away from them their licences of both sorts, with such money as they have gathered, and have confiscated the same to the poverty nigh adjoining to me. And they will not be long without another, for at any good town they will renew the same. Once with much threatening and fair promises, I required to know of one company who made their licence. And they swore that they bought the same at Portsmouth of a mariner there, and it cost them two shillings, with such warrants to be so good and effectual, and if any of the best men of law or learned about London should pursue the same, they were able to find no fault herewith, but would assuredly allow the same.





These two pictures lively set out,
 One body and soul, God send him more grace ;
 This monstrous dissembler, a Crank all about.
 Uncomely coveting of each to embrace,
 Money or wares, as he made his race.
 And sometimes a mariner, and a serving man :
 Or else an artificer, as he would feign then.
 Such shifts he used, being well tried,
 Abandoning labour till he was espied :
 Condign punishment for his dissimulation,
 He surely received with much exclamation.



CAP. XI.

A COUNTERFEIT CRANK.

THESE that do counterfeit the Crank be young knaves and young harlots, and deeply dissemble the falling sickness. For the Crank in their language is the falling evil. I have seen some of these with fair writing testimonials, with the names and seals of some men of worship in Shropshire, and in other shires far off, that I have well known and have taken the same from them. Many of these do go without writings, and will go half naked and look most piteously. And if any clothes be given them, they immediately sell the same, for wear it they will not, because they would be the more pitied, and wear filthy clothes on their heads, and never go without a piece of white soap about them, which if they see cause or present gain, they privily convey the same into their mouth, and so work the same there, that they will foam as it were a boar, and marvellously for a time torment themselves, and thus deceive they the common people,

and gain much. These have commonly their harlots as the other.

Upon All-Hallow-Day in the morning last Anno Domini 1566, or my book was half printed, I mean the first impression, there came early in the morning a counterfeit Crank, under my lodging at the White Friars within the cloister, in a little yard or court whereabouts lay two or three great ladies, being without the liberties of London, whereby he hoped for the greater gain : this Crank there lamentably lamenting, and pitifully crying to be relieved, declared to divers there his painful and miserable disease. I being risen and not half ready, heard his doleful words and rueful mournings, hearing him name the fallen sickness, thought assuredly to myself that he was a deep dissembler : so coming out at a sudden, and beholding his ugly and irksome attire, his loathsome and horrible countenance, it made me in a marvellous perplexity what to think of him, whether it were feigned or truth, for after this manner went he : he was naked from the waist upward, saving he had an old jerkin of leather, patched, and that was loose about him, that all his body lay out bare, a filthy foul cloth he wear on his head, being cut for the purpose, having a narrow place to put out his face, with a baver made to truss up his beard, and a string that tied the same down close about his neck, with an old felt hat which he

still carried in his hand, to receive the charity and devotion of the people, for that would he hold out from him, having his face from the eyes downward, all smeared with fresh blood, as though he had new fallen, and been tormented with his painful pangs, his jerkin being all berayed with dirt and mire, and his hat and hosen also, as though he had wallowed in the mire: surely the sight was monstrous and terrible. I called him unto me and demanded of him what he ailed. A, good master, quoth he, I have the grievous and painful disease called the falling sickness: why, quoth I, how cometh thy jerkin, hose and hat so berayed with dirt and mire, and thy skin also? A, good master, I fell down on the backside here in a foul lane hard by the water side, and there I lay almost all night and have bled almost all the blood out in my body. It rained that morning very fast: and while I was thus talking with him, a honest poor woman that dwelt thereby, brought him a fair linen cloth, and bid him wipe his face therewith, and there being a tub standing full of rain water, offered to give him some in a dish, that he might make himself clean, he refuseth the same: why dost thou so quoth I? A, sir, saith he, if I should wash myself, I should fall to bleeding a fresh again, and then I should not stop myself: these words made me the more to suspect him. Then I asked of him where he was

born, what his name was, how long he had this disease, and what time he had been here about London, and in what place? sir (saith he) I was born at Leicester, my name is Nicholas Genings, and I have had this falling sickness eight years, and I can get no remedy for the same, for I have it by kind, my father had it, and my friends before me, and I have been these two years here about London, and a year and a half in Bethlehem: why wast thou out of thy wits, quoth I? yea sir that I was. What is the keeper's name of the house? his name is (quoth he) John Smith: then quoth I, he must understand of thy disease, if thou hadest the same for the time thou wast there, he knoweth it well, yea not only he, but all the house beside, quoth this Crank, for I came thence but within this fortnight. I had stand so long reasoning the matter with him, that I was a cold and went into my chamber and made me ready, and commanded my servant to repair to Bethlehem and bring me true word from the keeper there, whether any such man hath been with him as a prisoner, having the disease aforesaid, and gave him a note of his name and the keepers also: my servant returning to my lodging, did assure me that neither was there ever any such man there, neither yet any keeper of any such name, but he that was the keeper sent me his name in writing, affirming that he letteth no man depart from him, unless he

be fetched away by his friends, and that none that came from him begged about the city: then I sent for the printer of this book, and showed him of this dissembling Crank, and how I had sent to Bethlehem to understand the truth, and what answer I received again, requiring him that I might have some servant of his to watch him faithfully that day, that I might understand trustily to what place he would repair at night unto, and thither I promised to go myself, to see their order, and that I would have him to associate me thither: he gladly granted to my request, and sent two boys that both diligently and vigilantly, accomplished the charge given them, and found the same Crank about the Temple, where about the most part of the day he begged, unless it were about twelve of the clock, he went on the back-side of Clement's Inn without Temple Bar, there is a lane that goeth into the Fields, there he renewed his face again with fresh blood, which he carried about him in a bladder, and daubed on fresh dirt upon his jerkin hat and hosen.

And so came back again unto the Temple, and sometime to the water side, and begged of all that passed by: the boys beheld how some gave groats, some sixpence, some gave more: for he looked so ugly and irksomely, that every one pitied his miserable case that beheld him: to be short, there he passed all the day till night approached and when it began to be somewhat dark, he went to the water

side and took a sculler, and was set over the water into Saint George's Fields, contrary to my expectation: for I had thought he would have gone into Holborn, or to Saint Giles's in the Fields, but these boys with (Argus and Lynx eyes) set sure watch upon him, and the one took a boat and followed him, and the other went back to tell his master.

The boy that so followed him by water, had no money to pay for his boat hire, but laid his penner¹ and his inkhorn to gage for a penny, and by that time the boy was set over: his master with all celerity had taken a boat and followed him a pace. Now had they a sight still of the Crank which crossed over the fields towards Newington, and thither he went, and by that time they came thither, it was very dark. The printer had there no acquaintance, neither any kind of weapon about him, neither knew how far the Crank would go, because he then suspected that they dogged him of purpose, he there stayed him, and called for the constable, which came forth diligently, to inquire what the matter was. This zealous printer charged this officer with him as a malefactor, and a dissembling vagabond: the constable would have laid him all night in the cage that stood in the street: nay saith this pitiful printer, I pray you have him into your house, for this is like to be a cold night and he is

¹PENNER.—A pen-case.

naked, you keep a victualling house, let him be well cherished this night, for he is well able to pay for the same, I know well his gains hath been great to-day, and your house is a sufficient prison for the time, and we will there search him: the constable agreed thereunto, they had him in and caused him to wash himself: that done, they demanded what money he had about him, saith this Crank, so God help me I have but twelve pence, and plucked out the same of a little purse. Why have you no more quoth they? No saith this Crank, as God shall save my soul at the day of judgment. We must see more quoth they and began to strip him, then he plucked out another purse wherein was forty pence. Tush saith this printer I must see more, this Crank saith, I pray God I be damned both body and soul, if I have any more: No saith this printer, thou false knave here is my boy that did watch thee all this day, and saw when such men gave thee pieces of sixpence, groats, and other money, and yet thou hast showed us none but small money. When this Crank heard this, and the boy avowing it to his face, he relented and plucked out another purse wherein was eight shillings and odd money, so had they in the whole that he had begged that day thirteen shillings three pence halfpenny: then they stripped him stark naked, and as many as saw him, said they never saw handsomer man, with a yellow flaxen beard, and fair

skinned without any spot or grief, then the good wife of the house fetched her good man's old cloak, and caused the same to be cast about him, because the sight should not abash her shamefaced maidens, neither loath her squeamish sight. Thus he set him down at the chimney's end, and called for a pot of beer and drank off a quart at a draft, and called for another, and so the third, that one had been sufficient for any reasonable man : the drink was so strong, that I myself the next morning tasted thereof, but let the reader judge what, and how much he would have drunk if he had been out of fear. Then when they had thus wrung water out of a flint, in spoiling him of his evil got goods, his passing pence and fleeting trash. The printer with this officer were in jolly jollity, and devised to search a barn for some rogues, and upright men, a quarter of a mile from the house, that stood alone in the fields, and went out about their business, leaving this Crank alone with his wife and maidens : this crafty Crank espying all gone, requested the good wife that he might go out on the back side to make water and to exonerate his paunch, she bade him draw the latch of the door and go out, neither thinking or mistrusting he would have gone away naked : but to conclude when he was out, he cast away the cloak, and as naked as ever he was born he ran away over the fields to his own house, as he afterward said

Now the next morning betimes I went unto Newington to understand what was done because or it was day that there my printer was, and at my coming thither I heard the whole circumstance, as I above have written : and I seeing the matter so full out, took order with the chief of the parish that this thirteen shillings and three pence halfpenny might be the next day equally distributed by their good discretions to the poverty of the same parish, whereof this crafty Crank had part himself, for he had both house and wife in the same parish, as after you shall hear. But this lewd leuterer could not lay his bones to labour having got once the taste of this lewd lazy life, for all this fair admonition but deceived other subtle sleights to maintain his idle living, and so craftily clothed himself in mariner's apparel, and associated himself with another of his companions, they having both mariner's apparel, went abroad to ask charity of the people, feigning they had lost their ship with all their goods by casualty on the seas, wherewith they gained much. This crafty Crank fearing to be mistrusted, fell to another kind of begging as bad or worse, and apparelled himself very well with a fair black frieze coat, a new pair of white hose, a fine felt hat on his head, a shirt of Flanders work, esteemed to be worth sixteen shillings : and upon new year's day came again into the White Friars to beg : the printer having occasion

to go that ways, not thinking of this Crank, by chance met with him who asked his charity for God's sake : the printer viewing him well did mistrust him, to be the counterfeit Crank which deceived him upon All-Hallow-day at night, demanded of whence he was and what was his name, forsooth saith he, my name is Nicolas Genings, and I came from Leicester to seek work, and I am a hat maker by my occupation, and all my money is spent, and if I could get money to pay for my lodging this night, I would seek work to-morrow amongst the hatters. The printer perceiving his deep dissimulation putting his hand into his purse seeming to give him some money, and with fair allusions brought him into the street, where he charged the constable with him, affirming him to be the counterfeit Crank that ran away upon All-Hallow-day last. The constable being very loth to meddle with him, but the printer knowing him and his deep deceit, desired he might be brought before the deputy of the ward, which straight was accomplished, which when he came before the deputy, he demanded of him of whence he was and what was his name, he answered as before he did unto the printer : the deputy asked the printer what he would lay unto his charge, he answered and alleged him to be a vagabond and deep deceiver of the people, and the counterfeit Crank that ran away upon All-Hallow-day last from the constable of Newington

and him, and requested him earnestly to send him to ward: the deputy thinking him to be deceived, but nevertheless laid his commandment upon him, so that the printer should bear his changes if he could not justify it he agreed thereunto. And so he and the constable went to carry him to the Counter, and as they were going under Ludgate, this crafty Crank took his heels and ran down the hill as fast as he could drive, the constable and the printer after him as fast as they could, but the printer of the twain being lighter of foot, overtook him at Fleet bridge, and with strong hand carried him to the Counter, and safely delivered him. In the morrow the printer sent his boy that stripped him upon All-Hallow-day at night to view him because he would be sure, which boy knew him very well: this Crank confessed unto the deputy that he had hosted the night before in Kent street in Southwark at the sign of the Cock, which thing to be true, the printer sent to know and found him a liar, but further, inquiring at length found out his habitation, dwelling in Master Hill's Rents, having a pretty house well stuffed with a fair joint table, and a fair cupboard garnished with pewter, having an old ancient woman to his wife. The printer being sure thereof, repaired unto the Counter, and rebuked him for his beastly behaviour, and told him of his false feigning, willed him to confess it and ask forgiveness: he perceived him to

know his deep dissimulation, relented and confessed all his deceit, and so remaining in the Counter three days, was removed to Bridewell where he was stripped stark naked, and his ugly attire put upon him before the masters thereof, who wondered greatly at his dissimulation: for which offence he stood upon the pillory in Cheapside, both in his ugly and handsome attire. And after that went in the mill while his ugly picture was a drawing, and then was whipped at a cart's tail through London, and his displayed banner carried before him, unto his own door, and so back to Bridewell again, and there remained for a time, and at length let at liberty on that condition he would prove an honest man and labour truly to get his living.

And his picture remaineth in
Bridewell for a
monument.





CAP. XII.

A DUMMERER.

THESE Dummerers are lewd and most subtle people, the most part of these are Welch men, and will never speak, unless they have extreme punishment but will gape, and with a marvellous force will hold down their tongues doubled, groaning for your charity, and holding up their hands full piteously, so that with their deep dissimulation they get very much. There are of these many, and but one that I understand of hath lost his tongue indeed: having on a time occasion to ride to Dartford to speak with a priest there, who maketh all kind of conserves very well, and useth stilling of waters. And repairing to his house, I found a Dummerer at his door, and the priest himself perusing his licence, under the seals and hands of certain worshipful men, had thought the same to be good and effectual. I taking the same writing and reading it over and noting the seals, found one of the seals like unto a seal that I had about me :

which seal I bought besides Charing Cross, that I was out of doubt it was none of those gentlemen's seals that had subscribed. And having understanding before of their pevish practices, made me to conceive that all was forged and nought. I made the more haste home for well I wist that he would and must of force pass through the parish where I dwelt, for there was no other way for him. And coming homeward, I found them in the town according to my expectation, where they were stayed, for there was a Palliard associate with the Dummerer and partaker of his gains, which Palliard I saw not at Dartford. The stayers of them was a gentleman called Chayne, and a servant of my Lord Keepers, called Wostestow, which was the chief causer of the staying of them, being a Surgeon and cunning in his science, had seen the like practices, and as he said had caused one to speak afore that was dumb. It was my chance to come at the beginning of the matter. Sir (quoth this surgeon) I am bold here to utter some part of my cunning, I trust (quoth he) you shall see a miracle wrought anon : for I once (quoth he) made a dumb man to speak. Quoth I you are very well met, and somewhat you have prevented me, for I had thought to have done no less or they had passed this town, for I well know their writing is feigned, and they deep dissemblers. The surgeon made him gape,

and we could see but half a tongue. I required the surgeon to put his finger in his mouth, and to pull out his tongue, and so he did, notwithstanding he held strongly a pretty while: at the length he plucked out the same, to the great admiration of many that stood by: yet when we saw his tongue, he would neither speak nor yet could hear. Quoth I to the surgeon, knit two of his fingers together and thrust a stick between them, and rub the same up and down a little while, and for my life he speaketh by and by. Sir, quoth this surgeon, I pray let me practise another way, I was well contented to see the same. He had him into a house, and tied a halter about the wrists of his hands and hoisted him up over a beam, and there did let him hang a good while at the length for very pain he required for God's sake to let him down. So he that was both deaf and dumb could in short time both hear and speak. Then I took that money I could find in his purse, and distributed the same to the poor people dwelling there, which was fifteen pence halfpenny, being all that we could find. That done, and this merry miracle madly made, I sent them with my servant to the Justice, where they preached on the pillory for want of a pulpit, and were well whipped, and none did bewail them.



CAP. XIII.

A DRUNKEN TINKER.

THESE drunken Tinkers called also prigs, be beastly people, and these young knaves be the worst: these never go without their doxies and if their women have anything about them, as apparel or linen that is worth the selling, they lay the same to gage or sell it out right (for bene booze) at their boozing ken. And full soon will they be weary of them, and have a new. When they happen one work at any good house, their doxies longer aloof, and tarry for them in some corner, and if he tarrieth long from her, then she knoweth he hath work, and walketh near, and sitteth down by him. For besides money he looketh for meat and drink for doing his dame pleasure. For if she have three or four holes in a pan, he will make as many more for speedy gain. And if he see any old kettle, chafer or pewter dish abroad in the yard where he worketh he quickly snappeth the same up, and into the budget it goeth round. Thus they live with deceit.

I was credibly informed by such as could well tell, that one of these tipping Tinkers with his dog robbed by the highway four Palliards and two Rogues six persons together, and took from them above four pound in ready money, and hid him after in a thick wood a day or two and so escaped untaken. Thus with picking and stealing, mingled with a little work for a colour, they pass their time.





CAP. XIV.

A SWADDER OR PEDLAR.

THESE Swadders and Pedlars be not all evil, but of an indifferent behaviour. These stand in great awe of the upright men, for they have often both wares and money of them. But forasmuch as they seek gain unlawfully against the laws and statutes of this noble realm, they are well worthy to be registered among the number of vagabonds: and undoubtedly I have had some of them brought before me when I was in commission of the peace as malefactors for bribing and stealing. And now of late it is a great practice of the upright man, when he had gotten a booty to bestow the same upon a packful of wares, and so goeth a time for his pleasure, because he would live without suspicion.



CAP. XV.

A JARKE MAN, AND A PATRICO.

FORASMUCH as these two names a Jarkeman and a Patrico be in the old brief of vagabonds, and set forth as two kinds of evil-doers, you shall understand that a Jarkeman hath his name of a Jarke, which is a seal in their language, as one should make writings and set seals for licences and passports. And for truth there is none that goeth about the country of them that can either write so good and fair a hand, either indite so learnedly as I have seen and handled a number of them : but have the same made in good towns where they come, as what cannot be had for money, as the proverb saith, *Omnia venalia Romæ*, and many hath confessed the same to me. Now also there is a Patrico, and not a Patriarcho, which in their language is a priest that should make marriages till death did depart but they have none

such I am well assured, for I put you out of doubt
that not one amongst a hundred of them are
married, for they take lechery for no sin, but
natural fellowship and good liking love,
so that I will not blot my book
with these two that
be not.





CAP. XVI.

A DEMANDER FOR GLIMMER.

THESE Demanders for Glimmer be for the most part women, for Glimmer in their language is fire : these go with feigned licences and counterfeited writings, having the hands and seals of such gentlemen as dwelleth near to the place where they feign themselves to have been burnt, and their goods consumed with fire. They will most lamentably demand your charity and will quickly shed salt tears, they be so tender hearted. They will never beg in that shire where their losses (as they say) was. Some of these go with slates at their backs, which is a sheet to lie in a nights. The upright men be very familiar with these kind of women, and one of them helps another.

A Demander for Glimmer came to a good town in Kent, to ask the charity of the people, having a feigned licence about her that declared her misfortune by fire done in Somerseshire, walking with a wallet on her shoulders wherein she put the

devotion of such as had no money to give her, that is to say, malt, wool, bacon, bread and cheese : and always as the same was full, so was it ready money to her when she emptied the same, wheresoever she travelled. This harlot was (as they term it) snow fair, and had an upright man or two always attending on her watch (which is on her person) and yet so circumspect, that they would never be seen in her company in any good town, unless it were in small villages, where tippling houses were, either traveling together by the highways, but (the truth is by report) she would weekly be worth six or seven shillings with her begging and bitchery. This glimmering mort repairing to an inn in the said town where dwelt a widow of fifty years old, of good wealth, but she had an unthrifty son, whom she used as a chamberlain to attend guests when they repaired to her house, this amorous man beholding with ardent eyes this glimmering glancer, was presently piteously pierced to the heart, and lewdly longed to be clothed under her livery, and bestowing a few fond words with her, understood straight that she would be easily persuaded to liking lechery, and as a man mazed, mused how to attain to his purpose, for he had no money. Yet considering with himself that wares would be welcome where money wanteth, he went with a wanion¹ to

¹WANION.—An imprecation signifying with a curse.

his mother's chamber and there seeking about for odd ends, at length found a little whistle of silver that his mother did use customarily to wear on, and had forgot the same for haste that morning, and offers the same closely to this mannerly marian,¹ that if she would meet him on the backside of the town, and courteously kiss him without constraint, she should be mistress thereof and it were much better: well saith she you are a wanton, and beholding the whistle, was farther in love therewith than ravished with his person, and agreed to meet him presently and to accomplish his fond fancy: to be short and not tedious, a quarter of a mile from the town he merely took measure of her under a bawdy bush (so she gave him that she had not, and he received that he could not) and taking leave of each other with a courteous kiss, she pleasantly passed forth on her journey, and this untoward lecherous chamberlain repaired homeward. But or these two turtles took their leave, the good wife had missed her whistle, and sent one of her maidens into her chamber for the same, and being long sought for, none could be found, her mistress hearing that, diligent search was made for the same, and that it was taken away, began to suspect her unblessed babe, and demanded of her maidens whether none of them saw her son in her chamber that morning,

¹MARIAN.—A Strumpet.

and one of them answered that she saw him not there but coming from thence, then had she enough, for well she wist that he had the same, and sent for him, but he could not be found : then she caused her hostler, in whom she had better affiance in for his truth, and yet not one amongst twenty of them but have well left their honesty (as I hear a great sort say) to come unto her, which attended to know her pleasure, go seek out saith she my untoward son, and bid him come speak with me. I saw him go out saith he, half an hour since on the backside, I had thought you had sent him of your errand. I sent him not quoth she, go look him out.

This hollow hostler took his staff in his neck, and trudged out apace that way he saw him before go, and had some understanding by one of the maidens that his mistress had her whistle stolen and suspected her son, and he had not gone far but that he espied him coming homeward alone, and meeting him, asked where he had been ? where have I been quoth he, and began to smile, now by the mass thou hast been at some bawdy banquet : thou hast even told truth quoth this chamberlain : surely quoth this hostler thou hadst the same woman that begged at our house to-day, for the harms she had by fire, where is she quoth he ? she is almost a mile by this time quoth this chamberlain, where is my mistress's whistle quoth this hostler, for I am well assured that

thou hadst it, and I fear me thou hast given it to that harlot. Why, is it missed, quoth this chamberlain? yea, quoth this hostler, and showed him all the whole circumstance what was both said and thought on him for the thing. Well I will tell thee quoth this chamberlain, I will be plain with thee, I had indeed and have given the same to this woman, and I pray thee make the best of it, and help now to excuse the matter, and yet surely and thou wouldst take so much pain for me as to overtake her, for she goeth but softly and is not yet far off and take the same from her, and I am ever thine assured friend. Why then go with me quoth this hostler, nay in faith quoth this chamberlain what is freer than gift, and I had pretty pastime for the same: hadst thou so quoth this hostler? now by the mass and I will have some too, or I will lie in the dust or I come again. Passing with haste to overtake this paramour within a mile from the place where he departed he overtook her having an upright man in her company, a strong and a sturdy vagabond, somewhat amazed was this hostler to see one familiarly in her company, for he had well hoped to have had some delicate dalliance as his fellow had, but seeing the matter so fall out, and being of good courage, and thinking to himself that one true man was better than two false knaves, and being on the highway, thought upon help if need had

been, by such as had passed to and fro : demanded fiercely the whistle that she had even now of his fellow : why husband quoth she, can you suffer this wretch to slander your wife ? avaunt varlet quoth this upright man and lets drive with all his force at this hostler, and after a dozen blows he strikes his staff out of his hand, and as this hostler stepped back to have taken up his staff again, this glimmering mort flings a great stone at him and struck him on the head, that down he falls with the blood about his ears, and while he lay thus amazed, the upright man snatches away his purse, wherein he had money of his mistress's, as well as of his own, and there let him lie and went away with speed, that they were never heard of more. When this dry beaten hostler was come to himself, he faintly wandereth home, and creepeth into his couch and rests his idle head : his mistress heard that he was come in, and laid him down on his bed, repaired straight unto him, and asked him what he ailed, and what the cause was of his so sudden lying on his bed ? what is the cause quoth this hostler, your whistle, your whistle, speaking the same piteously three or four times : why fool quoth his mistress, take no care for that, for I do not greatly weigh it, it was worth but three shillings four pence. I would it had been burnt for four years ago. I pray thee why so quoth his mistress ? I

think thou art mad. Nay not yet quoth this hostler, but I have been madly handled : why, what is the matter quoth his mistress, and was more desirous to know the case : and you will forgive my fellow and me. I will show you, or else I will never do it : she made him presently faithful promise that she would, then saith he send for your son home again, which is ashamed to look you in the face. I agree thereto saith she, well then quoth this hostler, your son hath given the same Mort that begged here for the burning of her house, a whistle, and you have given her five shillings in money, and I have given her ten shillings of mine own : why so quoth she, then he sadly showed her of his mishap, with all the circumstance that you have heard before, and how his purse was taken away, and fifteen shillings in the same, whereof five shillings was her money, and ten shillings his own money. Is this true quoth his mistress? I by my troth quoth this hostler and nothing grieves me so much, neither my beating, neither the loss of my money, as doth my evil and wretched luck. Why, what is the matter quoth his mistress? your son saith this hostler had some cheer and pastime for that whistle for he lay with her, and I have been well beaten and have had my purse taken from me, and you know your son is merry and pleasant and can keep no great counsel, and then I shall be mocked and

laughed to scorn in all places, when they shall hear
how I have been served. Now out upon
you knaves both, quoth his mistress,
and laughs out the matter, for
she well saw it would
not otherwise
prevail.





CAP. XVII.

A BAWDY BASKET.

THESE Bawdy Baskets be also women, and go with baskets and cap-cases on their arms, wherein they have laces, pins, needles, white inkle,¹ and round silk girdles of all colours. These will buy coney skins,² and steal linen clothes off on hedges. And for their trifles they will procure of maiden servants, when their mistress or dame is out of the way, either some good piece of beef, bacon or cheese, that shall be worth twelve pence for two pence of their toys. And as they walk by the way, they often gain some money with their instrument, by such as they suddenly meet withal. The upright men have good acquaintance with these, and will help and relieve them when they want. Thus they trade their lives in lewd loathsome lechery. Amongst them all is but one honest woman, and she is of good years : her name is Joan Messenger.

¹INKLE.—Inferior tape.

²CONEY SKINS.—Rabbit skins.

I have had good proof of her, as I have learned by the true report of divers.

There came to my gate the last summer Anno Domini 1566, a very miserable man and much deformed as burnt in the face, blear-eyed, and lame of one of his legs that he went with a crutch. I asked him where he was born and where he dwelt last, and showed him that thither he must repair and be relieved, and not to range about the country, and seeing some cause of charity, I caused him to have meat and drink, and when he had drunk, I demanded of him whether he was never spoiled of the upright man or rogue, yes that I have quoth he, but yet these seven years, for so long have I gone abroad I had not so much taken from me nor so evil handled as I was within these four days, why, how so quoth I? in good faith sir quoth he, I chanced to meet with one of these Bawdy Baskets which had an Upright man in her company : and as I would have passed quietly by her, man saith she unto her mate, do you not see this ill-favoured wind-shaken knave : yes quoth the upright man, what say you to him, this knave oweth me two shillings, for wares he had of me half a year ago, I think it well said this upright man : sirrah said he, pay your debts, said this poor man I owe her none, neither did I ever bargain with her for anything, and as I am advised I never saw her before in all my life,

mercy God, quoth she what a lying knave is this, and he will not pay your husband beat him surely, and the upright man gave me three or four blows on my back and shoulders and would have beat me worse and I had not given him all the money in my purse, and in good faith for very fear I was fain to give him fourteen pence which was all the money that I had : why said this bawdy basket hast thou no more, then thou owest me ten pence still, and be well assured that I will be paid the next time I meet with thee. And so they let me pass by them. I pray God save and bless me and all others in my case from such wicked persons quoth this poor man, why whither went they, then quoth I, into East Kent, for I met with them on this side of Rochester. I have divers times been attempted but I never lost much before. I thank God there came still company by, before this unhappy time. Well quoth I, thank God of all, and repair home into thy native country.





CAP. XVIII.

A A U T E M M O R T .

TH E S E Autem Morts be married women, as there be but a few : For Autem in their language is a Church, so she is a wife married at the church, and they be as chaste as a cow : I have that goeth to bull every moon, with what bull she careth not. These walk most times from their husband's company a month and more together, being associate with another as honest as herself. These will pilfer clothes off hedges, some of them go with children of ten or twelve years of age, if time and place serve for their purpose they will send them into some house at the window to steal and rob, which they call in their language, Milling of the Ken, and will go with wallets on their shoulders and slates at their backs, there is one of these Autem Morts, she is now a widow of fifty years old, her name is Alice

Milson, she goeth about with a couple of great boys,
the youngest of them is fast upon twenty
years of age, and these two do lie with
her every night, and she lieth in
the middle, she saith that they be
her children, that beteled [?] be
the babes born of such
abominable
belly.





CAP. XIX.

A WALKING MORT.

THESE Walking Morts be not married, these for their unhappy years doth go as a Autem Mort, and will say their husbands died either at Newhaven, Ireland, or in some service of the Prince. These make laces upon staves and purses that they carry in their hands and white valance for beds. Many of these hath had, and have children : when these get ought, either with begging, bitchery, or bribery as money or apparel, they are quickly shaken out of all by the upright men, and they are in a marvellous fear to carry anything about them that is of any value. Wherefore, this policy they use, they leave their money now with one and then with another trusty householder, either with the good man or good wife, some time in one shire, and then in another as they travel : this have I known it four or five shillings, yea ten shillings left in a place, and the same will they come for again within one quarter of a year or some time not in half a

year, and all this is to little purpose, for all their peevish policy : for when they buy them linen or garments, it is taken away from them and worse given them, or none at all.

The last summer Anno Domini 1566, being in familiar talk with a Walking Mort, that came to my gate, I learned by her what I could, and I thought I had gathered as much for my purpose as I desired, I began to rebuke her for her lewd life and beastly behaviour, declaring to her what punishment was prepared and heaped up for her in the world to come for her filthy living and wretched conversation, God help quoth she how should I live, none will take me into service, but I labour in harvest time honestly. I think but a while with honesty quoth I. Shall I tell you quoth she, the best of us may be amended, but yet I thank God, I did one good deed within this twelve months, wherein quoth I. Saith she I would not have it spoken of again : if it be meet and necessary, quoth I, it shall lie under my feet : what mean you by that quoth she. I mean quoth I, to hide the same and never to discover it to any. Well quoth she and began to laugh as much as she could and swear by the mass that if I disclosed the same to any she would never tell me any thing. The last summer quoth she I was great with child and I travelled into East Kent by the sea coast, for I lusted marvellously after

oysters and mussels and gathered many, and in the place where I found them, I opened them and eat them still, at the last in seeking more, I reached after one and stepped into a hole and fell in, into the waste and there did stick, and I had been drowned if the tide had comé, and espying a man a good way off, I cried as much as I could for help. I was alone he heard me and repaired as fast to me as he might, and finding me there fast sticking, I required for God's sake his help, and whether it was with striving and forcing myself, or for joy I had of his coming to me, I had a great colour in my face and looked red and well coloured. And to be plain with you, he liked me so well (as he said) that I should there lie still, and I would not grant him that he might lie with me. And by my troth I wist not what to answer, I was in such a perplexity, for I knew the man well, he had a very honest woman to his wife and was of some wealth; and on the other side, if I were not helped out, I should there have perished, and I granted him that I would obey to his will, then he plucked me out. And because there was no convenient place near hand, I required him that I might go wash myself and make me somewhat cleanly, and I would come to his house and lodge all night in his barn, whither he might repair to me and accomplish his desire, but let it not be quoth he before nine of the clock at night,

for then there will be small stirring. And I may repair to the town quoth I to warm and dry myself, for this was about two of the clock in the afternoon, do so quoth he, for I must be busy to look out my cattle here by before I can come home. So I went away from him and glad was I, and why so quoth I, because quoth she his wife my good dame is my very friend, and I am much beholden to her. And she had done me so much good or this, that I were loth now to harm her any way. Why so quoth I? what and it had been any other man and not your good dame's husband. The matter had been the less quoth she. Tell me I pray thee quoth I, who was the father of the child, she studied a while and said that it had a father, but what was he quoth I? Now by my troth I know not quoth she, you bring me out of my matter, so you do, well say on quoth I, then I departed straight to the town and came to my dame's house. And showed her of my misfortune, and also of her husband's usage in all points and that I showed her the same for goodwill and bid her take better heed to her husband and to herself, so she gave me great thanks and made me good cheer, and bid me in any case that I should be ready at the barn at that time and hour we had appointed, for I know well quoth this good wife my husband will not break with thee. And one thing I warn thee that thou give me a watchword aloud when he goeth

about to have his pleasure of thee, and that shall be fie for shame fie, and I will be hard by you, with help. But I charge thee keep this secret till all be finished, and hold saith this good wife here is one of my petticoats I give thee. I thank you good dame quoth I, and I warrant you I will be true and trusty unto you. So my dame left me sitting by a good fire with meat and drink, and with the oysters I brought with me, I had great cheer, she went straight and repaired unto her gossips dwelling thereby, and as I did after understand, she made her mind to them, what a naughty lewd lecherous husband she had, and how that she could not have his company for harlots, and that she was in fear to take some filthy disease of him, he was so common a man, having little respect whom he had to do withal, and quoth she now here is one at my house a poor woman that goeth about the country that he would have had to do withal, wherefore good neighbours and loving gossips as you love me and as you would have help at my hand another time, devise some remedy to make my husband a good man, that I may live in some surety without disease, and that he may save his soul that God so dearly bought. After she had told her tale they cast their piercing eyes all upon her, but one stout dame amongst the rest had these words: As your patient bearing of troubles, your honest beha-

viour among us your neighbours, your tender and pitiful heart to the poor of the parish, doth move us to lament your case, so the unsatiable carnality of your faithless husband doth instigate and stir us to devise and invent some speedy redress for your case and the amendment of his life. Wherefore this is my counsel and you will be advertised by me, I say to you all, unless it be this good wife, who is chiefly touched in this matter I have the next cause, for he was in hand with me not long ago, and company had not been present which was by a marvellous chance, he had (I think) forced me. For often he had been tempting with me, and yet have I sharply said him nay, therefore let us assemble secretly into the place where he hath appointed to meet this Gillot¹ that is at your house and lurk privily in some corner till he begin to go about his business. And then methought I heard you say even now, that you had a watchword, at which word we will all step forth being five of us besides you, for you shall be none because it is your husband, but get you to bed at your accustomed hour, and we will carry each of us a good birchen rod in our laps, and we will all be muffled for knowing, and see that you go home and acquaint that Walking Mort with the matter for we must have her help to hold, for always four must hold and two lay on. Alas saith this good

¹GILLOT.—Prostitute.

wife, he is too strong for you all, I would be loth for my sake you should receive harm at his hand : fear you not quoth these stout women, let her not give the watchword until his hosen be about his legs, and I trow we all will be with him to bring before he shall have leisure to pluck them up again : they with one voice agreed to the matter that the way she had devised was the best : so this good wife repaired home : but before she departed from her gossips she showed them at what hour they should privily come in on the backside and there to tarry their good hour, so by the time she came in, it was almost night and found the walking mort still sitting by the fire and declared to her all this new devise above said, which promised faithfully to fulfil to her small power as much as they had devised, within a quarter of an hour after, in cometh the good man who said that he was about his cattle, why what have we here wife sitting by the fire, and if she have eat and drank send her into the barn to her lodging for this night, for she troubleth the house : even as you will husband, saith his wife, you know she cometh once in two years into these quarters. Away saith this good wife to your lodging : yes good dame saith she as fast as I can, thus by looking one on the other each knew other's mind, and so departed to her comely couch, the good man of the house shrugged him for joy, thinking to himself I will make some pastime with

you anon. And calling to his wife for his supper set him down and was very pleasant and drank to his wife and fell to his mammerings¹ and munched apace, nothing understanding of the banquet that was a preparing for him after supper, and according to the proverb (that sweet meat will have sour sauce,) thus when he was well refreshed, his spirits being revived entered into familiar talk with his wife, of many matters how well he had spent that day to both their profits, saying some of his cattle were like to have been drowned in the ditches, driving others of his neighbour's cattle out that were in his pastures, and mending his fences that were broken down. Thus profitably he had consumed the day, nothing talking of his helping out of the walking mort out of the mire, neither of his request nor yet of his promise. Thus feeding her with friendly fantasies consumed two hours and more. Then feigning how he would see in what case his horse were in and how they were dressed, repaired covertly into the barn whereas his friendly foes lurked privily unless it were this mannerly mort, that comely couched on a bottle of straw. What are you come quoth she, by the mass I would not for a hundred pound that my dame should know that you were here either any else of your house. No

¹MAMMERING.—To hesitate, mutter, or murmur.

“—I wonder in my soul, what you should ask me, that I should deny, or stand so *mammering* on. *Othello*, iii, 3

I warrant thee saith this good man, they be all safe and fast enough at their work, and I will be at mine anon. And lay down by her and straight would have had to do with her, nay fie saith she, I like not this order, if ye lie with me you shall surely untruss you and put down your hosen for that way is most easiest and best, sayest thou so quoth he, now my troth agreed : and when he had untrussed himself and put down, he began to assault the unsatiable fort, why quoth she that was without shame, saving for her promise, and are you not ashamed ? never a whit saith he, lie down quickly, nor fie for shame, fie saith she aloud (which was the watch word) at the which word these fine furious sturdy muffled gossip flings out and takes sure hold of this betrayed person, some plucking his hosen down lower, and binding the same fast about his feet, then binding his hands and knitting a handkercher about his eyes, that he should not see, and when they had made him sure and fast, then they laid him on until they were windless : be good saith this Mort unto my master for the passion of God, and laid on as fast as the rest, and still ceased not to cry upon them to be merciful unto him, and yet laid on a pace, and when they had well beaten him that the blood burst plentifully out in some places they let him lie still bound, with this exhortation, that he should from that time forth know his wife from

other men's, and that this punishment was but a fleabiting in respect of that which should follow, if he amended not his manners. Thus leaving him blustering, blowing and foaming for pain and melancholy, that he neither might or could be revenged of them: they vanished away and had this Mort with them, and safely conveyed her out of the town: soon after cometh into the barn one of the good man's boys to fetch some hay for his horse. And finding his master lying fast bound and grievously beaten with rods, was suddenly abashed and would have run out again to have called for help, but his master bid him come unto him and unbind him, and make no words quoth he of this. I will be revenged well enough, yet notwithstanding after better advice, the matter being dishonest, he thought it meeter to let the same pass, and not as the proverb saith (to awake the sleeping dog.) And by my troth quoth this walking mort, I come now from that place and was never there since this part was played, which is somewhat more than a year. And I hear a very good report of him now, that he loveth his wife well and useth himself very honestly: and was not this a good act now how say you? It was prettily handled quoth I, and is here all? yea quoth she here is the end.



CAP. XX.

A DOXY.

THESE Doxies be broken and spoiled of their maidenhead by the Upright Men, and then they have their name of Doxies and not afore. And afterward she is common and indifferent for any that will use her, as *homo* is a common name to all men. Such as be fair and somewhat handsome, keep company with the Walking Morts, and are ready always for the upright men, and are chiefly maintained by them, for others shall be spoiled for their sakes, the other inferior sort will resort to noble men's places, and gentlemen's houses standing at the gate, either lurking at the backside about back houses either in hedge rows or some other thicket, expecting their prey, which is for the uncomely company of some courteous guest of whom they be refreshed with meat and some money, where exchange is made ware for ware : this bread

and meat they use to carry in their great hosen, so that these beastly bribing breeches, serve many times for bawdy purposes. I chanced not long since familiarly to commune with a Doxy that came to my gate, and surely a pleasant harlot, and not so pleasant as witty, and not so witty as void of all grace and goodness. I found by her talk that she had passed her time lewdly eighteen years in walking about. I thought this a necessary instrument to attain some knowledge by, and before I would grope her mind, I made her both to eat and drink well, that done I made her faithful promise to give her some money if she would open and discover to me such questions as I would demand of her and never to bewray her, neither to disclose her name. And you should saith she I were undone: fear not that quoth I, but I pray thee quoth I, say nothing but truth. I will not saith she, then first tell me quoth I, how many upright men and rogues dost thou know or hast thou known and been conversant with, and what their names be? she paused awhile and said, why do you ask me, or wherefore? For nothing else as I said, but that I would know them when they come to my gate. Now by my troth (quoth she) then are ye never the nearer, for all mine acquaintance for the most part are dead. Dead quoth I? how died they, for want of cherishing or of painful diseases? Then she sighed and

said, they were hanged. What all quoth I, and so many walk abroad as I daily see? By my troth quoth she I know not past six or seven by their names, and named the same to me. When were they hanged quoth I? Some seven years agone, some three years, and some within this fortnight, and declared the place where they were executed, which I knew well to be true, by report of others. Why (quoth I) did not this sorrowful and fearful sight much grieve thee, and for thy time long and evil spent. I was sorry quoth she, by the mass, for some of them were good loving men, for I lacked not when they had it, and they wanted not when I had it, and divers of them I never did forsake, until the gallows departed us. O merciful God quoth I and began to bless me. Why bless ye quoth she? Alas good gentleman, every one must have a living. Other matters I talked of, but this now may suffice to show the reader as it were in a glass the bold beastly life of these doxies. For such as hath gone any time abroad, will never forsake their trade, to die therefore. I have had good proof thereof. There is one notorious harlot of this affinity called Besse Bottomely, she hath but one hand, and she hath murdered two children at the least,



CAP. XXI.

A DELL.

A DELL is a young wench, able for generation, and not yet known or broken by the upright man. These go abroad young, either by the death of their parents, and nobody to look unto them or else by some sharp mistress that they serve do run away out of service, either she is naturally born one, and then she is a wild Dell: these are broken very young, when they have been lying withal with the upright man, then they be Doxies, and no Dell. These wild Dells being traded up with their monstrous mothers, must of necessity be as evil or worse than their parents, for neither we gather grapes from green briars, neither figs from thistles.

But such buds, such blossoms,
such evil seeds sown,
well worse being
grown.



CAP. XXII.

A KINCHIN MORT.



KINCHIN Mort is a little girl, the Morts their mothers carries them at their [backs in the slates, which is their sheets, and brings them up savagely, till they grow to be ripe, and soon ripe, soon rotten.



CAP. XXIII.

A KINCHIN CO[VE].



KINCHIN Cove, is a young boy traded up to such peevish purposes, as you have heard of other young imps before, that when he groweth unto years, he is better to hang than to draw forth.



CAP. XXIV.

THEIR USAGE IN THE NIGHT.

NOW, I think it not unnecessary to make the reader understand how and in what manner they lodge a nights in barns or back-houses, and of their usage there, forasmuch as I have acquainted them with their order and practices a day times. The Arch and chief walkers that hath walked a long time, whose experience is great, because of their continuing practice, I mean all Morts and Doxies, for their handsomeness and diligence, for making of their couches. The men never trouble themselves with that thing, but takes the same to be the duty of the wife. And she shuffles up a quantity of straw or hay, into some pretty corner of the barn where she may conveniently lie, and well shaketh the same, making the head somewhat high, and drives the same upon the sides and set like a bed: then she layeth her wallet or other little pack of rags or scrip under her head in the straw, to bear

up the same, and layeth her petticoat or cloak upon and over the straw, so made like a bed and that serveth for the blanket : then she layeth her slate which is her sheet upon that, and she have no sheet, as few of them go without, then she spreadeth some large clouts or rags over the same, and maketh her ready and layeth her drowsily down. Many will pluck off their smocks and lay the same upon them instead of their upper sheet, and all her other pelt and trash upon her also, and many lieth in their smocks. And if the rest of her clothes in cold weather be not sufficient to keep her warm, then she taketh straw or hay to perform the matter. The other sort that have no slates, but tumble down and couch a hogshhead in their clothes, these be still lousy and shall never be without vermin, unless they put off their clothes, and lie as is above said. If the upright man come in where they lie, he hath his choice, and creepeth in close by his doxy, the rogue hath his leavings. If the morts or doxies lie or be lodged in some farmer's barn, and the door be either locked or made fast to them, then will not the upright man press to come in, unless it be in barns and out houses standing alone, or some distance from houses, which be commonly known to them : as Saint Quinten's, Three Cranes in the Vintry, Saint Tybbe's, and Knapsbery. These four be within one mile compass near unto London.

Then have you four more in Middlesex, “ Draw-the-Pudding-out-of-the-Fire,” in Harrow-on-the-Hill parish, the Cross Keys in Crayford parish, Saint Julian’s in Thistleworth¹ parish, the House of Pity in North-hall parish. These are their chief houses near about London, where commonly they resort unto for lodging, and may repair thither freely at all times. Sometime shall come in some Rogue, some picking knave, a Nimble Prig, he walketh in softly a nights, when they be at their rest and plucketh off as many garments as be ought worth, that he may come by, and worth money, and may easily carry the same, and runneth away with the same with great celerity, and maketh port sale at some convenient place of theirs, that some be soon ready in the morning, for want of their Casters and Togemans. Where instead of blessing is cursing, in place of praying, pestilent prating with odious oaths and terrible threatenings. The upright men have given all these nick names, to the places above said. Yet we have two notable places in Kent, not far from London, the one is between Deptford and Rothered,² called the King’s barn, standing alone, that they haunt commonly : the other is Ketbroke³ standing by Blackheath half a mile from any house, there will they boldly draw the latch of the door

¹Isleworth,²Rotherhithe.³Kidbrooke.

and go in, when the good man with his family be at supper and sit down without leave and eat and drink with them, and either lie in the hall by the fire all night or in the barn if there be no room in the house for them. If the door be either bolted or locked, if it be not opened unto them when they will, they will break the same open to his farther cost. And in this barn sometime do lie forty upright men with their doxies together at one time. And this must the poor farmer suffer, or else they threaten him to burn him, and all that he hath.





THE
NAMES

OF THE

UPRIGHT MEN, ROGUES, AND PALLIARDS.

HERE followeth the unruly rabblement of rascals, and the most notorious and wickedest walkers that are living now at this present with their true names as they be called and known by. And although I set and place here but three orders, yet good reader understand, that all the others above named are derived and come out from the Upright men and Rogues. Concerning the number of Morts and Doxies, it is superfluous to write of them. I could well have done it, but the number of them is great, and would ask a large volume.

UPRIGHT MEN.

Antony Heymer.	David Coke.	Edward Skiner,
Antony Jackson.	Dick Glover.	alias Ned Skinner
Burfet.	Dick Abristowe.	Edward Browne.
Bryan Medcalfe.	David Edwards.	Follentine Hilles.
Corethe Cuckold.	David Holland.	Ferdinando Angel
Christopher Cook	David Jones.	Griffyn.
Dowsabell skilful	Edmund Dun	a Francis Dawghton
in fence.	singing man.	Great John Gray.

George Mariner. John a Pycones. John Comes.
 George Hutchin- John Thomas. John Chiles, alias
 son. John Arther. great Chiles.
 Harry Hilles alias John Palmer alias John Levet he
 Harry Godepar. Tod. maketh tapsand
 Harry Agglintine John Geffrey. faucets.
 Harry Smith, he John Goddard. John Lovedall a
 drivelleth when John Gray the master of fence.
 he speaketh. Great. John Lovedale.
 Harry Jonson. John Gray the John Mekes.
 James Barnard. Little. John Appowell.
 John Millar. John Williams John Chappell.
 John Walchman. the Longer. John Griffen.
 John Jones. John Harwood a John Mason.
 John Tedar. maker of wells, John Humfrey
 John Bray. he will take half with the lame
 John Cutter. his bargain in hand.
 John Bell. hand, and when John Stradling
 John Stephens. he hath wrought with the shaking
 John Gray. two or three head.
 John White. days, he runneth John Frank.
 John Rewe. away with his John Baker.
 John Morres. earnest. John Bascafelde.
 John a Ferdin- John Peter. Lennard Just.
 ando. John Porter. Long Greene.
 John Newman. John Appowes. Laurence Ladd.
 John Win, alias John Arter. Laurence Mar-
 Williams. John Bates. shall,

Nicolas Wilson. Richard Cadman. Thomas Lacon.
 Ned Barington. Richard Scater- Thomas Bate.
 Ned Wetherdon. good. Thomas Allen.
 Ned Holmes. Richard Aprice. Well-arrayed
 Phillip Green. Richard Walker. Richard.
 Robert Gravener. Richard Coper. William Cham-
 Robert Gerse. Steven Nevet. born.
 Robert King. Thomas Bullock. William Panell.
 Robert Egerton. Thomas Cutter. William Morgan.
 Robert Bell, bro- Thomas Gare. William Belson.
 ther to John Bell. Thomas Newton. William Ebes.
 Robert Maple. Thomas Web. William Garret.
 Robert Langton. Thomas Gray his William Robinson
 Robin Bell. toes be gone. William Umbervil
 Robin Toppe. Tom Bodell. William Davids
 Robert Brows- Thomas Wast. Will Penn.
 werd, he weareth Thomas Dawson William Jones.
 his hair long. alias Thomas Will Powell.
 Robert Curtes. Jacklin. William Clarke.
 Richard Brimmish Thomas Basset. Walter Wirall.
 Richard Justice. Thomas Mar- William Browne.
 Richard Barton. chant. William Grace.
 Richard Con- Thomas Web. William Pickering
 tance. Thomas Awefeld.
 Richard Thomas. Thomas Gibbins.

ROGUES.

Arch Douglas a Scot.	John Elson.	Nicholas Lynch.
Black Dick.	John Raynoles	Richard Brewton.
Dick Durram.	Irishman	Richard Hor-
David Dewnevet	John Harris.	wood, well nigh
a counterfeit	James Monkaster	eighty years old,
Crank.	a counterfeit	he will bite a
Edward Ellis.	Crank.	sixpenny nail
Edward Anseley.	John Dewe.	asunder with his
George Belberby.	John Crew with	teeth and a
Godman.	one arm.	bawdy drunkard
Gerard Gybynes,	John Brown a	Richard Crane he
a counterfeit	great stammerer	carrieth a kinchen
Crank.	Little Dick.	co[ve] at his
Harry Walls with	Little Robin.	back.
the little mouth.	Lambert Rose.	Richard Jones.
Humfrey Ward.	Nicholas Adams.	Raffe Ketley.
Harry Mason.	Nicholas Crispin.	Robert Harrison
John Warren.	Nicholas Blunt,	Simon King.
John Don with	alias Nicholas	Thomas Paske.
one leg.	Genings, a coun-	Thomas Beere
	terfeit Crank.	Irishman.

Thomas Smith Wilson. seek work with
 with the scalled William Ginkes a big boy his son,
 skin. with a white carrying his tools
 Thomas Shaw- beard, a lusty as a dauber or
 neam. and strong man, plaisterer, but
 William Carew. herunneth about little work ser-
 William Wastfield the country to veth him.

PALLIARDS.

Bashford. John Carew. Richard Hilton
 Dick Sehan Irish James Lane, with carrieth two kin-
 David Powell. one eye Irish. chen morts about
 David Jones a John Fisher. him.
 counterfeit Crank John Dewe. Richard Thomas.
 Edward Heyward John Gilford Irish Sothgarde.
 hath his mort with a counterfeit Swanders.
 following him, licence. Thomas Edwards
 which feigneth Laurence with the Thomas Davids.
 the Crank. great leg. William Thomas.
 Edward Lewes, a Nicholas Newton William Coper
 Dummerar. carrieth a feigned with the hairlip.
 Hugh Jones. licence. Will Pettet bear-
 John Persk a Nicholas Decase. eth a kinchen
 counterfeit Crank Preston. mort at his back.
 John Davids. Robert Lacle. William Bowmer.
 John Harison. Robert Canloke.

There is above a hundred Irish men and women that wander about to beg for their living, that hath come over within these two years. They say they have been borned and spoiled by the Earl of Desmond and report well of the Earl of Urmond.

All these above written for the most part walk about Essex, Middlesex, Sussex, Surrey and Kent. Then let the reader judge what numbers walk in other Shires, I fear me a great number, if they will understand.





HERE FOLLOWETH THEIR PELTING SPEECH.¹

HERE I set before thee good reader, the lewd lousy language of these leutering luskies, and lazy larels, wherewith they buy and sell the common people as they pass through the country: which language they term Peddler's French, an unknown tongue only, but to these bold beastly bawdy beggars, and vain vagabonds, being half mingled with English, when it is familiarly talked, and first placing things by their proper names, as an introduction to this peevisch speech

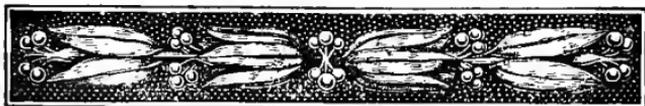
* Abraham-men,	Belly-chete,	Borde,
those who feign them-	apron.	a shilling.
selves to have been mad.	* Bena bowse,	* Bottel of strawe,
Alybbeg,	good drink.	a bundle or truss.
a bed.	Bene,	Boung, bongie, or
Askew,	good.	bung,
a cup.	Benat,	a purse.
Autem,	better.	Bowse [booze],
a church.	Benship,	drink.
* Autem Mortes,	very good.	Bowsing-ken,
married women as	* Beray,	an ale-house.
chaste as a cow.	dung, dirty.	* Bucks,
* Baudye baskets,	Bleting chete,	baskets.
women who go with	a calf or sheep.	Bufe,
baskets and cap-cases on	* Booget,	a dog.
their arms.	a travelling tinker's	Buffer,
* Beck [Beek],	basket.	a man.
a constable.		

¹ We have taken the liberty of arranging this list of old Cant Words into alphabetical order, for more easy reference. In the words the old spelling is retained while the explanations to them are given in the modern mode. Those words marked with an asterisk (*) though not printed in the original, are nevertheless used in various parts of the work; therefore introduced in their order. The modern meanings of a few of the old cant words are given in rackets.

- Bynge a waste,
go you hence.
- Cackling-chete,
a cock or capon.
- Cassan [cassam],
cheese.
- Casters,
a cloak.
- *Cateth,
"the upright Cofe *cateth*
to the Rogue" [probably
a shortening or misprint
of *Canteth*] see page 117
- *Caveat,
a warning.
- Chattes,
the gallows.
- *Chete,
things.
- *Cly [a pocket],
to take, receive, or have.
- *Cofe [cove],
a person.
- Commission
[mish]
a shirt.
- *Counterfet
Cranke
young knaves and har-
lots, that deeply dis-
semble the falling
sickness.
- *Cranke [cranky,
foolish],
falling evil [or wasting
sickness].
- Crashing-chetes,
teeth.
- Crassing chetes,
apples, pears, or any
other fruit.
- *Cuffin,
a man.
- *Cursitors,
vagabonds.
- Darkemans,
the night.
- *Dell,
a young wench.
- Dewe a vyle,
the country.
- *Dock,
to deflower.
- *Doxes,
harlots.
- Drawers,
hosen.
- Dudes [or dudds],
clothes.
- *Factors,
tax-gatherers.
- Fambles,
hands.
- Fambling chete,
a ring on one's hand.
- Flagg,
a groat.
- *Frater,
a beggar with a false
paper.
- *Freshe water
mariners,
these counterfeit great
losses on the sea.
- *Fylche,
to rob.
- Fylche-man
[a robber].
- Gage,
a quart pot.
- Gan,
a mouth.
- Gentry cofe,
a noble or gentle man.
- Gentry cofes ken,
a noble or gentle man's
house.
- Gentry Mort,
a noble or gentle wo-
man.
- *Gerry,
excrement.
- Glasyers,
eyes.
- Glymmar,
fire.
- Grannam,
corn.
- Grunting chete or
patricos kinchen
a pig.
- Gyb,
a writing.
- Gyger [jigger],
a door.
- *Gyllot,
a whore.
- Halfe a borde,
sixpence.
- Hearing chetes,
ears.
- *High pad,
highway.
- *Hosen,
breeches.
- *Hosted,
lodged.
- Jarke,
a seal.
- *Jarkeman,
one who makes writings
and sets seals for [coun-
terfeit] licences and
passports.
- *Jockam,
penis.

- Ken,
a house.
- *Kynchen co [or Mynt,
cove],
a young boy trained up
like a Kynching Morte.
- *Kynching morte,
a little girl, carried at
her mother's back in a
slate, or sheet.
- Lag,
water.
- Lag of dudes,
a bucke [or basket] of
clothes.
- *Lage,
to wash.
- Lap,
butter, milk, or whey.
- Lightmans,
the day.
- Lowing chete,
a cow.
- Lowre,
money.
- Lyb bege,
a bed.
- *Lycke [lick],
to beat.
- *Lyp,
to lie down.
- Lypken,
a house to lie in.
- Make [mag].
a halfpenny.
- Margeri Prater,
a hen.
- *Milling the ken,
to steal [by sending a
child in at the window].
- Moffing chete,
a napkin.
- *Mortes [motts],
harlots.
- *Myll,
to rob.
- Nab [nob],
gold.
- Nabchete,
a head.
- *Nase,
drunken.
- Nosegent,
a nun.
- *Pallyard,
a born beggar who coun-
terfeits sickness or in-
curable sores.
- Param,
milk.
- Patrico,
a priest.
- Patricos Kinchen,
a pig.
- Pek [peck],
meat.
- *Peld pate,
head uncovered.
- *Pelte,
clothes.
- *Peltinge,
paltry, contemptible.
- Poppelars,
porridge.
- Prat,
a buttock.
- Pratling chete,
a tongue.
- Prauncer,
a horse.
- *Prigger of
Prauncers,
horse stealers.
- *Proctour,
a keeper of a spital-
house,—a liar.
- *Prygges,
drunken tinkers or
beastly people.
- *Quacking chete
or a red shanke
a drake or duck.
- Quaromes,
a body.
- Quier,
nought.
- Quyer cramp-
rings,
bolts or fetters.
- Quier Cuffin,
the Justice of Peace.
- *Quire bird,
one lately come out of
prison.
- Quyer kyn,
a prison house.
- Red shanke,
a drake or duck.
- Roger or tyb of
the butery,
a goose.
- *Rome,
good.
- Rome house [rum
booze]
wine,
- Rome mort,
the queen.
- Rome vyle [or
ville],
London.
- Ruff peck,
bacon [or short bread,
common in old times at
farm houses].
- Ruffmans,
the woods or bushes.
- Salomon,
an altar or mass.

- Skypper,
a barn.
- Slate,
a sheet or sheets.
- Smelling chete,
a nose.
- Smelling chete,
a garden or orchard.
- *Snowt fayre,
[said of a woman who has a pretty face or is comely].
- *Stall,
[to initiate a beggar or rogue into the rights and privileges of the canting order].
- Stampes,
legs.
- Stampers,
shoes.
- Stauling ken,
a house that will receive stolen wares.
- *Stawlinge kens,
tippling houses.
- Stow you,
[stow it],
hold your peace.
- Strike,
to steal.
- *Strommell,
straw.
- Swadder, or Pedlar,
[a man who hawks goods].
- *The harman's beck,
the constable.
- *The harmans,
the stocks.
- *The high pad,
the highway.
- The ruffian cly thee,
the devil take thee.
- *Three trees,
the gallows.
- *Togemens,
a cloak.
- Togman [togg],
a coat.
- To bowse,
to drink.
- To cante,
to speak.
- To cly the gerke,
to be whipped.
- To couch a hog's head,
to lie down and sleep.
- To cutte,
to say [cut it is modern slang for "be quiet"].
- To cut bene whyddes,
to speak or give good words.
- To cut quyer whyddes,
to give evil words or evil language.
- To cut benle,
to speak gentle.
- To dup ye gyger [jigger],
to open the door.
- To fylche,
to rob.
- To heue a bough,
to rob or rife a boweth [booth].
- To maunde,
to ask or require.
- To mill a ken,
to rob a house.
- To nygle,
[to have to do with a woman carnally].
- To nyp a bounge,
[nip, to steal], to cut a purse.
- To skower the crampringes,
to wear bolts or fetters.
- To stall,
to make or ordain.
- To the ruffian,
to the devil.
- To towre,
to see.
- Tryning [trine],
hanging.
- *Twin'd hemp,
a rope at the gallows.
- Tybof the butery,
a goose.
- *Walking morte,
women [who pass for widows].
- *Wapping,
[coition].
- *White money,
silver.
- *Whyddes,
words.
- *Wylde roge,
a beggar born.
- Wyn,
a penny.
- Yannam [pannum]
bread.
- *Yaram,
milk.



The vpright Cofe cateth to the Roge.

The Upright Man speaketh to the Rogue.

THE UPRIGHT MAN.

Bene Lightmans to thy quaromes, in what lypken
hast thou lyped in this darkemans, whether in a
lybbege or in the stommell ?

Good morrow to thy body, in what house hast thou lain in all night,
whether in a bed or in the straw ?

ROGUE.

I couched a hogshead in a Skypper this darke-
mans.

I laid me down to sleep in a barn this night.

THE UPRIGHT MAN.

I towre the stommell trine upon the nabchete and
togman.

I see the straw hang upon thy cap and coat.

ROGUE.

I say by the Salomon I will lage it of with a gage
of bene bowse then cut to my nose watch.

I swear by the mass I will wash it off with a quart of good drink, then
say to me what thou wilt.

THE UPRIGHT MAN.

Why hast thou any lowre in thy bonge to bowse.

Why, hast thou any money in thy purse to drink ?

ROGUE.

But a flagge, a wyn and a make.

But a groat, a penny and a half-penny.

THE UPRIGHT MAN.

Why, where is the ken that hath the bene bowse.

Where is the house that hath the good drink ?

ROGUE.

The morte here by at the signe of the prauncer.

The good wife here by at the sign of the Horse.

THE UPRIGHT MAN.

Butte it is quyer bowse, I bowsd a flagge the last
darkemans.

I say it is small and naughty drink, I drank a groat there the last night.

ROGUE.

But bowse there a borde, and thou shalt haue
benship.

But drink there a shilling, and thou shalt have very good.

Towre ye, yander is the ken, dup the gyger and
maunde that is beneship.

See you, yonder is the house, open the door, and ask for the best.

THE UPRIGHT MAN.

This bowse is as good as Rome bowse.

This drink is as good as wine.

Now I towre that bene bowse makes nase naves.

Now I see that good drink makes a drunken head.

Maude in this morte what bene pecke is in her ken.

Ask of this wife what good meat she hath in her house,

ROGUE.

Shee hath a cackling chete, a gruntinge chete, ruff pecke, cassan, and poppelars of yarum.

She hath a hen, a pig, bacon, cheese, and milk porridge.

THE UPRIGHT MAN.

That is benship to our watch.

That is very good for us.

Now we haue well bousd, let vs strike some chete.

Now we have well drunk, let us steal something.

Yonder dwelleth a quier cuffin, it were beneship to myll him.

Yonder dwelleth a hoggish and churlish man [qy., a Justice of the Peace], it were well done to rob him.

ROGUE.

Now byng we a waste to the high pad, the ruffmans is by.

Pray let us go hence to the highway, the wood is at hand.

THE UPRIGHT MAN.

So maye we happen on the harmans and clye the Jarke or to the quyerkyn and skower quyer cramp-rings and so to trining on the chates.

So we may chance to sit in the stocks, either be whipped, either had to prison house, and there be shackled with bolts and fetters, and then to hang on the gallows.

ROGUE.

Gerry gan the Ruffan clye thee.

A tird in thy mouth, the devil take thee.

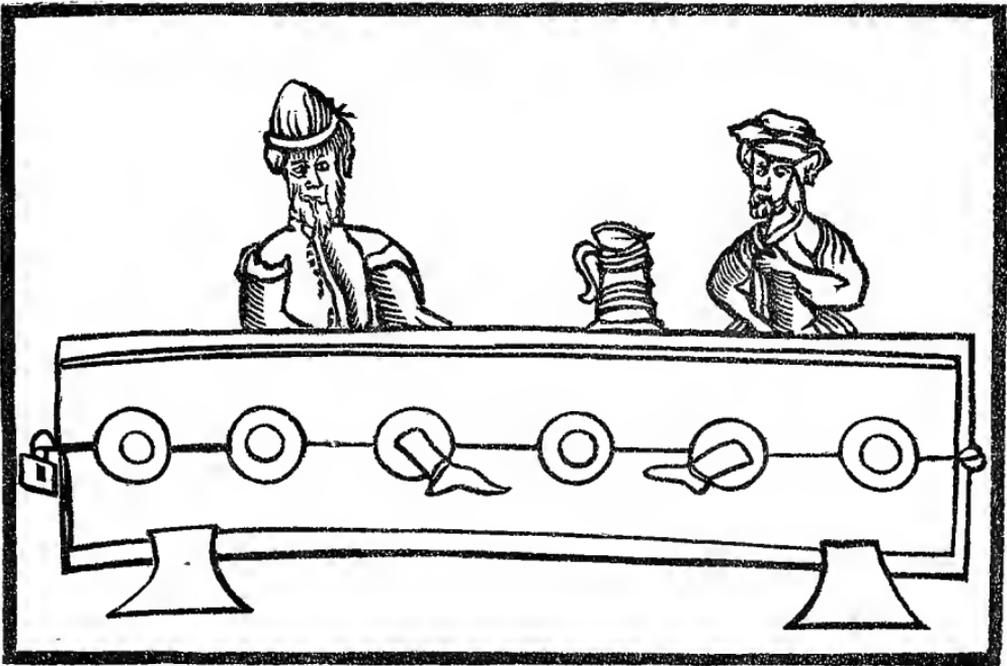
THE UPRIGHT MAN.

What stowe you bene cofe and cut benar whyddes and byng we to Rome vyle to nyp a bounge, so shall we have lowre for the bowsing ken, and when we byng back to the dewse a vyle, we will fylche some duddes of the Ruffmans or myll the ken for a lage of duddes.

What hold your peace good fellow and speak better words, and go we to London to cut a purse, then shall we have money for the ale house, and when we come back again into the country, we will steal some linen clothes off some hedge, or rob some house for a buck of clothes.

By this little ye may wholly and fully understand their untoward talk and pelting speech mingled without measure, and as they have began of late to devise some new terms for certain things : so will they in time alter this and devise as evil or worse. This language now being known and spread abroad, yet one thing more I will add unto, not meaning to English the same, because I learned that of a shameless doxy, but for the phrase of speech I set it forth only.

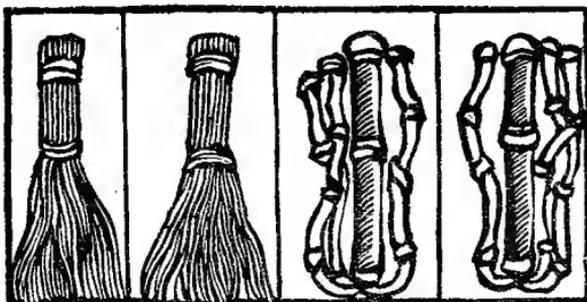
There was a proud patrico and a nosegent, he toke his Jockam in his famble, and a wapping he went, he dockt the Dell, he prygge to prounce, he byngd a wast into the darkemans, he fylche the Cofe without any fylche man.



A Stocks to stay sure and safely detain,
Lazy lewd Leuterers that laws do offend :
Impudent persons, thus punished with pain,
Hardly for all this, do mean to amend.



Fetters or shackles serve to make fast
 Male Malefactors, that on mischief do muse,
 Until the learned laws do quite or do cast
 Such subtle searchers as all evil do use.



A whip is a whisker that will wrest out blood,
 Of back and of body, beaten right well :
 Of all the other it doth the most good.
 Experience teacheth, and they can well tell.

O doleful day, now death draweth near,
 His bitter sting doth pierce me to the heart ;
 I take my leave of all that be here,
 Now piteously playing this tragical part.
 Neither stripes nor teachings in time could convert,
 Wherefore an example let me to you be,
 And all that be present, now pray you for me.





Thus I conclude my bold Beggars' book,
That all estates most plainly may see,
As in a glass well polished to look,
Their double demeanour in each degree.
Their lives, their language, their names as they be,
That with this warning their minds may be warmed
To amend their misdeeds and so live unharmed.

FINIS.

Imprinted at London by Henry Middleton, dwelling
in Fleet Street at the sign of the Falcon :
and are to be sold at his shop in
St. Dunstan's Church-
yard, An. 1573.

Notes and Observations

ON

THOMAS HARMAN'S

A CAVEAT FOR CURSETORS,

&c.

By _____

Of _____

in the County of _____

18 _____



A QUIP FOR AN UPSTART COURTIER:

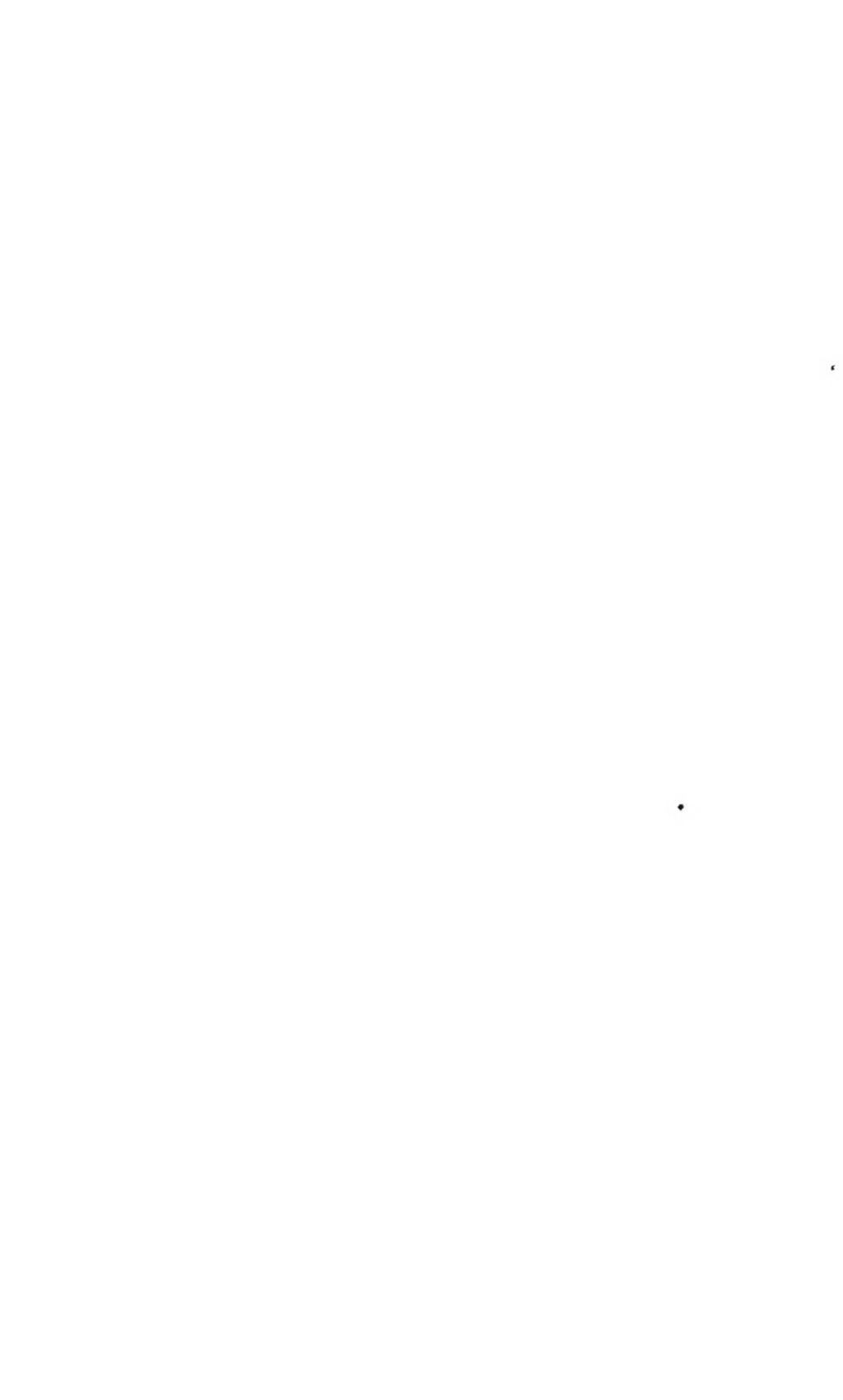
OR,

A QUAIN DISPUTE

BETWEEN

VELVET-BREECHES AND CLOTH-BREECHES.





A QUIP FOR AN UPSTART COURTIER;

OR,

A QUAIN'T DISPUTE

BETWEEN

VELVET-BREECHES AND CLOTH-BREECHES.

WHEREIN IS PLAINLY SET DOWN THE DISORDERS
IN ALL ESTATES AND TRADES.

Edited by CHARLES HINDLEY.

LONDON:
REEVES AND TURNER,

196, STRAND,

(Opposite St. Clement Danes Church).

1871.



A QUIP FOR AN UPSTART COURTIER "was one of the latest of the productions of its author. There were three impressions in 1592, the year in which it first appeared: two are known, but of one, certainly the earliest, no copy has come down to our day: that was the edition in which the attack upon Gabriel Harvey and his two brothers was inserted.

"The gravamen of the charge against the Harveys was that they were the sons of a Ropemaker at Saffron Walden; and according to Thomas Nash, in his 'Strange Newes,' 1592, it did not occupy more than 'seven or eight lines.' This passage having been suppressed, all that is found in any extant copy regarding 'Ropemakers,'" &c., is as will be seen in pages 50 and 51 of our present reprint.

"There is nothing personally offensive to the Harveys in this. But we can easily imagine how the alteration of a few words may have made it so.

"It was Gabriel Harvey's resentment of what Greene had written and printed, only a short time before his death, that drew upon Harvey the vengeance of Nash, the friend of Greene, who survived him about eight years.*

"The most remarkable circumstance about the ensuing work is, that Robert Greene, the dramatist, one of the predecessors of Shakespeare, stole the whole substance of it from Francis Thynne's humorous poem, 'The Debate between Pride and Lowliness,' and, putting it into prose, published it in 1592 in his own name, and as his own work, under the title of 'A Quip for an Upstart Courtier, or a quaint Dispute between Velvet-Breeches and Cloth-Breeches.' In his dedication to Thomas Burnabye, Esq., Greene says not one word of any obligation to a preceding writer.

"This fact presents Greene's character in a new light, and affords ground for suspecting, if not for believing, that it was not the only time he had offended in this way. It is known, indeed, that he frequently resorted to foreign sources, particularly to the Italian novelists; but, until recently, it was not supposed that he appropriated to himself the work of any native author. He is the poet who, in his 'Groatsworth of Wit,' 1592, sneered at our great dramatist, as 'the only Shake-scene in a country,' and called him 'an upstart crow, beautified with our feathers.' This certainly did not come with a good grace from Greene, especially after having in the very same year plucked all the 'feathers' out of 'The Debate betweene Pride and Lowliness,' in order to 'beautify' one of his own compositions. A more wholesale or barefaced piece of plagiarism (says J. Payne Collier in his Introduction to "The Debate," published by the Shakespeare Society in the year 1841) is not, perhaps, to be pointed out in our literature."

* Collier's (Yellow Series) Reprint of "A Quip, &c.," and Bib. Acct. of E. E. L., vol. ii, pp. 333-4.

A
QVIP FOR ANVP-

ftart Courtier :

Or,

A quaint dispute between Veluet breeches
and Cloth-breeches.

*Wherein is plainly set downe the disorders
in all Eftates and Trades.*



L O N D O N

Imprinted by Iohn Wolfe, and are to bee fold at his
shop at Poules chayne. 1592.



*To the Right Worshipful Thomas Burnabie, Esquire,
Robert Greene wisheth Heart's ease and Heaven's
bliss.*

SIR,

AFTER [I had ended this "Quip for an
Upstart Courtier," containing a quaint
dispute between Cloth-Breeches and
Velvet-Breeches; wherein, under a dream,
I shadowed the abuses that pride had
bred in England: how it had infected the
Court with aspiring envy, the City with griping cove-
tousness, and the Country with contempt and disdain:
how, since men placed their delights in proud looks
and brave attire, hospitality was left off, neighbour-
hood was exiled, conscience was scoffed at, and
charity lay frozen in the streets: how upstart gentle-
men, for the maintenance of that their fathers never
looked after, raised rents, racked their tenants, and
imposing great fines; I stood in a muse to whom I
should dedicate my labours, knowing I should be

bitten by many, since I had touched many, and therefore need some worthy patron, under whose wings I might shroud myself from Goodman Findfault. At last I called to mind your Worship, and thought you the fittest of all my friends, both for the duty that I owe, and the worshipful qualities you are indued withal ; as also, for that all Northamptonshire reports, how you are a father of the poor, a supporter of ancient hospitality, an enemy of pride, and, (to be short,) a maintainer of Cloth-Breeches, I mean, of the old and worthy customs of the gentility and yeomanry of England. Induced by these reasons, I humbly present this pamphlet to your Worship, only craving you will accept it as courteously, as I present it dutifully, and then I have the end of my desire ; and so, resting in hope of your favourable acceptance. I humbly take my leave.

Your dutiful, adopted son,

ROBERT GREENE.





To the Gentlemen-Readers, Health.

GENTLE GENTLEMEN,

I HOPE, Cloth-Breeches shall find you gentle censors of this homely apology of his ancient prerogatives, since, though he speaks against Velvet-Breeches, (which you wear,) yet he twits not the weed but the vice; not the apparel when 'tis worthily worn, but the unworthy person that wears it, who sprang of a peasant, will use any sinister means to climb to preferment, being then so proud, as the fop forgets, like the mule, that an ass was his father, For ancient gentility and yeomanry Cloth-Breeches attempteth this quarrel, and hopes of their favour; for upstarts he is half careless; and the more, because he knows, whatsoever some think privately, they will be no public carpers, least by kicking where they are touched, they bewray their galled backs to the world, and, by starting up to find fault, prove themselves upstarts and fools. So, then, poor

Cloth-Breeches sets down his rest on the courtesy of gentle gentlemen and bold yeoman, that they will suffer him to take no wrong. But suppose the worst, that he should be frowned at, and that such occupations, as he hath upon conscience discarded from the jury, should commence an action of unkindness against him, he'll prove it not to hold plea, because all the debate was but a dream. And so, hoping all men will merrily take it, he stands solemnly leaning on his pike-staff, till he hear what you conceive of him for being so peremptory. If well ; he swears to crack his hose at the knees to quit your courtesy : if hardly, he hath vowed, that whatsoever he dreams, never to blab it again ; and so he wisheth me humbly to bid you farewell.





A

QUIP FOR AN UPSTART COURTIER.

&c.

IT was just at that time, when the cuckold's chorister¹ began to bewray April-Gentlemen,² with his never changed notes, that I, (damped with a melancholy humour,) went into the fields to cheer up my wits with the fresh air; where solitary seeking to solace myself, I fell in a dream, and in that drowsy slumber I wandered into a vale, all tapestried with sweet and choice flowers; there

¹THE CUCKOLD'S CHORISTER.—The cuckoo, a cuckold being called so from the *cuckoo*. The note of that bird was supposed to prognosticate that destiny, which strengthens the probability of the above derivation. Thus Shakespeare :

The cuckoo, then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he,
Cuckoo!
Cuckoo! Cuckoo!—O word of fear,
Unpleasing sound to the married ear.

And Drayton :

No nation names the *cuckoo* but in scorn,
And no man hears him but he fears the horn.

Works, 8vo, p. 1316.

²APRIL-GENTLEMEN.—Married men. The wedding day is sometimes called *April day*.

grew many simples, whose virtues taught men to be subtle, and to think nature, by her weeds, warned men to be wary, and, by their secret properties, to check wanton and sensual imperfections. Amongst the rest, there was the yellow daffodil, a flower fit for jealous dotterels,¹ who, through the beauty of their honest wives, grow suspicious, and so prove themselves, in the end, cuckold heretics; there budded out the checkered pansy or parti-coloured heartsease, an herb seldom seen, either of such men as are wedded to shrews, or of such women that have hasty husbands; yet there it grew, and, as I stepped to gather it, it slipped from me like *Tantalus's* fruit, that fails their master. At last, wondering at this secret quality, I learned that none can wear it, be they kings, but such as desire no more than they are born to, nor have their wishes above their fortunes. Upon a bank bordering by, grew women's weeds, fennel I mean for flatterers, fit generally for that sex, since while they are maidens, they wish wantonly; while they are wives, they will wilfully; while they are widows, they would willingly; and yet all these proud desires are but close dissemblings. Near adjoining, sprouted out the courtier's comfort, thyme: an herb that many stumble on, and yet over-slip, whose rank

DOTTEREL.—A bird so foolishly fond of imitation as to be easily caught. Hence a stupid fellow, an old jealous fool or dolt,

savour, and thick leaves, have this peculiar property, to make a snail, if she taste of the sap, as swift as a swallow, yet joined with this prejudice, that if she climb too hastily, she falls too suddenly. Methought I saw divers young courtiers tread upon it with high disdain, but as they passed away, an adder, lurking there, bit them by the heels that they wept; and then I might perceive certain clowns in clouted shoon¹ gather it, and eat of it with greediness; which no sooner was sunk into their maws, but they were metamorphosed, and looked as proudly, though peasants, as if they had been born to be princes' companions.

Amongst the rest of these changelings whom the taste of thyme had thus altered, there was some that lifted their heads so high, as if they had been bred to look no lower than stars; they thought *Noli altum sapere* was rather the saying of a fool, than the censure of a philosopher, and therefore stretched themselves on their tiptoes, as if they had been a kindred to the Lord Tiptoft, and began to disdain their equals, scorn their inferiors, and even their betters, forgetting now that thyme had taught them to say mass, how before they had played the clerk's part to say Amen to the priest. Tush, then they were not so little as gentlemen, and their own conceit was the herald to

¹CLOUTED SHOON.—Nailed shoes,

blazon their descent from an old house, whose great grandfathers would have been glad of a new cottage to hide their heads in. Yet, as the peacock wrapped in the pride of his beauteous feathers is known to be a dunghill bird by his foul feet; so though the high looks, and costly suits, argue to the eyes of the world they were cavaliers of great worship, yet the churlish illiberality of their minds bewrayed their fathers were not above three pounds in the King's books at a subsidiary; but, as these upstart changelings went strutting, (like *Philopolimarchides* the braggart in *Plautus*,) they looked so proudly at the same, that they stumbled on a bed of rue that grew at the bottom of the bank where the thyme was planted, which fallen upon the dew of so bitter a herb, taught them that such proud peacocks as over hastily outrun their fortunes, at last, too speedily, fall to repentance; and yet some of them smiled and said, "rue was called herb grace," which though they scorned in their youth, they might wear in their age, and it was never too late to say *Miserere*. As thus I stood musing at this thyme born broad, they vanished away like *Cadmus'* copesmates, that sprung up of viper's teeth; so that, casting my eye aside after them, I saw where a crew of all estates were gathering flowers, what kind they were of I knew not, but precious I guessed them, in that they plucked them with

greediness, so that I drew towards them to be partaker of their profits ; coming nearer, I might see the weed they so wrangled for was a little dapper flower, like a ground honeysuckle, called thrift, praised generally of all, but practiced for distillation but of few : amongst the crew that seemed covetous of this herb, there was a troop of old greybeards in velvet, satin, and worsted jackets, that stooped as nimbly to pluck it up by the roots, as if their joints had been suppled in the oil of misers' skins ; they spared no labour and pains to get and gather, and what they got they gave to certain young boys and girls that stood behind them, with their skirts and laps open to receive it, among whom some scattered it as fast as their fathers gathered it ; wasting and spoiling it at their pleasure, which their fathers got with labour.

I thought them to be some herbalists, or some apothecaries, that had employed such pains to extract some rare quintessence out of this flower ; but one, standing by, told me they were cormorants and usurers, that gathered it to fill their coffers with and " Whereto (quoth I) is it precious ? What is the virtue of it ? " " Marry (quoth he) to qualify the heat of insatiable minds, that, like the serpent *Dipsas*, never drinketh enough till they are so full they burst. " " Why then (said I) the devil burst them all ; " and with that I fell into a great laughter, to see certain

Italianate counts, humorous cavaliers, youthful gentlemen, and *inamorati gagliardi*, that scornfully plucked of it, and wore it a while as if they were weary of it, and at last left it as too base a flower to put in their nosegays. Others, that seemed *Homini di grandi istima* by their looks and their walks, gathered earnestly and did pocket it up, as if they meant to keep it carefully; but, as they were carrying it away, there met them a troop of nice wantons, fair women, that like to *Lamiæ* had faces like angels, eyes like stars, breasts like the golden front in the *Hesperides*, but from the middle downwards their shapes like serpents. These with syren-like allurements so enticed these quaint squires, that they bestowed all their flowers upon them for favours, they themselves walking home by Beggars Bush¹ for a penance. Amongst this crew were lawyers, and they gathered the devil and all; but poor poets were thrust back, and could not be suffered to have one handful to put amongst their withered garlands of bays, to make them glorious. But Hob and John of the country they stepped in churlishly, in their high startups,² and gathered whole sackfulls; insomuch they wore besoms of thrift in their hats like fore-horses, or the lusty

¹BEGGAR'S BUSH.—To go by Beggar's Bush, to go on the road to ruin.

²STARTUPS.—A kind of rustic shoes, with high tops or half gaiters.

gallants in a morrice-dance : Seeing the crew thus to wrangle for so paltry a weed, I went alone to take one of all the other fragrant flowers that diapered this valley ; thereby, I saw the bachelor's buttons,¹ whose virtue is to make wanton maidens weep, when they have worn it forty weeks under their aprons for a favour.

Next them grew the dissembling daisy, to warn such light of love wenches, not to trust every fair promise that such amorous bachelors make them, but sweet smells breed bitter repentance. Hard by grew the true lover's primrose, whose kind savour wisheth men to be faithful, and women courteous. Alongst in a border, grew maidenhair, fit for modest maidens to behold, and immodest to blush at, because it praiseth the one for their natural tresses, and condemneth the other for their beastly and counterfeit perriwigs. There was the gentle gilliflower that wives should wear, if they were not too froward ; and loyal lavender, but that was full of cuckoo-spits, to show that women's light thoughts make their husbands heavy heads. There were

¹BACHELOR'S BUTTONS.—There was an ancient custom among country fellows of carrying the flowers of this plant in their pockets, to know whether they should succeed with their sweethearts, and they judged of their good or bad success by their growing or not there. "To wear bachelor's buttons" seems to have been a phrase for being unmarried.

"He wears *bachelor's buttons*; does he not?"

Heywood's *Fair Maid of the West*,

sweet lilies, God's plenty, which showed fair virgins need not weep for wooers; and store of balm, which could cure strange wounds, only not that wound which women receive when they lose their maiden-heads; for no herb hath virtue enough to scrape out that blot, and therefore it is the greater blemish. Infinite were the flowers beside that beautified the valley, that, to know their names and operations, I needed some curious herbal; but I pass them over as needless, since the vision of their virtues was but a dream, and therefore I wish no man to hold any discourse herein authentical; yet thus much I must say for a parting blow, that at the lower end of the dale I saw a great many women using high words to their husbands; some striving for the breeches, others to have the last word; some fretting they could not find a knot in a rush, others striving whether it were wool or hair the goat bare.

Questioning with one that I met, why these women were so choleric, he, like a scoffing fellow, pointed to a bush of nettles: I, not willingly to be satisfied by signs, asked him what he meant thereby? "Marry (quoth he) all these women that you hear brawling, frowning, and scolding thus, have severally pissed on this bush of nettles, and the virtue of them is to force a woman, that waters them, to be as peevish for a whole day and as waspish as if she had been stung in the brow with a hornet." Well, I smiled at

this, and left the company to seek further, when, in the twinkling of an eye, I was left alone, the valley cleared of all company, and I, a distressed man, desirous to wander out of that solitary place to seek good consorts and boon companions, to pass away the day withal.

As thus I walked forward seeking up the hill, I was driven half into a maze, with the imagination of a strange wonder which fell out thus: Methought I saw an uncouth headless thing come pacing down the hill, stepping so proudly with such a geometrical grace, as if some artificial braggart had resolved to measure the world with his paces: I could not descry it to be a man, although it had motion, for that it wanted a body, yet, seeing legs and hose, I supposed it to be some monster nourished up in those deserts. At last, as it drew more nigh unto me, I might perceive that it was a very passing costly pair of Velvet-Breeches, whose panes, being made of the chiefest Neapolitan stuff, was drawn out with the best Spanish satin, and marvellous curiously over whipped with gold twist, interseamed with knots of pearl; the nether-stock was of the purest Granado silk; no cost was spared to set out these costly Breeches, who had girt unto them a rapier and dagger gilt, point pendant, as quaintly as if some curious Florentine had tricked them up to square it up and down the streets before his

mistress. As these Breeches were exceeding sumptuous to the eye, so were they passing pompous in their gestures, for they strutted up and down the valley as proudly as though they had there appointed to act some desperate combat.

Blame me not if I were driven into a muse with this most monstrous sight, to see in that place such a strange headless courtier jetting up and down like the usher of a fence-school about to play his prize, when I deem never in any age such a wonderful object fortun'd unto any man before. Well, the greater dump¹ this novelty drove me into, the more desire I had to see what event would follow. Whereupon, looking about to see if that any more company would come, I might perceive from the top of the other hill another pair of Breeches more soberly marching, and with a softer pace, as if they were not too hasty, and yet would keep promise nevertheless at the place appointed.

As soon as they were come into the valley, I saw they were a plain pair of Cloth-Breeches, without either welt or guard, straight to the thigh, of white kersey, without a slop, the nether-stock of the same, sewed too above the knee, and only seamed with a little country blue, such as *in Diebus illis* our great grandfathers wore, when neighbourhood and

¹DUMP.—A meditation, melancholy musing. To be in or down in the dumps, *i.e.*, out of spirits.

hospitality had banished pride out of England: nor were these plain Breeches weaponless, for they had a good sower¹ bat with a pike in the end, able to lay on load enough, if the heart were answerable to the weapon: and upon this staff, pitched down upon the ground, Cloth-Breeches stood solemnly leaning, as if they meant not to start, but to answer to the uttermost whatsoever in that place might be objected. Looking upon these two, I might perceive by the pride of the one, and homely resolution of the other, that this their meeting would grow to some dangerous conflict; and therefore, to prevent the fatal issue of such a pretended quarrel, I stepped between them both; when Velvet-Breeches greeted Cloth-Breeches with this salutation: "Proud and insolent peasant, how darest thou, without leave or low reverence, press into the place whether I am come for to disport myself? Art thou not afraid thy high presumption should summon me to displeasure, and so force me draw my rapier, which is never unsheathed but it turns into the scabbard with a triumph of mine enemy's blood? Bold bayard,²

¹SOWER.—Query, a good stout or strong bat. BAT, a club, or large stick. Seldom or never used now, except in an appropriated sense, as cricket *bat*.

"I'll try whether your costard or my *bat* be the harder."

King Lear, iv, 6.

²BAYARD.—Properly a bay horse; also a horse in general. "As bold as blind *bayard*," *i.e.*, leaps before he looks.

avaunt; beard me not to my face, for this time I pardon thy folly, and grant thy legs leave to carry away thy life." Cloth-Breeches, nothing amazed at this bravado, bending his staff as if he meant (if he were wronged) to bestow his benison, with a scornful kind of smiling, made this smooth reply: "Marry gip, Goodman Upstart, who made your father a gentleman? Soft fire makes sweet malt, the curstest cow hath the shortest horns, and a brawling cur, of all, bites the least. Alas! good sir, are you so fine that no man may be your fellow? I pray you, what difference is between you and me, but in the cost and the making? Though you be never so richly daubed with gold and powdered with pearl, yet you are but a case for the buttocks, and a cover for the basest part of a man's body, no more than I; the greatest pre-eminence is in the garnishing, and thereof you are proud; but come to the true use we were appointed to, my honour is more than thine, for I belong to the old ancient yeomanry, yea, and gentility, the fathers, and thou to a company of proud and unmannerly upstarts, the sons." At this, Velvet-Breeches stormed and said, "Why, thou beggar's brat, descended from the reversion of base poverty, is thy insolency so great to make comparison with me, whose difference is as great as the brightness of the sun, and the slender light of a candle. I, poor snake, am sprung from the ancient Romans, born

in Italy, the mistress of the world for chivalry, called into England from my native home, (where I was famous,) to honour your country and young gentlemen here in England with my countenance, where I am holden in high regard, that I can press into the presence, when thou, poor soul, shalt, with cap and knee, beg leave of the porter to enter : and I sit and dine with the nobility, when thou art fain to wait for the reversion of the alms-basket ; I am admitted boldly to tell my tale, when thou art fain to sue, by means of supplication, and that, and thou to, so little regarded, and most commonly it never comes to the prince's hand, but dies imprisoned in some obscure pocket. Since then there is such difference between our estates, cease to urge my patience with thy insolent presumption."

Cloth-Breeches, as brief as he was proud, swore by the pike of his staff, that his chop-logic was not worth a pin, and that he would turn his own weapon into his bosom thus : " Why, Signor *Glorioso* (quoth he) though I have not such glossing phrase to trick out my speeches withal as you, yet I will come over your fallows with this bad rhethoric : I pray you, Monsieur Malapart, are you therefore my superior, because you are taken up with gentlemen, and I with the yeomanry ? Doth true virtue consist in riches, or humanity in wealth ? Is ancient honour tied to outward bravery ? Or not rather true nobility, a

mind excellently qualified with rare virtues? I will teach thee a lesson worth the hearing, proud princocks,¹ how gentility first sprung up: I will not forget the old wife's logic, "When Adam delved, and Eve span, who was then a gentleman?" But I tell thee, after a general flood, that there was no more men upon the earth but Noah and his three sons, and that Ham had wickedly discovered his father's secrets, then grew the division of estates thus: The church was figured Shem, gentility in Japheth, and labour and drudgery in Ham: Shem being chaste and holy, Japheth learned and valiant, Ham churlish and servile; yet did not the curse extend so far upon Ham, nor the blessing upon Japheth, but, if the one altered his nature, and became either endued with learning and valour, he might be a gentleman; or, if the other degenerated from his ancient virtues, he might be held a peasant: whereupon Noah inferred, that gentility grew not only by propagation of nature, but by perfection of quality. Then is your worship wide, that boast of your worth for your gold and pearl, since *Cucullus non facit Monachum*, nor a velvet-slop make a sloven a gentleman: and whereas thou sayest thou wert born in Italy, and called hither by our courtiers, him may we curse that

¹PRINCOCKS, or Princox.—A pert, forward youth.

"You are a saucy boy. . . You are a *princox*, go."

Romeo and Juliet, i, 5.

brought thee first into England, for thou camest not alone, but accompanied with a multitude of abominable vices, hanging on thy bombast nothing but infectious abuses, and vain-glory, self-love, sodomy, and strange poisonings, wherewith thou hast infected this glorious island; yea, insolent braggart, thou hast defiled thine own nest, and fatal was the day of thy birth, for, since the time of thy hatching in Italy, (as then famous for chivalry and learning,) the imperial state, through thy pride, hath decayed, and thou hast, like the young pelican, pecked at thy mother's breast with thy presumption, causing them to lose that their forefathers with true honour conquered; so hast thou been the ruin of the Roman Empire, and now fatally art thou come into England to attempt here the like subversion. Whereas thou dost boast that I am little regarded where thou art highly accounted of, and hast sufferance to press into the presence, when I am, for my simpleness, shut out of door: I grant thy allegation in part, but not in whole, for men of high wisdom and honour measure not men by the outward show of bravery, but by the inward worth and honesty, and so, though I am disdained of a few overweening fools, I am valued, as well as thy self, with the wise. In that thou sayest thou canst speak when I sue by supplication, I grant it; but the tale thou tellest is to the ruin of the poor, for coming into high favour with an

impudent face, what farm is there expired whose lease thou dost not beg? What forfeit of penal statutes? What concealed lands can overslip thee? Yea, rather than thy bravery should fail, beg powling pence for the very smoke that comes out of poor men's chimneys? Shamest thou not, uplandish upstart, to hear me discourse thy imperfections? Get thee home again into thy own country, and let me, as I was wont, live famous in my native home in England, where I was born and bred, yea, and bearded *Cæsar*, thy countryman, till he compassed the conquest by treason."

"The right and title in this country, base brat (quoth Velvet-Breeches) now authority favours me, I am admitted Viceroy, and I will make thee do me homage, and confess, that thou holdest thy being and residence in my land from the gracious favour of my sufferance;" and with that he laid on the hilts of his rapier, and Cloth-Breeches betook him to his staff, when I, stepping betwixt them, parted them thus: "Why, what mean ye; will you decide your controversy by blows, when you may debate it by reason? This is a land of peace, governed by true *justiciaries* and honourable magistrates, where you shall have equity without partiality, and therefore listen to me, and discuss the matter by law; your quarrel is, Whether of you are most ancient and most worthy? You, sir, boast of

your country and parentage, he of his native birth in England; you claim all, he would have but his own: both plead an absolute title of residence in this country; then must the course between you be trespass or disseison of frank tenement; you Velvet-Breeches, in that you claim the first title, shall be plaintiff, and plead a trespass of disseison done you by Cloth-Breeches; so shall it be brought to a jury, and tried by a verdict of twelve or four and twenty. "Tush, tush, (quoth Velvet-Breeches,) I neither like to be plaintiff, nor yet allow of the jury, for they may be partial, and so condemn me in mine own action; for the country swains cannot value of my worth, nor can mine honours come within the compass of their base wits; because I am a stranger in this land, and but here lately arrived, they will hold me as an upstart, and so lightly esteem of my worthiness, and, for my adversary is their countryman and less chargeable, he shall have the law mitigated, if a jury of hinds or peasants should be empannelled. If ancient gentlemen, yeomen, or plain ministers should be of the quest,¹ I were sure to lose the day, because they loath me, in that I have persuaded so many landlords, for the maintenance of my bravery, to raise their rents. "You seek a knot in a rush, (quoth I,) you need not doubt of that,

¹QUEST, or inquest for jury. A popular abbreviation not yet disused among the lower orders,

for whom you distrust and think not indifferent, him, upon a cause manifested, challenge from your jury. "If your law allow such large favour, (quoth Velvet-Breeches,) I am content my title be tried by a jury, and therefore let mine adversary plead me *Nul tort, Nul disseison.*" Cloth-Breeches was content with this, and so they both agreed I should be judge and juror in this controversy; whereupon I wished them to say for themselves what they could, that I might discourse to the jury what reasons they alleged of their titles.

Then Velvet-Breeches began thus: "I cannot but grieve that I should be thus out-faced with a carter's weed, only fit for husbandry, seeing I am the original of all honourable endeavours. To what end doth youth bestow their wits on law, physic, or theology, were it not the end, they aim at, is the wearing of me and winning of preferment? Honour nourisheth art, and for the regard of dignity, do learned men strive to exceed in their faculty:

*Impiger extremos currit Mercator ad Indos,
Per mare, per saxa, &c.*

What drives the merchants to seek foreign marts, to venture their goods and hazard their lives? Not, if still the end of their travel were a pair of cloth-breeches; no, velvet, costly attire, curious and

quaint apparel is the spur that pricks them forward to attempt such danger. Doth not the soldier fight to be brave, the lawyer study to countenance himself with cost? The artificer takes pains only for my sake that wearing me, he may brag it amongst the best. What credit carries he now-a-days that goes pinned up in a cloth breech? Who will keep him company that thinks well of himself, unless he use the simple slave to make clean his shoon? The worlds are changed, and men are grown to more wit, and their minds to aspire after more honorable thoughts; they were dunces *in Diebus illis*, they had not the true use of gentility, and therefore they lived meanly and died obscurely, but now men's capacities are refined. Time hath set a new edge on gentlemen's humours, and they show them as they should be, not like gluttons as their fathers did in chines of beef and alms to the poor, but in velvets, satins, cloth of gold, pearl, yea pearl lace, which scarce *Caligula* wore on his birth-day: and to this honourable humour have I brought these gentlemen since I came from Italy. What is the end of service to a man but to countenance himself and credit his master with brave suits? The scurvy tapsters and ostlers, *faex populi*, fill pots, and rub horseheels, to prank themselves with my glory. Alas! were it not to wear me, why would so many

apply themselves to extraordinary idleness? Besides I make fools be reverenced, and thought wise amongst the common sort ; I am a severe censor to such as offend the law, provided there be a penalty annexed that may bring in some profit ; yea, by me the chiefest part of the realm is governed, and therefore I refer my title to the verdict of any men of judgment.”

To this, mildly, Cloth-Breeches answered thus : “As I have had always that honest humour in me to measure all estates by their virtues, not by their apparel, so did I never grudge at the bravery of any whom birth, time place, or dignity, made worthy of such costly ornaments ; but if by the favour of their prince and their own deserts, they merited them, I held both lawful and commendable to answer their degrees in apparel, correspondent unto their dignities, I am not so precise directly to inveigh against the use of velvet, either in breeches, or in other suits ; nor will I have men go like John [the] Baptist, in coats of camel’s hair. Let princes have their diadems, and Cæsar what is due to Cæsar ; let noblemen go as their birth requires, and gentlemen as they are born or bear office. I speak in mine own defence, for the ancient gentility and yeomanry of England, and inveigh against none, but such malapart upstarts as raised up from the

plough, or advanced for their Italian devices, or for their witless wealth, covet in bravery to match, (nay, to exceed) the greatest noblemen in this land.”

“ But leaving this digression, Monsieur Velvet-Breeches, again to the particulars of your fond allegation. Whereas you affirm yourself to be both original and final end of learning; alas! proud princox, you perch a bough too high: Did all the philosophers beat their brains, and busy their wits to wear velvet-breeches? Why both at that time thou were unknown, yea, unborn and all excess in apparel had in high contempt; and now in these days all men of worth are taught by reading, that excess is a great sin; that pride is the first step to the downfall of shame. They study with *Tully*, that they may seem born for their countries, as well as for themselves. The divine to preach the gospel; the lawyer to reform wrongs and maintain justice; the physician to discover the secrets of God’s wonders, by working strange cures. To be brief, the end of all being, is to know God; and not as your worship, good master Velvet-Breeches, wrests to creep into acquaintance.

I will not deny, but there be as fantastical fools as yourself, that perhaps, are puffed up with such presuming thoughts, and ambitiously aim to trick themselves in your worship’s masking suits; but, while such climb for great honours, they often fall to

great shames. It may be thereupon you bring in *Honos alit Artes*, but I guess your mastership never tried what true honour meant, that truss it up within the compass of a pair of velvet-breeches, and place it in the arrogance of the heart : No, no, say honour is idolatry, for they make fools of themselves, and idols of their carcasses ; but he that valueth honour so, shall read a lecture out of *Apuleius'* Golden Ass, to learn him more wit. But now, sir, by your leave, a blow with your next argument, which is, that merchants hazard their goods and lives to be acquainted with your mastership. Indeed you are awry, for wise men frequent marts for profit, not for pride, unless it be some, that by wearing of velvet-breeches, and apparel too high for their calling, have proved bankrupts in their youth, and have been glad in their age to desire my acquaintance, and to truss up their tails in homespun russet. Whereas thou dost object the valour of hardy soldiers to grow for the desire of brave apparel. 'Tis false ; and I know if any were present, they would prove upon thy bones, that thou wert a liar ; for their country's good, their princes' service, the defence of their friends, the hope of favour, is the final end of their resolutions ; esteeming not only them, but the world's glory, fickle, transitory, and inconstant. Shall I fetch from thine own country, weapons to wound thyself withal ? What sayest thou to *Cincinnatus* ? Was he not

called to be Dictator from the plough; and, after many victories, what did he jet up and down the court in costly garments and velvet-breeches? No; he despised dignity, contemned vain glory and pride, and returned again to his quiet contented life in the country. How much did *Caius Fabritius* value them [or] *Numa Pompilius*, *Scevola*, *Scipio*, *Epaminondas*, *Aristides*; they held themselves worm's meat, and counted pride vanity; and yet thou art not ashamed to say, thou art the end of soldier's worthy honour. I tell thee, saucy skipjack, it was a good and a blessed time here in England, when King Stephen wore a pair of cloth-breeches,¹ of a noble a pair, and thought them passing costly: then did he count Westminster-hall too little to be his dining-chamber, and his alms was not bare bones, instead of broken meat; but lusty chines of beef fell into the poor man's basket. Then charity flourished in the court, and young courtiers strove to exceed one another in virtue, not in bravery. They rode, not with fans to ward their faces from the wind, but with burganet² to

¹KING STEPHEN'S BREECHES.—Vide *Othello*, act ii, s. 3; also *Percy's Reliques*, vol. I, p. 188.

King Stephen was a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown;
He held them sixpence all too dear,
With that he call'd the tailor-lown.

He was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree:
'Tis pride that pulls the country down,
Then take thine anld cloak about thee.

²BURGANET, a kind of ancient helmet.

resist the stroke of a battle-axe : they could then better exhort a soldier to armour, than court a lady with amoretts ; they caused the trumpet to sound them points of war, not poets to write them wanton elegies of love ; they sought after honourable fame, but hunted not after fading honour ; which distinction, by the way, take thus : there be some that seek honour, and some are sought after by honour. Such upstarts as fetch their pedigree from their father's ancient leather apron, and creep into the court with great humility, ready at the first *basciare li piedi di la vostra signioria*, having gotten the countenance of some nobleman, will straight be a kindred to Cadwallader, and swear his great grand-mother was one of the burgesses of the parliament house : will, at last, steal by degrees into some credit by their double diligence, and then wind some worshipful place, as far as a hungry sow can smell a sir-reverence, and then, with all their friends, seek day and night, with coin and countenance, till they have got it.

“ Others there be, whom honour itself seeks, and such be they whom virtue doth frame fit for that purpose ; that rising by high deserts, (as learning or valour,) merit more than either they look for, or their prince hath any ease conveniently to bestow on them. Such honour seeks ; and they, with a blushing conscience, entertain him : be they never so high

in favour, yet they beg no office, as the shameless upstart doth ; that hath a hungry eye to spy out, an impudent face to sue, and a flattering tongue to entreat, for some void place of worship, which little belonged to them, if the prince intended to bestow offices for virtue, not favour. Other, Master Velvet-Breeches, there be of your crew, that pinch their bellies to polish their backs ; that keep their maws empty, to fill their purses ; that have no show of gentility but a velvet slop ; who, by poling or selling of land that their father left, will bestow all to buy an office about the court, that they may be worshipful ; extorting from the poor, to raise up their money, that the base deceiving companions have laid out to have an office of some countenance and credit, wherein they may have of me better than themselves, be termed by the name of "Worship." The last, whom virtue pleadeth for, and neither silver, gold, friends, nor favour advanceth, be men of great worth ; such as are thought of worship, and unwillingly entertain her, rather vouchsafing proffered honour for their country's cause, than for any proud opinion of hoped-for preferment. Blessed are such lands whose officers are so placed, and where the prince promoteth not for coin nor countenance, but for his worthy deserving virtues.

“But, leaving this by-talk, methought I heard you say, Signior Velvet-Breeches, that you were the father of mechanical arts; and handicrafts were found out, to foster your bravery. In faith, Goodman goosecap, you that are come from the start-ups, and therefore is called an up-start, *quasi*, start-up from clouted shoon; your lips hung in your light when you brought forth this logic. For, I hope, there is none so simple, but knows that handicrafts and occupations grew for necessity, not pride; that men’s inventions waxed sharp, to profit the commonwealth, not to prank up themselves in bravery. I pray you, when *Tubal-Cain* invented tempering of metals; had he velvet-breeches to wear? In sadness, what was your worship when his brother found out the accords and discords of music hidden in hell, and not yet thought on by the devil, to cast forth a bait to bring many proud fools to ruin?

“Indeed, I cannot deny, but your worship hath brought in Deceit as a journeyman into all companies, and made that a subtle craft, which while I was holden in esteem was but a simple mystery. Now every trade hath his sleights, to slubber up his work to the eye, and to make it good to the sale, howsoever it proves in the wearing. The shoemaker cares not if his shoes hold the drawing on: the tailor sews with hot needle and burnt thread.

Tush, pride has banished conscience, and velvet-breeches honesty ; and every servile drudge must ruffle in his silks, or else he is not suitable.

“ The world was not so *à principio* : for when velvet was worn but in kings’ caps, then Conscience was not a broom-man in Kent-street,¹ but a courtier ; then the farmer was content his son should hold the plough, and live as he had done before : beggars then feared to aspire, and the higher sort scorned to envy. Now every lout must have his son a court-noll,² and those dunghill drudges wax so proud, that they will presume to wear on their feet what kings have worn on their heads. A clown’s son must be clapped in a velvet pantofle, and a velvet breech ; though the presumptuous ass be drowned in the mercer’s book,³ and make a convey of all his lands to usurer for commodities : yea, the fop must go like a

¹KENT STREET, in the Borough, proverbial for the poverty of its inhabitants, who were chiefly of the wandering tribe. When Mr. Harman, the author of “A Caveat or Warning for Common Cursetors,” thought his great copper cauldron stolen from him in 1565, he tells us : “I then immediately the next day sent one of my men to London and there gave warning in Southwark, Kent-street and Bermondsey, to all the tinkers there dwelling, that if such a cauldron came thither to be sold, the bringer thereof should be stayed, and promised twenty shillings reward.” A KENT-STREET EJECTMENT.—To take away the street door and windows : a method practised by landlords when the tenants are in arrears for rent.

²COURTNOLL.—A contemptuous name for a courtier.

³DROWNED IN THE MERCER’S BOOK, *i. e.*, deeply indebted, “over head and ears in debt.”

gallant for a while; although, at last, in his age he beg. But, indeed, such young youths, when the broker hath blest them with saint Needam's-cross,¹ fall then to privy lifts² and cozenages; and, when their credit is utterly cracked, they practise some bad shift, and so come to a shameful end.

“Lastly, Whereas thou sayest thou art a severe censor to punish sins, (as austere as *Cato* to correct vice;) of truth, I hold thee so in penal statutes, when thou hast begged the forfeit of the prince. But such correction is open extortion and oppression of the poor; nor can I compare it better, Master Velvet-Breech, than to the wolf chastising the lamb for disturbing the fountain, or the Devil casting forth devils through the power of Belzebub. And thus much, courteous sir, I have said, to display the follies of mine adversary and to show the right of mine own interest.”

“Why then, (quoth I,) if you have both said, it resteth but that we had some to empanel upon a jury, and then no doubt but the verdict would soon be given on one side.”

¹NEEDAM'S CROSS, usually Needham's shore, an indigent situation. An allusion chiefly to the first part of the word, namely *need*.

“Soon less line host at Needham's shore
To crave the beggar's boon.”

Tusser, 1672, p. 128.

²LIFTS.—Thieves. We still retain the term shop-*lifter*. See top line but one on page 33, “a receiver for *lifts*.”

As thus I was talking to them, I might see coming down the hill a brave dapper Dick, quaintly attired in velvet and satin, and a cloak of cloth rash,¹ with a cambric ruff as smoothly set, and he as neatly sponged, as if he had been a bridegroom : only I guessed by his pace afar off he should be a tailor ; his head was holden up so pert, and his legs shackle hammed, as if his knees had been laced to his thighs with points. Coming more near indeed, I spied a tailor's morris-pike on his breast—a Spanish needle ! and then I fitted my salutations, not to his suits but to his trade, and encountered him by a threadbare courtesy, as if I had known him, and asked him of what occupation he was ? “ A tailor,” quoth he. “ Marry then, my friend, (quoth I,) you are the more welcome, for here is a great quarrel arose betwixt Velvet-Breeches and Cloth-Breeches for the prerogative in England : the matter is grown to an issue, there must a jury be empanelled, and I would desire and entreat you to be one of the quest.”

“ Not so, (quoth Cloth-Breeches,) I challenge him.” “ And why ? (quoth I ;) what reason have you, doth he not make them both ? ” “ Yes, (quoth he,) but his gains is not alike. Alas ! by me he getteth small ; only he is paid for his workmanship, unless by misfortune his shears slip away, and then

¹RASH.—A kind of inferior silk.

his vails is but a shred of home-spun cloth ; whereas in making of velvet-breeches, where there is required silk lace, cloth of gold, of silver, and such costly stuff, to welt, guard, whip-stitch, edge, face, and draw out, that the vails of one velvet-breech is more than twenty pair of mine. I hope there is no tailor so precise, but he can play the cook, and lick his own fingers : though he look up to heaven, yet he can cast large shreds of such rich stuff into hell,¹ under his shop-board. Beside, he sets down, like the clerk of the check, a large bill of reckonings, which, for he keeps long in his pocket, he so powders for stinking, that the young upstart, that needs it, feels it salt in his stomach a month after. Beside, sir, Velvet-Breeches hath advanced him : for, whereas, in my time, he was counted but Goodman Tailor ; now he has grown, since Velvet-Breeches came in, to be called a Merchant or Gentleman Merchant-Tailor, giving arms and the holy lamb in his crest, where before he had no other cognisance but a plain Spanish needle with a Welsh cricket on the top. Since then his gain is so great,

¹HELL.—A tailor's repository for cloth, stuff, or silk purloined from their employers, which they deposit in a place called *hell*, or their *eye*. From the first, when taxed with their knavery, they equivocally swear, that if they have taken any they wish they may find it in *hell* ! or, alluding to the second protest, that what they have over and above is not more than they could put in their *eye*. Now generally termed *cabbage*.

and his honour so advanced by Velvet-Breeches, I will not trust his conscience, nor shall he come upon my jury."

"Indeed, you have some reason, (quoth I); but perhaps the tailor doth this upon mere devotion to punish pride; and having no other authority nor mean, thinks it best to pinch them by the purse and make them pay well, as to ask twice so much silk lace and other stuff as would suffice, and yet to over-reach my young master with a bill of reckoning that will make him scratch where it itcheth not. Herein I hold the tailor for a necessary member, to teach young novices the way to weeping cross¹; that when they have wasted what their fathers left them by pride, they may grow sparing and humble by inferred poverty. And, by this reason, the tailor plays God's part; he exalteth the poor, and pulleth down the proud; for, of a wealthy esquire's son, he makes a thread-bare beggar; and of a scornful tailor, he sets up an upstart scurvy gentleman. Yet, seeing you have made a reasonable challenge to him, the tailor shall be none of the quest."

As I bade him stand by, there was coming amongst the valley towards us a square set fellow

¹WEeping CROSS.—To return, or come home, by Weeping Cross, was a proverbial expression for deeply lamenting an undertaking.

"He that goes out with often loss,
At last comes home by *Weeping Cross*."

well fed and briskly appareled, in a black taffata doublet and a spruce leather jerkin with crystal buttons; a cloak faced afore with velvet, and a Coventry cap of the finest wool; his face something ruby blush, cherry-cheeked, like a shred of scarlet or a little darker, like the lees of old claret wine; a nose, *autem* nose, purpled preciously with pearl and stone, like a counterfeit work; and between the filthy reumicasted of his blood-shotten snout, there appeared small holes, whereat worms-heads peeped, as if they meant by their appearance to preach, and shew the antiquity and ancienty of his house.

This fiery-faced churl had upon his fingers as many gold rings as would furnish a goldsmith's shop, or beseem a pander of long profession to wear. Wondering what companion this should be, I enquired, of what occupation he was? "Marry, sir, (quoth he,) a broker; why do you ask, have you any pawns at my house?" "No, (quoth I,) nor, by the help of God, never will have; but the reason is to have you upon a jury." At this word, before I could enter my discourse unto him, Velvet-Breeches started up, and swore he should be none of the quest, for he would challenge him. "And why, (quoth I,) what know you by him?" This base churl is one of the moths of the commonwealth; beside, he is the spoil of young gentlemen, a blood-sucker of the poor, as thirsty as a horseleach, that will never leave drink-

ing while he burst ; a knave that hath interest in the leases of forty bawdy-houses, a receiver for lifts, and a dishonourable supporter of cutpurses: to conclude, he was gotten by an incubus a he-devil, and brought forth by an overworn refuse, that had spent her youth under the ruins of Bowdies barn."

"O monstrous invective! (quoth I;) what reason have ye to be thus bitter against him?" "Oh, the villain (quoth he) is the Devil's factor, sent from hell to torment young gentlemen upon earth: he hath fetched me over in his time, only in pawns, in ten thousand pound in gold. Suppose as gentlemen, through their liberal minds, may want that I need, money; let me come to him with a pawn worth ten pound, he will not lend upon it above three pound, and he will have a bill of sale, and twelve-pence in the pound for every month; so that it comes to sixteen-pence, since the bill must monthly be renewed; and if you break but your day set down in the bill of sale, your pawn is lost, as full bought and sold, you turned out of your goods, and he an unconscionable gainer. Suppose the best, you keep your day; yet paying sixteen-pence a month for twenty shillings, you pay as good for the loan as fourscore in the hundred: Is not this monstrous exacting upon gentlemen? Beside, the knave will be diligently attending and waiting at dicing-houses where we may be at play, and there he is ready to lend

the loser money upon rings and chains, apparel, or any other good pawn; but the poor gentleman pays so dear for the lavender¹ it is laid up in, that if it lie long at a broker's house, he seems to buy his apparel twice. Nay, this worm-eaten wretch hath deeper pitfalls yet to entrap youth in; for he, being acquainted with a young gentleman of fair living, in issue of good parents, or assured possibility, soothes him in his monstrous expenses, and says he carries the mind of a gentleman; promising, if he want, he shall not lack for a hundred pounds or two, if the gentleman need. Then hath my broker an usurer at hand, as ill as himself, and he brings the money, but they tie the poor soul in such Darbies bands,² what with receiving ill commodities² and forfeitures upon the bond, that they dub him 'Sir John had Land,' before they leave him; and share, like wolves, the poor novice's wealth betwixt them as a prey. He is, sir, (to be brief,) a bowsy bawdy miser, good for none but himself and his trug³;

¹LAVENDER.—"To lay in *lavender*" was a current phrase for to pawn, because things pawned are carefully laid by, like clothes which, to keep them sweet, have *lavender* scattered among them.

"Good faith, rather than thou should'st pawn a rag more, I'll lay my ladyship *in lavender*, if I knew where."—*Eastward Hoe*.

²DARBIES BANDS.—DARBY, ready money; BAND, bond; COMMODITIES, goods taken as cash.

³TRUG.—A trull, or concubine.

"Steepy ways by which I waded,
And those *trugs* with which I traded."

Drunken Barnaby's Four Journeys, part 4.

a carl,¹ that hath a filthy carcase without a conscience; a body of a man, wherein an infernal spirit instead of a soul doth inhabit; the scum of the seven deadly sins, an enemy to all good minds, a devourer of young gentlemen; and, to conclude, my mortal enemy; and therefore admit of my challenge, and let him be none of the jury."

Truly, (quoth Cloth-Breeches,) and I am willing he should be discarded too, for, were there not bad brokers, (I will not condemn all,) there would be less filching and fewer thieves; for they receive all is brought them and buy that for a crown that is worth twenty shillings; desire of gain binds their conscience, and they care not how it is come by, so they buy it cheap. Beside, they extort upon the poor that are enforced, through extreme want, to pawn their clothes and household stuff, their pewter and brass; and if the poor souls, that labour hard, miss but a day, the base-minded broker takes the forfeit without remorse or pity. It was not so *in diebus illis*; but thou proud upstart, Velvet-Breeches, hast learned all Englishmen their villany, and all to maintain thy bravery: yea, I have known of late, when a poor woman laid a silver thimble, that was sent her from her friends for a token, to pawn for six-pence, and the broker made her pay a halfpenny

¹CARL.—A churl,

for six-pence. Since, then, his conscience is so bad, let him be shuffled out amongst the knaves, for a discarding card."

"Content," quoth I; and bade the broker stand back; when there were even at my heels three in a cluster, pert youths all, and neatly tired. I questioned them what they were? and the one said he was a barber, the other a surgeon, and the third an apothecary.

"How like you of these? (quoth I;) shall they be of your jury?" "Of the jury! (quoth Cloth-Breeches :) never a one by my consent, for I challenge them all." "Your reason, (quoth I,) and then you shall have my verdict." "Marry, (quoth Cloth-Breeches,) first, to the barber: he cannot be but a partial man on Velvet-Breeches' side; since he gets more by one time dressing of him, than by ten times dressing of me. I come plain to be polled, and to have my beard cut, and pay him two pence: Velvet-Breeches, he sits down in the chair, wrapped in fine clothes; as though the barber were about to make him a foot-cloth for the Vicar of Saint Fools; then begins he to take his scissors in his hand, and his comb, and so to snap with them as if he meant to give a warning to all the lice in his nitty locks for to prepare themselves, for the day of their destruction was at hand. Then comes he out a week for it; which comes to two shillings a year,

with his fustian eloquence,¹ and, making a low conge, saith, 'Sir, will you have your worship's hair cut 'after the Italian manner, short and round; and then 'frownst with the curling irons, to make it look like 'to a half-moon in a mist? or, like a Spaniard, long 'at the ears, and curled like to the two ends of an old 'cast perriwig? Or, will you be Frenchified, with 'a love-lock² down to your shoulders, wherein you 'may wear your mistress's favour? The English 'cut is base, and gentlemen scorn it; novelty is 'dainty: speak the word, sir; my scissors are ready 'to execute your worship's will.' His head being once dressed, (which requires, in combing and

¹FUSTIAN ELOQUENCE.—An inflated style of speaking; bombastic, pompons.

²LOVE LOCK.—A pendant lock of hair, often plaited and tied with a ribbon and hanging down at the ear, which was a very prevalent fashion in the age of Shakespeare, and afterwards. Charles the First, and many of his courtiers, wore them. This lock was worn on the left side, and hung down by the shoulder, considerably longer than the rest of the hair, sometimes even to the girdle. Against this fashion William Prynne wrote "The Unloveliness of Love-locks, 1628, in which he considered them very ungodly.

"And one deformed is one of them: I know him, he wears a *lock*."

Much Ado About Nothing, iii, 3.

Which report Dogberry blunders into a *lock* and *key*:

"And also the watch heard them talk of one deformed: they say he wears a *key* in his ear, and a *lock* hanging by it."

Ibid, v, 1.

In Ben Jonson's *Epicoene; or, The Silent Woman*, iv, 6, we have—

"*Cen.*—He has an exceeding good eye, madam.

Mav.—And a very good *lock*."

"He lay in gloves all night, and this morning I bought him a new perriwig with a *lock* at it."

Beaumont and Fletcher's *Cupid's Revenge*.

rubbing, some two hours,) he comes to the bason ; then, being curiously washed with no worse than a camphor-ball, he descends as low as his beard, and asketh, ‘ Whether he please to be shaven, or no ? ‘ Whether he will have his peak cut short and sharp, ‘ amiable like an *inamorato* ; or broad pendant like a ‘ spade, to be terrible like a warrior and a soldado¹ ? ‘ Whether he will have his crates cut low, like a ‘ juniper bush ; or his suberches taken away with a ‘ razor ? If it be his pleasure to have his appendices ‘ primed, or his moustachios fostered ; to turn ‘ about his ears like the branches of a vine ; or cut ‘ down to the lip with the Italian lash, to make him ‘ look like a half-faced baubyn² in brass.’ These quaint terms, barber, you greet master Velvet-Breeches withal, and, at every word, a snap with your scissors, and a cringe with your knee ; whereas, when you come to poor Cloth-Breeches, you either cut his beard at your own pleasure, or else, in disdain, ask him, if he will be trimmed with Christ’s cut, round, like the half of a Holland cheese ? mocking both Christ and us. For this your knavery, my will is you shall be none of the jury.”

For you master surgeon, the statutes of England exempts you from being of any quest ; and beside, alas ! I seldom fall into your hands, as being

¹SOLDADO.—A soldier (Spanish).

²BAUBYN.—A baboon.

quiet, and making no brawls to have wounds, as swart rutting Velvet-Breeches doth : neither do I frequent whore-houses to catch the marbles, and so to grow your patient. I know you not, and therefore I appeal to the statute, you shall have nothing to do with my matter. And, for you, master apothecary, alas ! I look not once in seven year into your shop ; without it be to buy a pennyworth of wormseed to give my child to drink, or a little treacle to drive out the measles ; or, perhaps, some dregs and powders to make my sick horse a drench withal : but, for myself, if I be ill at ease, I take kitchen physic, I make my wife my doctor, and my garden my apothecary's shop ; whereas queasy master Velvet-Breeches cannot have a fart awry, but he must have his purgations, pills, and glisters, or evacuate by electuaries. He must, if the least spot of morpew¹ come on his face, have his oil of tartar, his *lac virginis*, his camphor dissolved in verjuice, to make the fool as fair, forsooth, as if he were to play Maid-Marian in a May-game, or morris-dance. Tush, he cannot digest his meat without conserves, nor end his meal without suckets, nor, (shall I speak plainly ?) please the trug his mistress, without he go to the apothecary's for *eringion*,² *oleum formicarum alatarum*, & *aqua mirabilis*, of ten pound a pint. If master

¹MORPEW.—A leprous eruption on the face.

²ERINGOES were formerly considered provocatives.

Velvet-Breeches, with drinking these drugs, hap to have a stinking breath ; then, forsooth, the apothecary must play the perfumer to make it sweet. Nay, what is it about him, that he blameth not nature for framing, and formeth it a-new by art ? And, in all this, who but Monsieur the apothecary ? Therefore, good sir, (quoth he,) seeing you have taken upon you to be trier for the challenges ; let those three, as partial companions, be packing."

"Why, (quoth I,) seeing you have yielded such reason of refusal, let them stand by." Presently, looking about for more, comes stalking down an aged grand Sir, in a black velvet coat, and a black cloth gown welted and faced : and after him, as I supposed, four serving-men, the most ill-favoured knaves, methought, that ever I saw. One of them had on a buff leather jerkin, all greasy before with the droppings of beer, that fell from his beard ; and, by his side, a skein¹ like a brewer's bounge-knife¹ ; and muffled he was in a cloak turned over his nose, as though he had been ashamed to show his face. The second had a belly like a bucking-tub, and a threadbare black coat unbuttoned before upon the breast, whereon the map of drunkenness was drawn, with the bawdy and bowsy excrements that dropped from his filthy leaking mouth. The third was a long, lean, old, slavinging slangrill, with a Brazil

¹SKEIN, a short dagger. BOUNG, a pocket.

staff in the one hand, and a whipcord in the other ; so purblind, that he had like to have stumbled upon the company, before he saw them. The fourth was a fat chuff, with a sour look, in a black cloak faced with taffata ; and, by his side, a great side-pouch like a falconer. For their faces, all four seemed to be brethren ; they were so bombasted with the flocks¹ of strong beer, and lined with the lees of old sack, that they looked like four blown bladders painted over with red ochre, or washed over with the suds of an old stale dye. All these, as well the master, as the following mates, would have passed away ; but that I stepped before them, and enquired first of the foremost, "What he was?" "Marry, (quoth he,) a lawyer." "Then, sir, (quoth I,) we have a matter in controversy, that requireth counsel, and you are the more welcome." "What is it?" quoth he. "Marry, (said I,) whether Cloth-Breeches, or Velvet-Breeches, are of more worth ; and which of them hath the best title to be resident in England?" At this the lawyer smiled ; and Velvet-Breeches, stepping forth, took acquaintance of him, and, commending his honesty, said, there could not be a man of better indifferency of the jury. When Cloth-Breeches, stepping in, swore, he marveled he was not, as well as the surgeon, exempted by an act of Parliament, from being of

¹FLOCKS, sediment,

any quest ; since, as the surgeon was without pity, so he was without conscience ; and thereupon inferred his challenge, saying, “ The lawyer was never friend to Cloth-Breeches. For, when lowliness, neighbourhood, and hospitality lived in England, Westminster Hall was a dining chamber, not a den of controversies ; when the king himself was content to keep his St. George’s day in a plain pair of kersey hose ; when the duke, earl, lord, knight, gentleman, and esquire, aimed at virtue, not pride, and wore such breeches as was spun in his house, then the lawyer was a simple man, and, in the highest degree, was but a bare scrivener ; except judges of the land, which took in hand serious matters, as treasons, murders, felonies, and such capital offences ; but seldom was there any pleas put in, before that upstart, Velvet-Breeches, for his maintenance, invented strange controversies ; and, since he began to domineer in England, he hath bussed such a proud, busy, covetous, and encroaching humour into every man’s head, that lawyers are grown to be one of the chief limbs of the commonwealth ; for they do, now a days, *de lanâ caprinâ rixare*, go to law, if a hen do but scrape in his orchard : but, howsoever right be, might carries away the verdict. If a poor man sue a gentleman, why he shoots up to the sky, and the arrow falls on his own head : howsoever the cause go, the weakest is thrust to the wall. Lawyers are

troubled with the heat of the liver, which makes the palms of their hands so hot, that they cannot be cooled, unless they be rubbed with the oil of angels; but the poor man, that gives but his bare fee, or, perhaps, pleads *in formâ pauperis*, he hunteth for hares with a tabour, and gropeth in the dark to find a needle in a bottle of hay. Tush, these lawyers have such dilatory and foreign pleas, such demurrers, such quips and quiddits; that, beggering their clients, they purchase to themselves whole lordships. It booteth not men to discourse their little conscience and great extortion; only suffice they be not so rich, as they be bad, and yet they be but too wealthy. I inveigh not against law, nor honest lawyers, (for there be some well qualified,) but against extorting ambidexters,¹ that wring the poor; and, because I know not whether this be such a one, or no, I challenge him not to be of my jury." "Why then, (quoth I,) his worship may depart." And then I questioned, "What he in the buff jerkin was?" "Marry, (quoth he,) I am a serjeant." He had no sooner said so, but Velvet-Breeches leaped back, and, drawing his rapier, swore he did not only challenge him for his jury, but protested, if he stirred one foot toward him, he would make him eat

¹AMBIDEXTER.—One who uses both hands with equal facility; a double dealer. It is applied to a lawyer who takes fees from both plaintiff and defendant.

a piece of his poignard. "And what is the reason, (quoth I,) that there is such mortal hatred betwixt you and the serjeant?" "Oh, sir, (quoth Velvet-Breeches,) search him; and, I warrant you, the knave hath precept upon precept to arrest me; hath worn his mace smooth, with only clapping it upon my shoulder, he hath had me under *coram* so often. Oh! the reprobate is the usurer's executioner, to bring such gentlemen to *limbo*, as he hath overthrown with his base brokerage and bad commodities; and, as you see him a fat knave with a foggy face, wherein a cup of old sack hath set a seal, to mark the bowsy drunkard to die of the dropsy, so his conscience is consumed, and his heart robbed of all remorse and pity, that for money he will betray his own father; for, will a cormorant but fee him to arrest a young gentleman, the rakehell will be so eager to catch him, as a dog to take a bear by the ears in Paris-Garden¹; and, when he hath laid hold upon him, he useth him as courteously, as a butcher's cur would do an ox-cheek when he is hungry: if he see the gentleman hath money in his purse, then straight with a cap and knee, he carries him to the tavern, and bids him send for some of

¹PARIS GARDENS.—A famous bear garden on the Bankside, contiguous to the Globe Theatre; so called from *Robert de Paris*, who had a house and garden there in the reign of Richard the Second.

"Do you take the court for *Paris gardens*, ye rude slaves?"

Henry VIII, v, 3,

his friends to bail him ; but first he covenants to have some brace of angels for his pains, and, besides, he calls for wine as greedily, as if the knave's mother had been broached against a hog's-head when he was begotten : but suppose the gentleman wants pence, he will either have a pawn, or else drag him to the Counter, without respect of manhood or honesty. I should spend the whole day with displaying his villanies, therefore briefly let this suffice ? he was never made by the consent of God, but his slovenly carcase was framed by the devil, of the rotten carrion of a wolf, and his soul of an usurer's damned ghost, turned out of hell into his body, to do monstrous wickedness again upon the earth, so that he shall be none of my jury, neither shall he come nearer me than the length of my rapier will suffer him."

" Indeed, (quoth Cloth-Breeches,) generally serjeants be bad ; but there be amongst them some honest men, that will do their duties with lawful favour : for, to say truth, if serjeants were not, how should men come by their debts ? Marry, they are so cruel in their office, that if they arrest a poor man, they will not suffer him, if he hath no money, to stay a quarter of an hour to talk with his creditor ; although, perhaps, at the meeting, they might take composition ; but only to the Counter with him, unless he will lay his pewter, brass,

coverlets, sheets, or such household stuff to them, for pawn of payment of some coin for their staying : therefore let him depart out of the place, for his room is better than his company." "Well then, (quoth I,) what say you to these three?" And with that I questioned their names : the one said he was a summoner, the other a gaoler, and the third an informer. "Jesus bless me! (quoth Cloth-Breeches,) what a gang was here gathered together : no doubt hell is broke loose, and the devil means to keep holiday : I make challenge against them all, as against worse men than those that gave evidence against Christ! For the summoner, it boots me to say little more against him, than Chaucer did in his Canturbury Tales, who said, 'He was a 'knave, a briber, and a bawd.' But leaving that authority, although it be authentic, yet thus much I can say of myself, that these drunken drowsy sons go a-touting abroad (as they themselves term it), which is to hear if any man hath got his maid with child, or plays the goodfellow with his neighbour's wife : if he find a hole in any man's coat that is of wealth, then he hath his peremptory citation ready to cite him unto the archdeacon's, or official's court ; there to appear and abide the shame and penalty of the law. The man, perhaps, in good credit with his neighbours, loath to bring his name in question, greaseth the summoner

in the fist, and then he wipes him out of the book, and suffers him to get twenty with child, so he keep him warm in the hand : he hath a saying to wanton wives, and they are his good dames, and as long as they feed him with cheese, bacon, capons, and such odd reversions, they are honest ; and, be they never so bad, he swears to the official, complaints are made upon envy, and the women of good behaviour. Tush, what bawdry is it he will not suffer, so he may have money and good cheer ; and, if he like the wench well, a snatch himself ? for they know all the whores in a country, and are as lecherous companions as may be. To be brief, the summoner lives upon sins of people, and, out of harlotry, gets he all his commodity. As for the gaoler, although I have been little troubled in prison to have experience of his knavery, yet have I heard the poor prisoners complain how cruel they be to them ; extorting, with extraordinary fees, selling a double curtail, as they call it, with a double jug of beer for two pence, which contains not above a pint and a half : let a poor man be arrested into one of the Counters, though he be but set his foot in them but half an hour, he shall be almost at an angel's charge ; what with garnish, crossing and wiping out of the book, turning the key, paying the chamberlain, feeing for his jury, and twenty such extortions invented by

bleſs me, gaoler, from your henhouſes, as I will keep you from coming in my queſt. And to you, Maſter informer, you that look like a civil citizen, or ſome handsome pettifogger of the law; although themſelves, and not allowed by any ſtatute. God your crimſon noſe bewrays you can ſup of a cool cup of ſack without any chewing, yet you have as much ſly knavery in your ſide pouch there, as would breed the confuſion of forty honeſt men. It may be, ſir, you marvel why I exclaim againſt the informer, ſince he is a moſt neceſſary member in the commonwealth, and is highly to the prince's advantage for the benefit of penal ſtatutes and other abuſes, whereof he giveth ſpecial intelligence? To wipe out this doubt, I ſpeak not againſt the office but the officer; againſt ſuch as abuſe the law when they ſhould uſe it; and ſuch a one I gueſs this fellow to be, by the carnation tincture of his ruby noſe: therefore let us ſearch his bag, and ſee what traſh you ſhall find in it."

With that, although the informer were very loath, yet we plucked out the ſtuffing of his pouch, and in it was found a hundred and odd writs, whereat I wondered; and Cloth-Breeches, ſmiling, bade me read the labels, and the parties names, and then examine the informer how many of them he knew, and wherein they had offended. I followed his counſel, and of all he knew but three; neither

could he tell what they done amiss to be arrested, and brought in question.

Cloth-Breeches, seeing me stand in amaze, began thus to resolve me in my doubt: "Perhaps, (quoth he,) you marvel why the informer hath all these writs, and knows neither the parties, nor can object any offence to them? To this I answer, that, it being a long vacation, he learned in the roll all those men's names, and that they were men of indifferent wealth. Now means he to go abroad, and search them out and arrest them; and though they know not wherein, or for what cause they should be troubled, yet, rather than they will come up to London, and spend their money, they will bestow some odd angel upon master informer, and so sit at home in quiet. But suppose, some be so stubborn as to stand to the trial, yet can this cunning knave declare a *tamquam* against them; so that though they be cleared, yet can they have no recompence at all, for that he doth it in the court's behalf. I will not unfold all his villanies; but he is an abuser of good laws, and a very knave, and so let him be, with his fellows." I both wondered and laughed, to hear Cloth-Breeches make this discourse; when I saw two in the valley together by the ears, the one in leather, the other as black as the devil. I stepped to them to part the fray, and questioned what they were, and wherefore they brawled?

“Marry, (quoth he, that looked like Lucifer,) though I am black, I am not the devyl, but, indeed, a collier of Croydon¹; and one, sir, that have sold many a man a false sack of coals, that both wanted measure and was half full of dust and dross. Indeed, I have been a lieger in my time in London, and have played many mad pranks, for which cause, you may apparently see I am made a curtail, for the pillory (in the sight of a great many good and sufficient witnesses) hath eaten off both my ears, and now, Sir, this ropemaker² hunteth me here with his

¹A COLLIER OF CROYDON.—Colliers, *i.e.* sellers of coals or charcoal, were formerly in bad repute, from the blackness of their appearance, and on that account often compared to or assorted with the Devil.

“What, man! ’tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan! Hang him, foul *collier*.”

Twelfth Night, iii, 4.

Hence the proverb, “Like will like, as the Devil said with the *collier*.”—CROYDON.—This town seems to have been formerly celebrated for its colliers or charcoal burners. Grim, the collier of Croydon, is the subject of an old play, and there is an old tune entitled “Tom Collier of Croydon hath sold his coal.” So great were the impositions practised by the venders of coals, that Greene published in his “Notable Discovery of Cozenage,” 1591, “A Discourse of the Cozenage of Colliers.”

²ROPEMAKER.—It seems not a little extraordinary, that in this general sarcasm on professions and trades, the *ropemaker*, which is, *as here printed*, one of the most leniently drawn, should have been conceived to point so “spitefully and villanously” at Gabriel Harvey’s father, a ropemaker at Saffron Walden, as to call forth a posthumous philippic against Greene, from Harvey and his friends, under the title of “Four Letters and certain Sonnets; especially touching Robert Greene and other Poets by him abused: but incidentally of divers excellent Persons, and some Matters of Note. London, J. Wolfe, 1592.” This was most sarcastically replied to by Thomas Nash, in his “Strange News, &c.; or, The Apology of Pierce Penniless: London, 1592,” and

halts : I guess him to be some evil spirit, that, in the likeness of a man, would, (since I have passed the pillory,) persuade me to hang myself for my old offences, and, therefore since I cannot bless me from him with *Nomine Patris*, I lay *Spiritus Sanctus* about his shoulders with a good crab-tree cudgel, that he may get out of my company. The ropemaker replied. "That, honestly journeying by the way, he acquainted himself with the collier, and for no other cause pretended."—"Honest with the devil! (quoth the collier,) how can he be honest, whose mother, I guess, was a witch? For I have heard them say, that witches say their prayers backward, and so doth the ropemaker earn his living by going backward, and the knave's chief living is by making fatal instruments, as halts and ropes, which divers desperate men hang themselves with.

Well, (quoth I,) what say you to these, shall they be on the jury? Velvet-breeches said nothing ;

led to a personal pen-and-ink conflict that continued during the space of five years, and occupied no small share of public curiosity. The late Rev. Dyce was of opinion—also agreed to by J. Payne Collier—that the "Quip for an Upstart Courtier" has not come down to us in the state in which it originally issued from the press, and that the page containing the passage respecting Gabriel Harvey was cancelled at the instance of Greene. If so, it renders Harvey's rancour less pardonable, especially recollecting that it did not break out in full force until after the premature death of Greene. A most amusing and well-digested account of the dispute between Greene, Nash and Harvey, may be found in Mr. Disraeli's "Calamities of Authors."

but Cloth-Breeches said, "in the ropemaker he found no great falsehood in him, therefore he was willing he should be one; but for the collier, he thought it necessary, that as he came, so he should depart:" so then I bade the ropemaker stand by till more came, which was not long, for there came three in a cluster. As soon as they drew nigh, I spied one, a fat churl, with a side russet coat to his knee, and his hands all-to,¹tanned with shifting his ouse²; yet would I not take notice what they were, but questioned with them of their several occupations. "Marry, (quoth the first,) I am a tanner:" the second, "a shoemaker;" and the third, "a currier." Then, turning to the plaintiff and defendant, I asked them, if they would allow of those parties? "No, by my faith, (quoth Cloth-Breeches,) I make challenge unto them all; and I will yield reasons of import against them: and first, to you, master tanner; Are you a man worthy to be of a jury, when your conscience cares not to wrong the whole commonwealth? You respect not public commodity, but private gains; not to benefit your neighbour, but for to make the proud princox, your son, an upstart gentleman; and because you would marry your daughter, at the least to an esquire, that she may (if it be possible) be a gentlewoman, and how

¹ALL-TO.—Entirely; very much.

²OUSE.—The liquor in a tanner's vat.

comes this to pass; By your tan-fats, forsooth: for whereas, by the ancient laws and statutes of England, you should let a hide lie in the ouse, at the least nine months; you can make good leather of it before three months: you have your dove's dung, your marl, your ashen bark, and a thousand things more, to bring on your leather apace; that it is so badly tanned, that when it comes to the wearing, then it fleets away like a piece of brown paper; and whereas, your backs, of all other, should be the best tanned, you bring them so full of horn to the market, that did you not grease the sealers of Leadenhall thoroughly in the fist, they should never be sealed, but turned away, and made forfeit by the statute. I cannot at large, lay open your subtle practices, to beguile the poor communalty with bad leather; but let this suffice; you leave no villany unsought, to bring the block-head, your son, to go afore the clown his father, trimly tricked up in a pair of velvet-breeches.

Now, master currier, to your cozenage; you cannot be content only to burn the leather you dress for fault of liquor, because you would make the shoemaker pay well, and you put in little stuff; and beside, when as, in backs, you should only put in tallow hard and good, you put in soft kitchen stuff mixed, and so make the good and well tanned leather, by your villany, to fleet and

waste away : but also you grow to be an extorting knave, and a forestaller of the market ; for you will buy leather, sides, backs, and calf-skins, and sell them to the poor shoemakers at an unreasonable rate, by your false retailing, getting infinite goods by that excessive price ; both undoing the poor shoemaker, and causing us, that we pay extremely for shoes. For, if the currier bought not leather by the whole of the tanner, the shoemaker might have it at a more reasonable price ; but the shoemaker, being poor, is not, perhaps, able to deal with a dicker of hides,¹ nor, perhaps with a couple of backs, and the tanner will not trust him : then the extorting and cozening currier comes up with this, I will lend you for a day ; and so pincheth him, that he is scarce able to find his children bread. But well hath the prince and the honourable lords of the privy-counsel provided by act of parliament, ‘ That no currier shall buy leather, either backs or hides, of the tanner ;’ so to bridle the extorting and forestalling cozenage : but craftier and subtler hath the knave currier crossbitten the statute, in that he deals thus with the tanner, he makes him hold his leather unreasonably to the shoemaker ; and so, when he cannot sell it, he lays it up in the currier’s house, under a colour, whereas, indeed, he hath

¹A DICKER OF HIDES.—Ten hides.

sold it him. Suppose this shift be spied and prevented, then compoundeth he with some knave shoemaker, some base rakehell, without a conscience, (that neither respecteth God, the commonwealth, nor his company,) and, forsooth, he is half with the currier, who leteth him have some hundred marks, to lay out for leather, every mouth; whereas he spends not in his shop a hundred marks worth in a year: so the shoemaker buys it to abuse the statute, for the currier; and the currier, by that means undoeth the other shoemakers. Thus two crafty knaves are met, and they need no broker.

“Now to you, gentle craft, you master shoemakers: you can put in the inner sole, of a thin calf’s skin, when as the shoe is a neat’s leather shoe, which you know is clean contrary both to conscience and the statute. Beside, you will join a neat’s leather vampey to a calf’s leather heel: is not here good stuff, master shoemaker? Well, for your knavery, you shall have those curses which belong unto your craft: you shall be light footed to travel far, light witted upon every small occasion to give your masters the bag, you shall be most of you unthrifths, and almost all perfect good fellows. Beside, I remember a merry jest, how Mercury brought you to a dangerous disease, for he requested a boon for you, which fell out to your great disadvantage: and, to recreate us here a little, gentle

craft, what fell to your trade by that winged God? As it happened on a time that, Jupiter and Mercury travelling together upon earth, Mercury was wonderfully hungry, and had no money in his purse to buy him any food, and at last, to his great comfort, he spied where a company of tailors were at dinner with buttered peas, eating their peas with their needles points one by one: Mercury came to them, and asked them his alms; they proudly bade him sit down and do as he saw they did, and with that delivered him a needle. The poor god, being passing hungry, could not content his maw with eating one by one, but turned the eye of his needle and eat two or three together; which the tailors seeing, they start up and said, "What, fellow, a shovel and spade, to buttered peas, hast thou no more manners? Get out of our company; and so they sent him packing with many strokes. Mercury coming back, Jupiter demanded of him what news? And he told him how churlishly he was used amongst the tailors. Well; wandering on further, Mercury espied where a company of shoemakers were at dinner, with powdered beef and brewis¹: going to them, before he could ask them any alms they said, 'Welcome, good fellow; what, is thy 'stomach

BREWIS.—Broth, bread soaked in fat pottage.

"What an ocean of *brewis* shall I swim in."

Beaumont and Fletcher's *Dioclesian*.

‘up, wilt thou do as we do, and taste of beef?’ Mercury thanked them and sat down and eat his belly-full, and drank well of double beer; and when he had done, went home to his master. As soon as he came Jupiter asked him, what news? And he said, ‘I have lighted amongst a crew of shoemakers, ‘the best fellows that ever I met withal; they have ‘frankly fed me without grudging; and therefore ‘grant me a boon for them.’ ‘Ask what thou wilt, ‘Mercury, (quoth he,) and it shall be done.’ ‘Why ‘then, (quoth he,) grant that, for this good turn they ‘have done me, they may ever spend a groat afore ‘they can earn two-pence.’ ‘It shall be granted;’ quoth he. Mercury, as soon as Jupiter had said the word, he bethought himself, and said, ‘Nay but ‘that they may earn a groat afore they spend two- ‘pence; for my tongue slipped at the first.’ ‘Well, ‘Mercury, (quoth he,) it cannot be recalled, the first ‘wish must stand:’ and hereof, by Mercury’s boon it grew, that all of the gentle-craft are such good-fellows and spendthrifts. But howsoever, none of those three, neither shoemaker, tanner, nor currier, shall be accepted to be of the jury.”

As they went away with fleas in their ears, being thus taunted by Cloth-Breechss, we might see where there came a troop of ancient gentlemen, with their serving-men attending upon them. The foremost was a great old man, with a white beard,

all in russet, and a fair black cloak on his back, and attending on him he had some five men; their cognizance,¹ as I remember, was a peacock without a tail; the other two, that accompanied him, seemed meaner than himself, but yet gentlemen of good worship. Whereupon, I went towards them and saluted them, and was so bold as to question what they were, and of their business.

The most ancient answered, "He was a knight, and those two his neighbours; the one an esquire, the other a gentleman; and that they have no urgent affairs, but only to walk abroad to take the fresh air." Then did I show them both Cloth-Breeches, and Velvet-Breeches, and told them the controversy, and desired their aid to be upon the jury. They smiling answered, "They were content:" and so did Cloth-Breeches seem to rejoice, that such honest, ancient, English gentlemen, should be triers of his title. But Velvet-Breeches, storming, stepped in and made challenge to them all. I demanded reason why he should refuse gentlemen of so good calling? And he made me this answer: "Why, you may guess the inward mind by the outward apparel, and see how he is addicted by the homely robes he is suited in. Why, this knight is mortal enemy to pride, and so to me; he

¹COGNIZANCE.—In a *general sense*, a badge worn by a retainer or dependant, to indicate the person or party to which he belongs.

regardeth hospitality, and aimeth at honour, with relieving the poor : you may see, although his lands and revenues be great, and be able to maintain himself in great bravery, yet he is content with homespun cloth and scorneth the pride that is used now-adays amongst young upstarts ; he holdeth not the worth of his gentry to be and consist in velvet-breeches, but valueth true fame by the report of the common sort, who praise him for his virtue, justice, liberality, housekeeping and alms deeds. *Vox populi vox Dei* ; his tenants and farmers would, if it might be possible, make him immortal with their prayers and praises. He raiseth not rent, racketh no lands, taketh no incomes, imposeth no merciless fines, envies not another, buyeth no house over his neighbour's head ; but respecteth his country and the commodity thereof, as dear as his life. He regardeth more to have the needy fed, to have his board garnished with full platters, than to famous himself with excessive furniture in apparel. Since then he scorneth pride, he must of force proclaim himself mine enemy, and therefore he shall be none of my jury ; and such as himself I guess the squire and the gentleman, and therefore I challenge them all."

" Why, (quoth I,) this is strange, that a man should be drawn from a quest for his godliness. If men for virtue be challenged ; whom shall we have

upon the jury? Your objection helps not, Master Velvet-Breeches: for, if he be a man of so godly a disposition, he will neither speak for fear or favour; he will regard neither the riches of the one, nor the plain poverty of the other: whereupon, since you have made me trier, I allow them all three to be of the jury:" and so I requested them to sit down till our jury was full, which they courteously did, although Velvet-Breeches frowned at it; when I, looking for more, saw where there came a troop of men, in apparel seeming poor honest citizens; in all they were eight. I demanded of them what they were, and whither they were going? One of them that seemed the wealthiest, who was in a furred jacket, made answer, "That they were all friends going to the burial of a neighbour of theirs, that yester-night died; and, if it would do me any pleasure to hear their names, they were not so dainty but that they would tell them:" and so then he began to tell me, that by his art he was a skinner, the second said he was a joiner, the third was a saddler, the fourth a waterman, the fifth was a cutler, the sixth was a bellows mender, the seventh a plaiser, and the eighth a printer." "In good time, (quoth I,) it is commendable when neighbours love so well together; but, if your speed be not overmuch, I must request you to be of a jury:" so I discoursed unto them the controversy between

Cloth-Breeches and Velvet-Breeches, and to what issue it must grow by a verdict: they seemed all content; and I turned to the plaintiff and defendant, and asked if they would make challenge to any of these? "I scorn, (quoth Velvet-Breeches,) to make any great objection against them, since they be mechanical men; for I almost hold them indifferent: for this I know, they get as much and more by me than by him; the skinner I use for furs whereas this base Cloth-Breeches hath scarce a gown faced once in his life; the saddler for costly embroidered saddles, the joiner for seeling¹ my house, the cutler for gilt rapiers; the waterman I use continually, ten times for his once, and so likewise the plaisterer; for the bellows-mender, alas! poor snake, I know him not; for the printer, by our Lady, I think I am some ten pounds in his debt for books; so that, for my part, let them all pass." "And for me, (quoth Cloth-Breeches;) but yet, a little to put them in remembrance of their follies, let me have about with them all: and first with you, master skinner, to whom I can say little but only this, that, whereas you should only put the backs of skins into facing, you taw² the wombs and so deceive the buyer: beside, if you have some fantastic skin brought you not

¹SEELING.—To wainscot.

²TAW.—To dress leather, to soften and make supple; also to twist or entangle.

worth two-pence, with some strange spots, though it be of a libbard¹, you will swear 'tis a most precious skin, and came from Moscow, or the furthest part of Calabria. The saddler he stuffs his pannels with straw or hay, and overglazeth them with hair, and makes the leather of them of morts, or tanned sheep's, skins. The joiner, though an honest man, yet he maketh his joints weak, and putteth in sap in the mortices, which should be the heart of the tree, and all to make his stuff slender. And you, cutler, you are patron to ruffians and swash-bucklers,² and will sell them a blade that may be thrust into a bushel; but, if a poor man, that cannot skill of it, you sell him a sword or rapier new overglazed, and swear the blade came either from Turkey or Toledo. Now, master waterman, you will say there is no subtlety in you, for there is none so simple but that knows your fares, and what is due between Greenwich and London, and how you earn your money painfully with the sweat of your brows: all this is true; but let me whisper one thing in your ear, you will play the goodfellow too much, if you be well greased in the fist; for if a young gentleman and a pretty wench come to you and say, 'Waterman my friend and I mean to go by water,

¹LIBBARD.—A leopard.

²SWASH-BUCKLER.—A sword player; a bully or braggadocio.

"Young as I am, I have observed these three *swashers*."

King Henry V, iii, 2.

‘and to be merry a night or two ; I care not which way nor whither we go, and therefore, where thou thinkest we may have best lodging, thither carry us.’ Then off goes your cap, and away they go to Brentford, or some other place ; and then you say, ‘Hostess, I pray you use this gentleman and his wife well ; they are come out of London to take the air and mean to be merry here a night or two, and to spend their money frankly :’ when, God wot, they are neither man nor wife ; nor perhaps, of any acquaintance before the match made in some bawdy-tavern : but you know no such matter, and therefore, waterman, I pardon you. And for you, plaisterer and bellowsmender, I pass you over ; and, so do I the printer too : only this I must needs say to him, that some of his trade will print lewd books, and bawdy pamphlets ; but,

Auri sacra fames, quid non——?

And therefore I am content they shall be all of the jury.”

I was glad there were so many accepted of at once, and hoped that now quickly the jury would be full. Looking about me, straight I might see one alone come running as fast as he could. I wondered what he should be, that made such haste ; and the skinner told me he was an honest man, and one of their company, by his occupation a bricklayer.

“Oh, (quoth Velvet-Breeches,) a good honest simple man, he hath been long in my work, in building me a sumptuous house.” “But I challenge him, (quoth Cloth-Breeches,) for he is a juggler.” “How, (quoth I,) can it be? See he goeth very homely in leather, and hath his ruler in his hand, and his trowel at his side; and he seemeth not as one that were given to such qualities.” “Yes, (quoth Cloth-Breeches,) he hath this policy, when he maketh a stately place all glorious to the eye, and full of fair chambers and goodly rooms, and about the house, perhaps, some three-score chimneys; yet he can so cunningly cast by his art, that three of them shall not smoke in the twelvemonth, and so spoils he so much good mortar and brick.” “Why, (quoth I,) the fault is not in the workman but in the housekeeper; for now-a-days men build for to please the eye, not to profit the poor; they use no roast, but for themselves and their household, nor no fire but a little court chimney in their own chamber. How can the poor bricklayer then be blamed, when the niggardness of the lord or master is the cause no more chimneys do smoke? For, would they use ancient hospitality as their forefathers did, and value as lightly of pride as their great-grandfathers, then should you see every chimney in the house smoke, and prove that the poor artificer had done his part.” “Why then,

(quoth Cloth-Breeches,) as you please, admit him on the quest." "But what be those, (quoth Cloth-Breeches,) that come here so soberly? I hope they be honest men, for they look very demure." "I will enquire," said I: and with that, stepping to them, I demanded their names, and [very courteously the one said he was a brewer, the other a butcher, the third a baker, and the fourth a victualler. Hearing what they were, I was glad; guessing, since they were so honest substantial men, that they would help to make up the jury; when Velvet-Breeches, with a grim and sour countenance, gave them this challenge. "I hold it not necessary (quoth he,) that these have anything to deal in my cause, since I am at odds with them all at least in forty pounds a piece; for this seven years I have been indebted unto them for bread, beef, beer, and other victuals; then, since they have credited me long, and I have had so little care to pay them, I doubt not they will revenge themselves, and pass against me in the verdict." "Nay, (quoth I,) the rather will they hold on your part; for, if they be honest wise men, as they seem to be, they will be careful of your preferment; seeing, the more highly you are advanced, the more like are they to come by their own. If therefore you can object no other points of dishonesty against them, I see no reason why they should be put by." "If you do

not, (quoth Cloth-Breeches,) then hear me, and I will prove them unfit to have any dealings here; and first for the butcher. I pray you, Goodman killcalf, what havoc play you with puffing up of meat, and blowing with your pricker, as you flay it? Have you not your artificial knaveries to set out your meat with pricks,¹ and then swear he hath more for money than ever you bought; to sell a piece of an old cow for a chop of a young ox; to wash your old meat, that hath hung weltering in the shop, with new blood; to truss away an old ewe instead of a young wether; and although you know it is hurtful and forbidden by the statute to flay your hides, skins, backs, with cuts and slashes, to the impoverishing of the poor shoemaker when he buys it; yet I pray you, how many slaughters do you make of the poor calf's-skin? Oh butcher, a long Lent be your punishment; for you make no conscience in deceiving the poor. And you, master brewer, that grow to be worth forty-thousand pounds by selling of sodden water, what subtlety have you, in making your beer, to spare the malt, and put in the more of the hop to make your drink, be barley never so cheap, not a whit the stronger, and yet never sell a whit the more measure for money? You can, when you have taken all the heart of the malt away, then clap

¹PRICKS.—Skewers,

on store of water, 'tis cheap enough ; and mash out a tunning of small beer, that it scours a man's maw like Rhenish wine. In your conscience, how many barrels draw you out of a quarter of malt? Fie, fie, I conceal your falsehood, least I should be too broad in setting down your faults.

“And for you, Goodman baker, you that love to be seen in the open market-place upon the pillory ; the world cries out of your wiliness ; you crave but one dear year to make your daughter a gentlewoman ; you buy your corn at the best hand, and yet will not be content to make your bread weight by many ounces ; you put in yeast and salt to make it heavy, and yet all your policy cannot make it, but you fine for the pillory ; the poor cry out, the rich find fault, and the Lord Mayor and the sheriffs, like honourable and worshipful magistrates, every day walk abroad and weigh your bread, and yet all will not serve to make you honest men ; but, were extremity used, and the statute put in the highest degree in practice, you would have as few ears on your heads as the collier.

“Last to you Tom Tapster, that tap your small cans of beer to the poor, and yet fill them half full of froth ; that card your beer, if you see your guests begin to be drunk, half small and half strong : you cannot be content to pinch with your small pots and your ostrie [?] fagots, but have your

trugs to draw men on to villany, and to bring customers to your house, where you sell a joint of meat for twelve pence, that cost you scarce six ; and if any chance to go on the score, you score him when he is asleep, and set up a groat a day more than he hath, to find you drinking pots with your companions. To be short, thou art a knave, and I like not any of the rest ; the way lies before you, and therefore you may be gone, for you shall be none of the quest."

I smiled to see Cloth-Breeches so peremptory ; when I saw five fat fellows, all in damask coats and gowns, welted with velvet very brave, and in great consultation, as if they were to determine of some weighty matter : drawing near, I saw they were wealthy citizens ; so I went and reverently saluted them, and told them, how we needed their aid about the appeasing of a controversy ; showing them where the knight, esquire, and other stayed, till we might find men to fill up the jury. They were contented ; but Velvet-Breeches, excepted against four of them, and said, "they were none of his friends : " that was the merchant, goldsmith, mercer, and draper. His allegations were these, that they were all feathered of one wing, to fetch in young gentlemen by commodities, under the colour of lending of money. For the merchant he delivered the iron, tin, lead, hops, sugars, spices, oils, brown

paper, or whatsoever else, from six months to six months, which, when the poor gentleman came to sell again, he could not make threescore and ten in the hundred, beside the usury. The mercer he followeth the young upstart gentleman that hath no government of himself, and he feedeth his humour to go brave; he shall not want silks, satins, velvets, to prank abroad in his pomp, but with this provision, that he must bind over his land in a statute merchant or staple, and so at last forfeit all unto the merciless mercer, and leave himself never a foot of ground in England; which is the reason that, for a few remnants of velvets and silks, the mercer creepeth into old lordships. The goldsmith is not behind: for most of them deal with usury, and let young gentlemen have commodities of plate for ten in the hundred; but they must lose the fashion, in selling it again, which cuts them sore: beside, they are most of them skilled in alchemy, and can temper metals shrewdly, with no little profit to themselves, and disadvantage to the buyer; beside puff-rings, and quaint conceits, which I omit. And so for you, draper, he fetcheth them off for livery cloth, and cloth for six months and six; and yet hath he more knacks in his budget, for he hath so dark a shop that no man can well choose a piece of cloth: it so shadows the dye and the thread, a man shall be deceived in the wool and the nap, they cause the

clothworker so to press them ; beside, he imposeth this charge to the clothworker, that he draw his cloth, and pull it passing hard when he sets it upon the tenters,¹ that he may have it full breadth and length till thread and all tear and rent a-pieces. What care they for that ; have they not a drawer to serve their turn, to draw and seam up the holes so cunningly, that it shall never be espied ? Myself have seen, in one broad cloth, eighteen score holes, torn, racked, and pulled by the clothworker ; only to please the draper, and deceive the commonwealth. To be short, the clothworker, what with rolling and setting in a fine nap ; with powdering it, and pressing it ; with shearing the wool to the proof of the thread ; deal so cunningly, that they prove themselves the draper's minister to execute his subtleties : therefore, if he chance to come, let him be remembered.

“ Now, sir, for the vintner : He is an honest substantial man, a friend to all good-fellows, and truly, my friend for my money, and worthy to be of the jury.” “ Why no, (quoth Cloth-Breeches,) I am of another mind ; for I hold him as deceitful as any of the rest. What, the vintner ! Why, he is a kind of necromancer ; for, at midnight, when all men are in bed, then he, forsooth, falls to his charms and

¹TENTER.—A machine for stretching cloth by means of hooks called *tenter-hooks*.—*To be on the tenters*, to be on the stretch.

spells, so that he tumbles one hogshead into another, and can make a cup of claret, that hath lost his colour, look high with a dash of red wine at his pleasure; if he hath a strong Gascoigne wine, for fear it should make his guests too soon drunk, he can allay it with a small Rochelle wine; he can cherish up white wine with sack; and, perhaps, if you bid him wash the pot clean, when he goes to draw you a quart of wine, he will leave a little water in the bottom, and then draw it full of wine. And what and if he do? 'Tis no harm; wine and water is good against the heat of the liver. It were infinite to rehearse the juggling of vintners, the disorder of their houses, especially of the persons that frequent them; and therefore, since Velvet-Breeches hath put by the merchant, goldsmith, mercer, and draper, the vintner shall go with them for company."

As these were going away in a snuff, for being thus plainly taunted, we might see a mad merry crew come leaping over the field, as frolicly as if they owed not the world two-pence; and, drawing nearer, we might perceive, that either bottle-ale, or beer, had made a fray with them; for the lifting of their feet showed the lightness of their heads: the foremost was a plain country Sir John, or vicar, that proclaimed, by the redness of his nose, he did oftener go into the alehouse than into the pulpit; and him I asked, "What they were, and whither they

were going ?” “What are you ? (quoth the Priest,) that stand by the highway to examine me and my friends ; here’s none in my company, but are able to answer for themselves.” I, seeing they were all set on a merry pin, told the cause, and how the controversy grew betwixt Cloth-Breeches and Velvet-Breeches, and that we needed them to be of the quest. “Marry, (quoth Sir John,¹) a good motion : know, these all are my parishioners, and we have been drinking with a poor man, and spending our money with him, a neighbour of ours, that hath lost a cow. Now for our names and our trades : This is a smith, the second a weaver, the third a miller, the fourth a cook, the fifth a carpenter, the sixth a glover, the seventh a pedlar, the eighth a tinker, the ninth a waterbearer, the tenth a husbandman, the eleventh a dyer, and the twelfth a sailor, and I their vicar ; how could you, sir, have a fitter jury, than me and my parishioners ?” “You are a little too brief, (quoth Cloth-Breeches ;) are you not some puritan, master parson ? or some fellow that raiseth up new schisms and heresies amongst your people ?” “A plague on them all, (quoth Sir John,) for the world was never in quiet ; devotion, neighbourhood, nor hospitality, never flourished in this land, since

¹SIR JOHN was anciently the common designation of one in holy orders as well as of knights.

“*Sir*, me no *sirs*; I am no knight nor *churchman*.”

A New Trick to Cheat the Devil.

such upstart boys and shittle-witted fools became of the ministry. I cannot tell, they preach Faith, faith, and say that doing of alms is papistry: but they have taught so long *Fides solum justificat*, that they have preached good works quite out of our parish; a poor man shall as soon break his neck, as his fast, at a rich man's door: for me, friend, I am, indeed, none of the best scholars, yet I can read an homily every Sunday and holyday, and I keep company with my neighbours, and go to the alehouse with them, and, if they be fallen out, spend my money to make them friends; and on Sundays, sometime, if good fellowship call me away, I say both morning and evening prayer at once, and so let them have a whole afternoon to play in. This is my life: I spend my living with my parishoners, I seek to do all good, and I offer no man harm."

"Well, (quoth Cloth-Breeches,) I warrant thou art an honest vicar, and therefore stand by, thou shalt be one of the quest. And, for you, smith, I see no great fault in you; you earn your living with the sweat of your brows, and there can be no great knavery in you; only I would have you mend your life for drinking, since you are never at quiet, unless the pot be still at your nose. But, you weaver, the proverb puts you down for a crafty knave; you can filch and steal almost as ill as the tailor; your woof¹

¹WOOF.—The threads that cross the warp in weaving; the weft.

and warp is so cunningly drawn out, that you plague the poor country housewives for their yarn, and daub on so much dregs, that you make it seem both well wrought, and be near weight, when it is slenderly woven, and you have stolen a quarter of it from the poor wife. Away, be packing, for you shall be cashiered. What, miller, shake hands with your brother the weaver for knavery; you can take toll twice, and have false hoppers¹ to convey away the poor man's meal; be gone, I love not your dusty looks: and, for company, Goodman cook, go you with them; for you cozen the poor men and country teamers with your filthy meat; you will buy of the worst and cheapest, when it is bad enough for dogs, and yet so powder it and parboil it, that you will sell it to some honest poor men, and that unreasonably too. If you leave any meat over night, you make a shift to heat it again the next day: nay, if on the Thursday at night there be any left, you make pies of it on Sunday mornings, and almost, with your slovenly knavery, poison the poor people. To be short, I brook you not, and therefore be walking. For the carpenter, glover, and waterbearer, the husbandman, dyer, and sailor, since your trades have but petty sleights, stand you with master vicar, you are like to help to give in the verdict: but, for the pedlar and

¹HOPPER.—A wooden trough, or funnel, through which grain passes into a mill.

the tinker, they are two notable knaves, both of a hair, and both cousin-germains to the devil. For the tinker, why, he is a drowsy, bawdy, drunken companion, that walks up and down with a trug after him, and, in stopping one hole, makes three; and if in convenient place he meets with one alone, perhaps rifles him or her of all that ever they have; a base knave, without fear of God, or love to any one, but to his whore and to himself. The pedlar, as bad, or rather worse, walketh the country with his doxsy at the least, if he have not two, his mort dell and autem mort¹: he passeth commonly through every pair of stocks, either for his drunkenness, or his lechery. And, beside, it is reported, you can lift, or nip a boung, like a Quire Cove,² if you want pence, and that you carry your pack but for a colour to shadow your other villanies. Well, howsoever, you are both knaves, and so be jogging.”

“Well, (quoth I,) I suppose the jury is almost full; I believe we want not above three or four persons; look you where they come to make up the number; and they should be men of good disposition, for they seem to be all of the country.”

¹MORT DELL.—An unmarried wench. AUTEM MORT, a married woman.—*Autem* signifying a church in the Canting language.

²QUIRE OR CHOIR COVE OR BIRD.—A complete rogue; one that has sung in different choirs or cages; from whence we have gaol birds.

As soon as they came to us, I met them, and told them the matter, and they were content. The one said he was a grazier, the other a farmer, the other a shepherd to them both. "What think you of these three?" quoth I. "Marry, (saith Velvet-Breeches,) two of the men are honest men, but the other is a base knave: but 'tis no matter, shuffle him in amongst the rest." "Nay by your leave, (quoth Cloth-Breeches,) I will shuffle out these two; for they are the very cormorants of the country, and devour the poor people with their monstrous exactions. And, first, I allege against the grazier, that he forestaleth pastures and meadow grounds for the feeding of his cattle, and wringeth leases of them out of the poor men's hands; and, in his buying cattle, he commiteth great usury; for, if it prove a wet year, then he maketh havoc, and selleth dear; if it be a dry year, then he buyeth cheap, and yet, having pasture, keeps them till he may come to his own price. He knoweth, as well as the butcher, by the feed of the bullock, how much tallow he will yield; what his quarters will amount unto, what the tanner will give for the hide; nay, what the souse-wives are able to make of the inwards; so that he sells it so dear to the butcher, that he can scarce live of it: and therefore what subtlety the butcher useth cometh from the grazier; so that I exempt him from the quest,

as a bad member, and a ill friend to Cloth-Breeches. And, for you, master farmer, you know how, through you, covetous landlords raise their rents; for, if a poor man have bought a plough land, if you see his pastures bear good grass, and his arable ground good corn, and that he prospereth, and goeth forward on it, and provideth and maintaineth his wife and servants honestly; then

*Invidus alterius rebus macrescit opimis,
Vicinumque pecus grandius uber habet.*

Then straight envy pricks the farmer forward, and he bids the landlord far more than the poor man pays yearly for it: so that, if he be a tenant at will, he puts him out to beg in the street; or when his lease comes out, he overloads him in the fines; and thus bloodsucketh he the poor for his own private profit. Besides, the base chuff, if he sees a forward year, and that corn is like to be plenty, then he murmureth against God, and swear-eth and protesteth he shall be undone; respecting more the filling of his own coffers by a dearth, than the profit of his country by a general plenty. Besides, sir, may it please you; when new corn comes into the market, who brings into relieve the state? Not your mastership, but the poor husbandman, that wants pence; for you keep it till the back end of the year: nay you have your garners, which

have corn two or three years old, upon hope still of a dear year, rather letting the weasels eat it, than the poor shall have it at any reasonable price. So that, I conclude, you are a cormorant of the commonwealth, and a wretch that lives of the spoil of the needy; and so I leave you to jet with the grazier. Marry, for the shepherd, (unless it be, that he killeth a lamb now and then, and says the fox stole him,) I know little craft in his budget; therefore let him be among the honest men of the jury."

"Well, Cloth-Breeches, (quoth I,) you are very peremptory in your challenges; what say you, here comes three or four citizens, will any of these serve turn?" "I cannot tell, (quoth he,) till I know their names and conditions." With that, I stepped afore the company, and inquired what they were? The eldest of them, being a grave citizen, said he was a grocer; the rest his good and honest neighbours, a chandler, a haberdasher, a cloth-worker, and two strangers, one a Walloon,¹ the other a Dutchman. "How like you of these?" (quoth I, to Velvet-Breeches). "Well enough, (quoth he,) for I am little acquainted with them; yet I know

¹WALLOONS.—Descendants of the ancient inhabitants of the Low Countries. Some of them fled to England from the persecution of the Duke of Alva, the Governor of the Low Countries for Philip II of Spain, 1566. A church was given them by Queen Elizabeth. Their language is considered to be based on that of the ancient Gauls.

they favour me, because I have on a Sunday seen them all in their silks." "I marry, (quoth Cloth-Breeches,) but they never get that bravery with honesty; for the clothworker his faults were laid open before, when we had the draper in question, and therefore let him be packing. For you, chandler, I like not of your tricks; you are too conversant with the kitchen-stuff wives; you after your wick or snaft is stiffened, you dip it in filthy dross, and after give him a coat of good tallow, which makes the candles drop and waste away, to the great hindrance of the poor workmen that watcheth in the night. Beside, you pinch in your weights, and have false measures, and many other knaveries that I omit; but this be sure, you shall not meddle in my matter. Neither the haberdasher, for he trims up old felts, and makes them very fair to the eye, and faceth and edgeth them neatly, and then he turns them away to such a simple man as I am; and so abuseth us with his cozenage. Beside, you buy gummed taffata, wherewith you line hats that will straight asunder, as soon as it comes to the heat of a man's head. To be brief; I am not well skilled in your knaveries, but indeed you are too subtle for poor Cloth-Breeches, and therefore you shall be none of the jury. Marry, the grocer seems an honest man, and I am content to admit of him: only take this as a caveat by the way, that

you buy, of the garblers of spices, the refuse that they sift from the merchant, and that you mix again and sell it to your customers. Besides, in your beaten spices, as in pepper, you put in bay berries, and such dross, and so wring the poor; but these are slight causes; and so I overpass them, and vouchsafe you to be of the quest. But I pray you, what be those two honest men?" Quoth the grocer. "The one a Dutchman and a shoemaker, the other a Frenchman and a milliner in St. Martins, and sells shirts, bands, bracelets, jewels, and such pretty toys for gentlewomen.

"Oh they be of Velvet-Breeches' acquaintance, upstarts as well as he, that have brought with them pride and abuses into England: and first to the milliner. What toys deviseth he to feed the humour of the upstart gentleman withal, and of fond gentlewomen? Such fans, such owches, such broaches, such bracelets, such craunces,¹ such perriwigs, such paintings, such ruffs and cuffs, as hath almost made England as full of proud fopperies as Tyre and Sidon were. There is no seamster can make a band or a shirt so well as his wife: and why, forsooth? Because the filthy quean wears a craunce, and is a Frenchwoman, forsooth; whereas our English women of the Exchange are

¹CRAUNCE.—A chaplet, or garland.

both better workwomen, and will afford a better pennyworth. And so for the drunken Dutchman, this shoemaker, he and such as he is, abuseth the commonwealth, and the poor mechanical men and handicrafts men of London: for our new upstart fools, of Velvet-Breeches' fraternity, liketh nothing but that the outlandish ass maketh. They like no shoe so well as Dutchman maketh, when our English men pass them far. And so for chandlers, and all other occupations, they are wronged by the Dutch and French. And therefore, since the commons hates them, they cannot be my friends, and therefore let them be launching to Flushing, for they shall be no triers of my controversy." "Well, (quoth I,) now I suppose the jury is full, and we see no more coming, let us call them and see how many we have." So they appeared to their names as followeth :

The Names of the Jury to be empanelled.

- | | |
|---------------|--|
| 1. Knight. | 9. Carpenter. <small>[See over.]</small> |
| 2. Esquire. | 10. Saddler. |
| 3. Gentleman. | 11. Joiner. |
| 4. Priest. | 12. Bricklayer. |
| 5. Printer. | 13. Cutler. |
| 6. Grocer. | 14. Plaisterer. |
| 7. Skinner. | 15. Sailor. |
| 8. Dyer. | 16. Ropemaker. |

- | | |
|-----------------|--------------------|
| 17. Smith. | 21. Waterman. |
| 18. Glover. | 22. Waterbearer. |
| 19. Husbandman. | 23. Bellowsmender. |
| 20. Shepherd. | |

“What, is it not possible (quoth I) to have one more, to make up the four-and-twenty?” As I was thus speaking, I espied, afar off, a certain kind of an overworn gentleman, attired in velvet and satin, but it was somewhat dropped and greasy; and boots on his legs, whose soles waxed thin, seemed to complain of their master, which, treading thrift under his feet, had brought them unto that consumption. He walked not as other men in the common beaten way, but came compassing *circum circa*, as if we had been devils, and he would draw a circle about us; and at every third step he looked back, as if he were afraid of a bailee or sergeant.

CARPENTER, &c.—In the old copy and subsequent reprints the ninth Juryman is put down as a Pewterer. This is a mistake, as no Pewterer is presented to, or admitted on, the Jury. A Carpenter is presented to—*vide* page 72, and admitted on—page 74. It is noteworthy that in Thynn’s “The Debate between Pride and Lowliness” there is no *Ropemaker* mentioned as a Juryman. The Jury in that work is composed of 15, and recorded thus:—

“So I called them, as ye shall here,
 The Knight the Squire and the Gentleman,
 The Baker, Brewer, and the Vittaller,
 The Turner, Graisier, and Husbandman.
 The Haberdasher, and the Vintener,
 The Bricklayer, and the Smyth also,
 The Weaver, and with him the Shoomaker;
 So was our Jury full complet, and mo.”

After him followed two pert apple-squires¹; the one had a murrey² cloth gown on, faced down before with grey coney,³ and laid thick on the sleeves with lace, which he quaintly bare up, to show his white taffata hose and black silk stockings; a huge ruff about his neck wrapt in his great head like a wicker cage; a little hat with brims like the wings of a doublet, wherein he wore a jewel of glass, as broad as the chancery seal. After him followed two boys in cloaks like butterflies, carrying one of them his cutting sword of choler, the other his dancing rapier of delight. His comrade, that bare him company, was a jolly light timbered jackanapes, in a suit of watchet⁴ taffata cut to the skin, with a cloak all-to bedaubed with coloured lace. Both he and my gowned brother seemed, by their pace, as if they had some suits to Monsieur Boots. At length coming near, I might discern the first to be a poet, the second a player, the third a musician, *alias* the usher of a dancing school. "Well met, master poet, (quoth I,) and welcome, you friends also, though not so particularly known. So it is; though none of you three be commonwealthsmen, yet upon urgent ne-

¹APPLE SQUIRE.—A kept gallant, or pimp.

²MURREY.—A dark reddish brown.

³GREY CONEY.—Rabbit skin.

⁴WATCHET.—Light blue.

cessity we must be forced to employ you. We have a jury to be empanelled immediately, which one of you three must help to make up; even he which approves himself the honestest man." "They are all honest men and good fellows, (quoth Velvet-Breeches,) therefore, it is no great matter whether of them we choose."

"The doctors doubt of that, (quoth Cloth-Breeches,) for I am of a different opinion. This first, whom by his careless slovenly gait at first sight I imagined to be a poet, is a waste-good and an unthrift; that he is born to make the taverns rich and himself a beggar; If he have forty pounds in his purse together, he puts it not to usury neither buys land nor merchandise with it, but a month's commodity of wenches and capons. Ten pound a supper, why 'tis nothing, if his plough goes and his inkhorn be clear: Take one of them worth twenty thousand pound and hang him. He is a king of his pleasure, and counts all other boors and peasants, that, though they have money at command, yet know not, like him, how to domineer with it to any purpose as they should. But to speak plainly, I think him an honest man, if he would but live within his compass, and, generally, no man's foe but his own. Therefore I hold him a man fit to be of my jury." Nay, (quoth Velvet-Breeches,) I have more mind to these two, for this poet is a proud

fellow, that, because he hath a little wit in his budget, will contemn and mistake us that are the common sort of gentlemen, and think we are beholden to him, if he do but bestow a fair look upon us. The player, and the usher of the dancing school are plain, honest, humble men, that play for a penny, or an old cast suit of apparel." "Indeed, (quoth Cloth-Breeches,) you say truth; they are but too humble, for they be so lowly, that they be base minded: I mean not in their looks nor apparel, for so they be peacocks and painted asses, but in their course of life, for they care not how they get crowns, I mean how basely, so they have them; and yet, of the two, I hold the player to be the better Christian, although he is, in his own imagination, too full of self-liking and self-love, and is unfit to be of the jury, though I hide and conceal his faults and fopperies, in that I have been merry at his sports; only this I must say, that such a plain country fellow as myself, they bring in as clowns and fools to laugh at in their play, whereas they get by us, and of our alms the proudest of them all doth live. Well, to be brief, let him trot to the stage, for he shall be none of the jury. And for you, Master Usher of the dancing school, you are a leader into all misrule; you instruct gentlemen to order their feet, when you drive them to disorder their manners; you are a bad fellow, that stand

upon your tricks and capers, till you make young gentlemen caper without their lands ; why, sir, to be flat with you, you live by your legs as a juggler by his hands, you are given over to the pomps and vanities of the world, and, to be short, you are a keeper of misrule, and a lewd fellow, and you shall be none of the quest."

"Why then, (quoth I,) you are both agreed that the poet is he that must make up the twenty-four." They answered both, "He, and none but he." Then I, calling them all together, bade them lay their hands on the book ; and first I called the knight, and after, the rest as they followed in order ; then I gave them their charge¹ thus :

"Worshipful sir, with the rest of the jury, whom we have solicited of choice honest men, whose consciences will deal uprightly in this controversy ; you and the rest of your company are here upon your oath and oaths, to enquire whether Cloth-Breeches have done disseison unto Velvet-Breeches ; yea, or no, in or about London, in

¹The Charge to the Jury is given thus in Thynn's "The Debate between Pride and Lowliness :"—

"I read them over all the whole record,
Every point and article at large,
And eke the sense and meaning of eche word
I shewd, and therewithall what was their charge.
And bad them for a time to go aside,
And ripely of the matter to debate,
And pray to God therein to be their guide,
That they ne did but right to none estate."

putting him out of frank tenement wronging him of his right, and embellishing his credit: if you find that Cloth-Breeches hath done Velvet-Breeches wrong, then let him be set in his former estate, and allow him reasonable damages." Upon this, they laid their hands on the book and were sworn, and departed to scrutinize of the matter, by enquiry amongst themselves; not stirring out of our sight, nor staying long; but straight returned, and the knight for them all, as the foremost, said thus: "So it is, that we have with equity and confidence considered of this controversy between Velvet-Breeches and Cloth-Breeches, as touching the prerogative of them both, which are most worthy to be rightly resident and have seisson in frank tenement here in England; and we do find that Cloth-Breeches is by many hundred years more ancient, ever since Brute, an inhabitant in this island, one that hath been *in diebus illis* a companion to kings, an equal with the nobility, a friend to gentleman and yeomen, and a patron of the poor; a true subject; a good house-keeper, and generally as honest as he is ancient. Whereas Velvet-Breeches is an upstart, come out of Italy, begot of pride, nursed up by self-love, and brought into this country by his companion New-fangleness; that he is but of late time raiser of rents, and an enemy in the commonwealth, and one that is not any way to be preferred in equity before

Cloth-Breeches: therefore, by general verdict we adjudge Cloth-Breeches to have done him no wrong; but that he hath lawfully claimed his title of frank tenement, and in that we appoint him for ever to be resident." At this verdict, pronounced by the knight, all the standers-by clapped their hands, and gave a mighty shout; whereat I started and awaked: for I was in a dream and in my bed,¹ and so rose up, and writ in a merry vein what you have heard.

¹"And looked all my chamber round about,
 And called to remembraunce all my sweven [dream];
 And yf I were at home yet gan I doubt,
 I meane, where as I layd me downe at even.
 So when I had a while considered,
 And viewed well the wyndowe and the wall,
 And found my selfe betweene my sheetes in bed,
 I gan to sigh, and thanked God for all."

Thynn's *The Debate between Pride and Lowliness*, edited with an Introduction and Notes by J. Payne Collier, Esq., F.S.A.



Notes and Observations

ON

A QUIP FOR AN UPSTART COURTIER.

By _____

Of _____

in the County of _____

18 _____



THE TRIMMING

OF

THOMAS NASH, GENTLEMAN.



THE TRIMMING

OF

THOMAS NASH, GENTLEMAN,

BY THE HIGH-TITULED PATRON

DON RICHARDO DE MEDICO COMPO,

BARBER CHIRURGEON TO TRINITY COLLEGE,
IN CAMBRIDGE.

Faber quas fecit compedes ipse gestet—.

Edited by CHARLES HINDLEY.

LONDON :
REEVES AND TURNER,
196, STRAND,
(Opposite St. Clement Danes Church).
1871.

PRINTED FOR THE EDITOR,

BY

A. M. ROBINSON. "BRIGHTON DAILY NEWS" GENERAL PRINTING OFFICE,
3A, DUKE STREET, BRIGHTON.



INTRODUCTION.



THE tract with which the reader is here presented has a double claim to attention, as being the last of a literary controversy between Thomas Nash and Dr. Gabriel Harvey, which began in 1592 in anger, and ended in 1597 in coarse and personal abuse ; and as a "LITERARY RARITY"—so rare that only one single copy is believed to be in existence : and all the other tracts of this most virulent, keen-edged, and long-standing paper war are of the rarest occurrence, and as costly as if they consisted of leaves of gold, as it became necessary to dry up the floodgates of these rival ink horns by an order of the Archbishop of Canterbury. The order is a remarkable fragment of our literary history, and is thus expressed : "That all Nash's books and Dr. Harvey's books be taken wheresoever they may be found, and that none of the said books be ever printed hereafter."

In his "Calamities and Quarrels of Authors," Disraeli, in a chapter on "Literary Ridicule, illustrated by some account of a literary satire," says that "The literary reign of Elizabeth, so fertile in every kind of genius, exhibits a remarkable instance, in the controversy between the witty Tom Nash and the learned Gabriel Harvey. It illustrates the nature of *the fiction of ridicule*, exposes the materials of which its shafts are composed, and the secret arts by which ridicule can level a character which seems to be placed above it."

"Gabriel Harvey was an author of considerable rank, but with two learned brothers, as old Anthony à Wood in his *Athenæ Oxonienses* tells us, 'had the ill luck to fall into the hands of that noted and restless buffoon Tom Nash. He twisted the many foibles of the pedantic Doctor into the most ludicrous and grotesque shapes, and exposed him to ridicule.'

"Harvey," continues Disraeli, "is not unknown to the lover of poetry, from his connexion with Spenser, who loved and revered him. He is the *Hobynol* whose poem is prefixed to the 'Faery Queen,' who introduced Spenser to Sir Philip Sidney : and, besides his intimacy with the literary characters of his times, he was a Doctor of Laws, an erudite scholar, and distinguished as a poet, such a man could hardly be contemptible ; and yet, when some little peculiarities became aggravated, and his works are touched

by the caustic of the most adroit banterer of that age of wit, no character has descended to us with such grotesque deformity, exhibited in so ludicrous an attitude."

"Harvey was a pedant, but pedantry was part of the erudition of an age when our national literature was passing from its infancy; he introduced hexameter verse into our language, and pompously laid claim to an invention which, designed for the reformation of English verse, was practised till it was found sufficiently ridiculous. His style is infected with his pedantic taste; and the hard outline of his satirical humour betrays the scholastic cynic, not the airy and fluent wit. He had, perhaps, the foibles of a man who was clearing himself from obscurity; he prided himself on his family alliances, while he fastidiously looked askance on the trade of his father—a rope-manufacturer."

The humour of making "*The Trimming of Thomas Nash, Gentleman*," proceed from so unlikely a source as "by the high-titled patron Don Richardo de Medico Campo, Barber Chirurgeon to Trinity College in Cambridge"—the same person to whom Nash in mockery had dedicated his "Have with you to Saffron Walden"—J. Payne Collier says, "Would never have occurred to Harvey, had not Nash originated the introduction of the barber, which constitutes the chief merit of Harvey's performance. The *Trimming* was not published until after the date of Nash's renewed attack, in 1594; and one excuse for its coarseness and abuse may be, that the whole was put into the mouth of so humble, yet familiar a personage. How the barber became so out-of-the-way learned, as he is sometimes represented in the pamphlet, might puzzle us, if we did not know who was the real author of the many references and elucidations: some mistakes in Latin quotations were clearly intentional. Harvey was probably ashamed to put his name upon the title page, or at the close of the preliminary matter; but the work was well known to be his at the time the order was issued for the cessation of the libellous controversy, which in various forms had continued for more than five years."

"It is true, Harvey was allowed the last word, but it was of such a character that he would have been glad to recall it; and although he lived many years afterwards, he did not, as a literary man, survive the blow he had inflicted on his own reputation."

THE
TRIMMING

OF THOMAS NASHE GENTLEMAN,

by the high-titled patron *Don*
Richardo de Medicò campo, Barber
Chirurgion to Trinitie Col-
ledge in Cambridge.

Faber quas fecit compedes ipse gestat.



LONDON,
Printed for Philip Scarlet.

1597.

TO THE LEARNED :

Eme, perlege, nec, te precii pænitebit.

TO THE SIMPLE :

Buy me, read me through, and thou wilt not repent
thee of thy cost.



TO THE GENTLE READER.

PROFACE,¹ gentle Gentlemen. I am sorry I have no better cates² to present you with; but pardon, I pray you, for this which I have here provided was bred in Lent, and Lent (you know) is said of *lean*, because it macerates and makes lean the body: if therefore this dish be lean, and nothing answerable to your expectation, let it suffice 'twas bred in Lent: neither had it any time wherein it might gather anything unto itself, to make it more fat and delightful. His Epistle I expected any time these three years, but this mine answer, *sine fuco loquar*, though it be not worthy to be called the work of one well spent hour, I have wrought forth out of the stolen hours of three weeks: for although occasion hath been offered ever since the epistle hath been extant to answer it, yet held in suspense, considering the man and

¹PROFACE.—An exclamation equivalent to “Much good may it do you.”

²CATES.—Viands, delicious food, dainties.

matter, whether I should take it upon me or no. At last, concluding him easily answerable, I have undergone it : therefore, however you see it crept abroad, Gentles, receive it well in worth : your favours, happily, might add strength unto it, and stir up the fain creeping steps to a more lively pace ; it, by hard hap being denied of the progress, keeping at home, hath grown somewhat greater. To tell you what the man is, and the reason of this book, were but trivial and superfluous, only this ; you may call it *The Trimming of Thomas Nash*, wherein he is described. In trimming of which description, though I have found out, and fetched from the mint, some few new words to colour him, grant me pardon, I think them fit for him who is so limned and coloured with all new found villany ; for, if they be etymologized, they no whit disagree from his properties. Slender labour hath sufficed to weave this thin superficial veil to cover his crimson Epistle, and shadow it forth unto the world. For as a garment of too bright a colour is too evil an object for the eyes (as is the sun), and is nothing gazed after, no not of those who never saw it before ; yet new things are desired, because 'twould prove pernicious to their eyes, but once o'er-clouded and covered with a lawn vesture, through that it shines and becometh a less hurting object and draws the people's sight after it : so his Epistle, in its own

colour being too resplendent and hurtful to the readers, is laid apart and is nothing in request, for that 'twould prove as a burning glass unto their eyes; but vested with this caul and rare-wrought garment it loseth part of its hurting vigour, and therefore is called to be seen again.

Loathed tediousness I also eschewed, as no less hurtful than too bright an object. The book which he dedicateth to me is so tedious, that, had I read it through, it so loathsome would have wrought more on me, both upward and downward, than three drams of pills: his Epistle is not behind hand; to that I might say as said *Diogenes* to the men of *Minda* (whose gates were greater in analogical proportion than their city) O, ye men of *Minda*, look to your city, that it flies not out at your gates: so his book might well, for the largeness of the Epistle, have flown out at it; and surely I think, had his book any wings, that is, any quaint device flying abroad to please withal, it would never have stayed till this time. Therefore I think it providently done of him (though out of doubt the fool had no such drift) to make the gates so big, that when we have passed through the gates, supposing all the city to be suitable to the stateliness of them, but after we are entered, finding ourselves merely gulled, and that all the city is not worth the gates, we may the more readily find the way out of the city again,

the gates being so great : and this remedy I found once, when I took my journey into his city.

But to return. If this be not so well set forth as you could wish it were, blame me not ; for as the moon, being naked and bare, is said once to have gone to her mother and asked of her a coat to clothe her, but she answered, there could be no coat made fit for her for her instability, sometime she being in the full, and sometime in the wane ; so he, being a man of so great revolution, I could not fit him ; for if I had undertaken to speak of, one of his properties, another came into my mind and another followed that, which bred confusion, making it too little for him : therefore, were it not too little, it might be 'twould be fit : but, howsoever, pardon (Gentlemen) my boldness in presenting to your favourable views this little and confused coat.

Yours in all courtesy, *Richard Lichfield.*





THE TRIMMING OF THOMAS NASH.

SIR, here is a gentleman at the door would speak with you. Let him come in.
Mr. Nash! welcome. What! you would be trimmed; and I cannot deny you that favour. Come, sit down, I'll trim you myself. How now? What makes you sit down so tenderly? you crinch in your buttocks like old father *Pater Patriæ*, he that was father to a whole country of bastards. Dispatch, sir boy! set the water to the fire; but, sirrah, hark in your ear; first go provide me my breakfast, that I go not fasting about him; then go to the apothecary and fetch me some repressive *antidotum*, to put into the bason, to keep down the venomous

vapours that arise from his infectious excrements : for (I tell you) I like not his countenance ; I am afraid he labours of the venereal murr.

Muse not (gentle *Thomas*) that I come so roughly upon you with Sit down, without any dedicatory epistle, which (I know) you expected ; for that your Epistle (in some wise) brought forth this small work, which purposely I omitted, scorning patronage against you. For if (by an Epistle) I had made some lord or knight my patron, it would have menaged and given courage to you, that (not sufficient of my self) I should get some protector to stand out with you. As in a cock-fight, if the cock-master takes off his cock when they are buckled together, it encourageth the other cock (deeming his adversary to fly to his master for refuge) so that he crows forth the triumph before the victory. Therefore, forsooth, if for orders sake (that of custom, might be made a necessary law) you would have an epistle, I thought it best, respecting the subject matter, as near as possibly I could to pattern it with the like patron. Then, not knowing where to hear of some miscreant, polluted with all vices, both of body and mind, and viewing over all the impressed images of men in the memorial cell of my brain, at last I espied your self more lively engraven than the rest, and, as it were, offering your self to this purpose. Then

presently I made choice of you, that like an ass you might bear your burden, and patronize your own scourge; as doth the silly hedge-sparrow, that so long fostereth up the cuckoo in her nest, till at length she be devoured of her; or the viper, that is destroyed of her own whelps. All *England* for a patron! But to this sudden joy (for sudden joy soon ends) Item for you. this cross happened; that knowing it to be my duty to gratulate my patron with the first hereof, but not knowing where to find you, for that you (the worlds citizen) are here and there, you may dine in this place, and go supperless to bed if you know Well put in. where to have your bed; you may be in one prison to day, and in another to morrow; so that you have a place but as a fleeting incorporeal substance circumscribed with no limits, that of your own you have not so much as one of *Diogenes* his poor cottages. You have indeed a *terminus a quo* (as we logicians speak) but no *terminus ad quem*. Now, sir, for the uncertainty of your mansion house, How hardly I leave this cave or place. you having all the world to keep court in, and being so haunted with an earthquake that in what house soever you are one day, you are shaken out the next, my little Book might kill three or four porters, that must run up and down *London* to seek you, and at the last might die itself for want of succour before it comes to your hands. Yet it might be,

that in your request you are insatiable; you will
take no excuse, your will is your reason,
nay may not be admitted. Well,
it shall be yours: for your
Epistle's sake, have at
you with an
Epistle.





To the polypragmatical, parasitupocritical, and pantophainoudendecontical Puppy, Thomas Nash, Richard Lichfield wishes the continuance of that he hath: that is, that he want not the want of health, wealth, and liberty.

Mitto tibi Nashum prora N. puppi humque *Nashum*
carentem.

GOD save you (right glossomachical *Thomas*), the virtuous riches, wherewith (as broad spread fame reporteth) you are induced, though *fama malum* (as saith the poet) which I confirm, for that she is *tam ficti pravique tenax, quam, nuncia veri*, as well saith Master *William Lilly* in his *adjectiva verbalia in ax*. I say, the report of your rich virtues so bewitched me toward you, that I cannot but send my poor book to be virtuously succoured of you, that when both yours and my friends shall see it, they may (for your sake) virtuously accept of it. But it may be you deny

the epistle : the book is of you, the epistle must be to some other. I answer, you are desirous of an epistle. Did not *Cæsar* write those things himself which himself did? And did not *Lucius*, that golden ass, speak of himself which was the ass? and will not you (though an ass, yet neither golden nor silver) patronize that which others took pains to write of you? *Cæsar* and *Lucius* for that shall live for ever: and so shall you as long as ever you live. Go to, I say; he is an ill horse that will not carry his own provender. But chiefly I am to tell you of one thing, which I choose to tell you of in my epistle, both because of epistles some be denunciatory, as also considering that wise saying elsewhere of the precise schoolmaster, If thy friend commit any enormous offence toward thee, tell him of it in an Epistle. And truly this is a great and enormous offence, at which my collar stands upright, neither will I put it up. Therefore in sadness provide your lawyer; I have mine : it will bear as good an action as if you should have come into another man's house, and never say, Hoe! God be here : that is, you wrote a foul epistle to me, and never told me of it before. You might have said, By your leave, sir. I warrant you, I write but this small epistle to you, and I tell you of it as long before as the epistle is long. But now I remember me, there was no

hatred between us before, and therefore it would be proved but chance-medley. Let it even alone, it cannot be undone; for a thing easily done never can be undone, and a man may quickly become a knave, but hardly an honest man. And thus (malevolent *Tom*) I leave thee. From my chamber in *Camb.* to your. Where can you tell?

Yours in love, *usque ad aras,*

That is, that would follow thee even to the gallows.

RICH. LICHFIELD.





YOU see how lovingly I deal with you in my epistle, and tell of your virtues, which (God forgive me for it) is as arrant a lie as ever was told ; but to leave these paregastrical speeches, and to come to your trimming. Because I will deal roundly with you I will cut you with the round cut, in which I include two cuts : first, the margin cut ; secondly, the perfect cut. The margin cut is nothing else but a preparation to the perfect cut, whereby I might more perfectly discharge that cut upon you; for as in a deep standing pool, the brinks thereof, which are not unfitly called the margins, being pared away, we may the better see thereinto ; so the margins, which fitly we may term the brinks of your stinking standing pool (for it infects the ear as doth the stinking pool the smell) being cut away, I may the better finish this perfect cut, and rid myself of you. To the margin cut. *All your parts.*

When first your epistle came into my hands,¹ I boldly opened it, and scaling the margins of it, I espied a silly note, *quasi conversant about heads*.* I said not a word, but turning over a leaf or two more, to see if you continued in those simple animadversions, and, indeed, I saw you to be no changeling, for there I espied *barbers knocking of their fingers, and lousy naperie*, as foolish as the other: *semper idem* (thought I) might be your motto, and so you will die. Then I began to mark the note, which you adjoined to your notes that they might be noted: there tossing and turning your book upside down, when the west end of it happened to be upward, methought your note seemed a *d*: ah! *dunce, dolt, dotterell*, quoth I; well might I be a *d*, and, for my life, for the space of two hours could not leave railing of thee all in *ds*.

¹In 1596 Nash published "HAVE WITH YOU TO SAFFRON-WALDEN; OR, GABRIEL HARVEY'S HUNT IS UP. *Containing a full answer to the eldest son of the Halter-maker; or NASH HIS CONFUTATION OF THE SINFUL DOCTOR.* With the following ludicrous dedication:—

"To the most Orthodoxal and reverent Corrector of staring hairs, the sincere and *finigraphical rarifier of proluxious rough barbarism, the thrice egrogious and censorial animadvertiser of vagrant moustachios, chief scavenger of chins, and prineiple Head-man of the parish wherein he dwells,* special supervisor of all oæremental superfluties for Trinity College in Cambridge, and (to conclude) a not able and singular benefactor to all beards in general.* Don Richardo Barbarossa de Cæsaria, Tho. Nash wisheth the highest top of his contentment and felicity, and the *shertning of all his enemies.*"

* *Quasi conversant about heads.*

Now to the perfect cut. I cannot but admire you in the title you allow me, seeing we admire monsters as well as virtuous men, and a fool (as oft I have heard scholars dispute in mine office) as a monster: other barbers like not the title: it pleaseth me, and all the dukes in *Spain* cannot show the like, and I think that half a year's study did not bring it out of thy dunstical hammer-headed scalp, but thou dost to disgrace me, and thinkest thy title decketh a barber, and that a barber with thy title is as a rotten chamber hanged with cloth of arras; but it is not so: alas! thy reading affords thee not to know the ancient and valorous power of barbers.

I could speak how they flourished amongst the *Abants*, a fierce and warlike people; and by the barbers *perpolite* cunning, as it were amending nature and shaping their faces to more austerity, they became more victorious, as *Plutarch* recordeth in the life of *Theseus*: and young striplings, newly fit for arms, first were brought to *Delphos*, and there offered the first fruits of their hair to *Jupiter*; next him the barbers were served and they cut them, and went as *Joves Vices* to make them fit for war. They flourished before with the *Arabians*, the *Mysians*, the *Dacians*, the *Dalmatians*, the *Macedonians*, the *Thracians*, the *Servians*, the *Sarmacians*, the *Valachians*, and the *Bulgarians*, as saith *Polydorus Virgil*: afterward *Alexander* enter-

tained into his camps barbers, as the spurs and whetstones of his armies.

Dionysius, that blood-thirsty tyrant, that feared no peers, stood always in fear of barbers, and rather would have his hair burnt off, than happen into the barber's hands.

Therefore, in a barber's shop (as *Plutarch* reporteth) where some few were talking of the tyranny of the tiger *Dionysius*, What (said the Barber) are you talking of king *Dionysius*, whom within these two or three days I must shave? When *Dionysius* heard of this, he got the barber secretly to be put to death, for fear of after-claps. The barber's chair is the very Royal-Exchange of news, barbers the head of all trades. I could speak of their excellency, for that a man's face (the principal part of him) is committed only to barbers. All trades adorn the life of man, but none (except barbers) have the life of man in their power, and to them they hold up their throats ready.

None but
barbers meddle
with the
head.

If they be happy whom pleasure, profit and honour make happy, then barbers with great facility attain to happiness. For pleasure, if they be abroad, they are sought too of the best companions : knights, and esquires send for them. If at home and at work, they are in pleasing conference ; if idle, they pass that time in life-delighting music.

For profit a barber hath living in all parts of England; he hath money brought in, as due as rents, of those whom he never saw before. For honour, kings and ruling monarchs (to whom all men crouch with cap in hand, and knee on ground) only to barbers sit barehead, and with bended knees. But for all this, thou sparest not to rail on barbers (as on all others), and being full of botches and boils thyself, spewest forth thy corruption on all others: but I nought respect it, thy railings rather profit me. For (as *Antisthenes* was wont to say) a man might as well learn [to live well of his ill-willing and abusive enemies, as of his honest friends; of these by following their virtues, of the others by eschewing their actions, by seeing the effects that followed those actions in his enemies. And as *Telephus* (being wounded and destitute of a saving remedy at home) went even to his enemies, and sworn foes, to get some sovereign medicine, so if of my friends I could not learn temperance, I might learn of thee by seeing the effects of thy cankered convicious tongue; for by that thou are brought into contempt: thy talking makes thee be accounted as a purse that cannot be shut, and as an house whose door stands always open; and as that open purse containeth no silver, and in that house is nothing worthy the taking away, so out of thy mouth proceedeth nothing but noisome and ill-

favoured vomits of railings. Wherefore draw together the strings, and lock up the door of thy mouth, and before thou speakest such ill corrupted speeches again, let it be lifted off the hinges: rule, I say, that little and troublesome vermin, that small tongue of thine, which in some is not the smallest part of virtue, but in thee the greatest art of vice; not unlike the purple fish which, whilst she governs her tongue well, it getteth her food and hunteth after her prey, but when she neglects it, it bringeth her destruction, and she is made herself a prey unto the fisher: so that in that small parcel all virtue and vice lies hidden, as is recorded of *Bias*, whom king *Amasis* commanding to send home the best and most profitable meat from the market, he sent home a tongue: the king demanding a reason, he answered that of a tongue came many profitable and good speeches, and this tongue thou hast not. Then the king sent him to buy the worst and most unprofitable meat, and he likewise bought a tongue: the king also asking the reason of this? from nothing (said he) issueth worse venom than from the tongue, and this tongue thou hast; and this tongue cross with the bar of reason, lest thou seem more foolish than those geese in *Cilicia* which, when they fly in the night time by the hill *Taurus* that is possest of eagles, are said to get stones into their mouths, by which, as by a bridle, they rein in their

cryings, and so quietly pass the greedy talons of the eagles. But, alas! why invest I so against thy tongue? *lingua* a *lingendo*, and you know we use always to lick in, and so thou shouldest keep in thy poison: or a *ligando*, which is to bind, for so thou shouldest bind up, and not disperse abroad that rancour in thee. Thy tongue doth but in duty utter that which is committed unto it, and nature hath set before it a double bulwark of teeth to keep in the vagrant words, which straying abroad and being surprised, may betray the whole city: and the upper bulwark sometimes serves for a portcullis, which when any rascally word having not the watch-word, that is, *reason*, shall but enter out of the gates, is presently let down, and so it cuts it off before it worketh wreck to the whole castle. Therefore I must of necessity find out another cause of thine infected speech, and now I have found it, fie on thee! I smell thee, thou hast a stinking breath; but a stinking breath (some say) cometh of foul teeth, and if it be so, wash thy teeth, Tom; for if thou wouldst draw forth good and clean words out of thy mouth, thou wouldst wash thy teeth, as every tapster that goeth to draw good beer will wash the pot before he goeth. But it may be, the filth hath so eaten into thy teeth that washing cannot get it away; then, do as that venom-biting beast, that Nile-bred crocodile, which,

*Mark the
secret allegory.*

to purge her teeth of those shivered reeds that are wreathed between by feeding in the water, cometh to the shore, and there, gaping, suffereth some friendly bird without danger to creep into her mouth, and with her bill to pick away the troubling reeds: so come you but to some shore, and I'll be that *Trochilus*; I'll pick your teeth and make a clean mouth, or I'll pick out tongue and all; but of this stinking breath I speak not. *Tædet anima*, saith the comedian, and this I mean, not meaning as he meant, for he meant a stinking breath, but by *anima* I mean the form by which thou art what thou art, by which also thy senses work, which giveth use to all thy faculties, and from which all thy actions proceed; and this *anima*, if thou termest a breath, this breath stinketh, and from this breath (as little rivers flow from a fountain) all the words flow forth, and the fountain being corrupted (as you know) likewise all the lesser rivers needs must be corrupted, and this *anima*, this breath, or fountain, thou must cleanse. But how to cleanse this breath it passeth my cunning to tell, for though (as I am a chirurgeon) I could pick your teeth, for the other stinking breath, yet this I durst not meddle with: this hath need of a metaphysician, and let it suffice for me rudely to take up the bucklers and lay them down again, only to tune the lute, but to leave to the more cunning to play

Trochilus.

Philosophy.

*How I bewitch
thee with
fecundity.*

thereon. Count it enough for me, that am but an adjunct to a scholar, that have nothing of myself but what I glean up at the disputation of some scholars in mine office, let it be sufficient for me (I say) only to tell the reason of this stinking breath, and to leave to more sound philosophers to determine and set down the remedy of it. But now, it may be, *teipsum noscis*; you smell your own breath, and find it to be so intoxicated with poison that, unless you have present help, you are quite undone, you perish utterly; and knowing me to be a man of such excellent parts, yea, far better parts than *in speech be these eight parts*, are very instant with me to unbind the bundle which I gathered at disputations, and give you some remedy for this stinking breath. Lo! how virtue in the friend casteth forth her beams ever upon her enemy. I am overcome, blushing I undertake it, and, like a bashful maid, refuse, yet deign you that favour. Then mark, first go get some strong hemp, and work it and temper it so long together, till there arise out of it an engine which we call *capistrum*; then carry this *capistrum* to some beam that lieth across, for none else will serve when it must be strained and the one end of it fastened to the beam, and one the other make a noose of as round a figure as you can, for the roundest figure is the most retentive: let the noose be always ready to slide, for man's breath is

Ha ha! a rag borrowed from your own dunghill.

A medicine for a stinking breath.

slippery ; then, when everything is fitted, boldly put through thy head ; then work the *capistrum* over new again, swing up and down twice or thrice that it may be well strained, and so in short time your old breath will be gone. Despair not yet, man, *probatumest* : old *Æson* was dead awhile, but revived again and lived many a year after. But mark ; now to the pinch : if *Plato's* transmigration hold (which some men hold) that the *animæ* and breaths of men that be dead do fleet into the bodies of other men which shall live, then I hold that some breath, seeing thy young body without an *anima*, and it would be hard luck if some breath or other should not be yet straying about for a body, their being continually so many let loose at Tyburn ; I say, some unbespoken vagrant breath will go in and possess thy body. Now, if this remedy help not, surely thou art unrecurable ; if also thy new breath happen to be as stinking as thy old, thou wilt never have a sweet breath in this world, nor then neither. And thus much of my title.

You know, or at the least ought to know, that writers should eschew lies as scorpions ; but your lies that you devised of one are the greatest part of the matter of your Epistle ; as, *My shop in the town, the teeth that hang out at my window, my painted may-pole*, with many others, which fill up room in the Epistle in abundant manner, and which are nothing

else but mere lies and fictions to yield thee matter ; whereby I perceive how thread-bare thou art waxen, how barren thy invention is, and that thy true amplifying vein is quite dried up. Repent, repent, I say, and leave off thy lying, which, without repentance, is very heinous ; that one lie I make of thee in this book is presently washed away with repentance. Another lie I cannot but tell you off, which you clap in my teeth in the very beginning of your Epistle, which nothing grieveth me, for that I suppose it to be committed of ignorance : that is, you tell me that you came upon me with a dicker of Dicks,¹ but you came upon me with seventeen or eighteen Dicks, whereby I see thy ignorance in the Greek tongue ; thou knowest not what a dicker is : a dicker is but ten of anything, for it cometh of the Greek word *déka*, which is by interpretation ten.

Thou objectest that old *Tully* and I differed : I confess it, I am a man alone ; I scorn such ragged rent-forth speech, yet thou mayest well pray for the dual number, thou scabbed, scald, lame, halting adjective as thou art, in all thy guiles thou never hadst that guile as alone to get thee one crust of

¹A DICKER OF DICKS.—“I am sure thou wonderest not a little what I mean, to come upon thee so strangely with such a huge dicker of Dicks in a heap altogether ; but that’s but to show the redundance of thy honourable family, and how affluent and copious thy name is in all places, though *Erasmus*, in his *Copia Verborum*, never mentions it.” See the Epistle dedicatory to Nash’s “Have with you to Saffron-Walden.”

bread : no, I know not who had a hand with you in this silly Epistle ; go to, he is not a minister, he had but small reason for it : again, you remember the time when your fellow, *Lusher*, and you lay in Cole-harbour together, when you had but one pair of breeches between you both, but not one penny to bless you both, and how by course he wore the breeches one day, and went coney-catching about for victuals, whilst you lay in bed, and the next day you wore the breeches to go beg whilst he lay in bed, for all the world like two buckets in one well. Now suppose when *Lusher* wore the breeches, that then thou shouldest have been carried to prison where now thou art ; verily I think thou shouldest have escaped prison for want of breeches, or suppose that at that time thou shouldest have been hanged, I cannot but think that the want of a pair of breeches would have been better to thee than thy neck-verse, for the hangman would have his breeches ; no fee, no law : but put case that with much ado, by great extraordinary favour, some good hangman had done thee this last benefit, that thou mightest never trouble him again, and should have given thee thy hanging frank and free (as indeed happy for thee had it been, if this good hap had happened, for then thou shouldest not have lived thus miserably in this vain and wicked world) I say, plainly, put case thou hadst been hanged, the

hangman not sticking with thee for thy breeches, then *Charon* would have come upon you for his ferry-penny : fie out ! money and breeches as ill as a rope and butter, for if one slip the other hold, with him no *naulum*, no wastage, and then thou hadst been in worse case than ever thou wert. Thus you see how the want of a pair of breeches might have been the means to have made thee escape prison, death and utter damnation : and, O thrice happy *Lusher* ! that shouldest have been away with the breeches at that happy time ; but when thou wert in thy chiefest pride, if thou hadst but lent out one pair of breeches, thou shouldest have been thus happy.

Praise from the praiseworthy, and he is not praised whose praiser deserveth not praise ; therefore, in those places of the Epistle where thou praisest me, I take myself most to be dispraised, for that thou the praiser art worthy no praise ; for whosoever thou lead in a fool's paradise, like the fish called a *mugil*¹ which is said to feed herself with her own snot, for thereof she takes her name, thou feedest thyself with self conceit, that whatsoever cometh from thee is the very quintessence of true wit, and that all the ribaldry that ever thou settest forth, exceeded in pleasant mirth that so thou hast embraced true *Minerva*, when as (God knows) thou

¹MUGIL.—The mullett tribe.

art as far deceived as ever was poor *Ixion*, that embraced a cloud instead of *Juno*, or that gulled-god monstrous arcadian *Pan*, who, instead of that sweet Nymph *Syrinx*, sumpt a bunch of reeds. Yet I must confess thou hast something; thou art as a bundle of straw that, being set on fire, consumes itself all in smoke, but no warmth cometh from it; so thou hast no true fire in thee, all smother, nothing that can warm a man: thou art as many ciphers without an I, which they wanting are of themselves nothing; and thou hast much apperency of wit, which is as ciphers, but thou hast not this same I. Iota is wanting to thy ciphers; thou hast not one jot nor tittle of true wit. Again, as some soldiers that were at *Cales* [Cadiz], breaking into a shop for pillage, and there seeing many great sacks ready trussed up, they with great joy made haste away with them; and so with light hearts carried away their heavy burdens, and when they brought them into the streets, opening them to see their booties, found in some of them nought but red caps, of which afterwards they made store of fires, and in the rest nought but earthen pitchers, chafing-dishes and pisspots, and such like: so whosoever shall see thee trussed up and in thy clothes, might happily take thee for a wise young man; but when thou shalt be opened, that is, when he shall see but some work of thine, he shall find in thee nought but

rascality and mere delusions: and for this cause thou mayest be called the very *Chærilus* of our time, of whom the proverb was raised, more fool than *Chærilus*, who was a silly idiot, but yet had the name of a wise man; for he might be called *Chærilus, quasi chæri phos*, the light of every company into which he came: so thou hast only the name of a wise man, and that is *Nash*. O wise name! I pray, let me christen you anew, and you shall be called *Chærilus, quasi chæri bos*, the very bull-head of all the troop of pamphleteers. Thou goest about to gather jests, and to barrel them up into thine ale-house index, that when occasion shall serve thou mightest be a *Democritus*, always to laugh thyself, or to cause others to laugh by the idiotism. Thus to conclude: as *Daphne* chastity was turned into a laurel tree, and so kept her chastity, even so I wish that for thy wit thou mightest be turned into an ass, that so thou mightest keep thy wit to thyself, and not defile the world withal. But this thou scornest, and wilt prove that thou hast a good wit; and thus submissively in eloquence, to make us believe thee, at the first word thou beginest, Nature, that never wont to be unequal in her gifts, with me hath broke her wont, and endowed me with a dowry above the rest of her children; but every commodity hath his discommodity, and we cannot always please all; and

though all my books did not take as I wished they should, yet most of them did take, as *Pierce Penniless*¹ and others, which I will not name to avoid suspicion of vain glory. *Argus*, that had an hundred eyes, sometimes slept, or else he had not died for it: and when *Mercury* came he had no power to hold ope his eyes.—O, fine speech! By this I gather that thou confessest thyself to be *Argus*, and me *Mercury*: and if you be *Argus*, hold ope your eyes, with a pox to ye; I mean ye no harm yet, yet I pipe not to you: but I think it will be my luck to be as ill a scourge to you as ever *Mercury* was to *Argus*. But if you will dispute and prove that you have a good wit, away with your confused bibble-babble: bind up your arguments into syllogisms and I will answer you directly. Content, say you, and thus you begin: If my fame be spread far abroad, and all the country confirm that I have a good wit, then 'tis true that I have a good wit. But the first proposition is true; therefore I have a good wit. I answer, Poor and illiterate opponent! to context no firmer argument against so firm a logician as I am, a double response, or answer extempore, I can

¹Query.—Does not Master Richard here mean *Pierce's Supererogation*? or, is he merely bantering Nash for having translated his work into the Macaronical language, as he calls it. *Vide* Footnote at page 4 of Nash's "Lenten Stuff," Part i "Old Book Collector's Miscellany," and Nash's "Have with you to Saffron Walden."

afford you. First, though your name be blazed abroad, it follows not that you should have a good wit ; for as an empty vessel will sound far that hath nothing in it, so you may crack yourself abroad, and get to be reported the man you are not.

Secondly, I grant that you are famous, and that the country reports you wise. Sententiously I answer, that by a figure the country is taken here for the common rout only ; for none that can but write and read will ever agree to it; and *turba malum argumentum*, as much as to say, the troublesome Common's assertion never goes for currant. Thus, leaving no hole for you to creep in with a second objection, you betake you to your second argument.

If my wit (say you) were not excellent and unanswerable, many who are accounted to have good wits (to whom I have oft given particular occasion) would have answered me : but they have not answered me ; therefore my wit is excellent. Therefore I will answer thee.

I would to God thou and I were to dispute for the best mayorship in *Spain*; faith! thou mightest even cast thy cap at it. Dost thou not know that the lion scorns combat with the base? Wise men (though moved) will not work revenge on every object ; and the more stately oak, the more hardly set on fire. More plainly, in a similitude, the like reason is to be gathered of the nettles.

Even as the nettle keepeth her leaf cleanest, for that no man purgeth his post-pendence (there your nose, *Thomas*) with it, not because they cannot but because it would sting them if they should; and so, for that small good turn, it would work them a more displeasure. So thou art suffered to be quiet, and not wrote against, not for that thou canst not be answered, but that by answering thee they should but give more fodder to thy poison, put more casting to thy gorge; and he that intends to meddle with dung must make account to defile his fingers.

Thus thou art quite put down: thou art drawn dry. Methinks I perceive thee with for some moderator, that should cry, *Egregie Nash* (or, you great ass), *satis fecisti officium tuum*. And now, for want of a moderator, myself (for fault of a better) will supply that room, and determine of our disputation. And herein it shall not be amiss (the question so requiring, and you also requiring it in that place of your Epistle, where you lay wit to my charge) first to tell what a good wit is. And whereas thou burthenest me to say, that *much extraordinary descant cannot be made of it*, thou liest; for how unjust were men's wits, not to afford us extraordinary descant of that, which giveth us descant for everything?

A good wit (therefore) is an affluent spirit, yielding invention to praise or dispraise, or any-ways to discourse (with judgment) of every subject, mistake me not I pray you, and think not that I think all those to have good wits that will talk of every subject and have an oar (as we say) in every man's boat ; for many fools do so, and so doest thou. These talk not with judgment ; they be like the fellow who, swearing by God, and one standing by, correcting him, said, Fie on thee, how thou talkest ! What skills it, said he, so long as I talk of God ? So I say, Thou carest not how, without judgment, thou talkest on everything.

A good, good wit it is that maketh a man, and he is not a man that hath not a good wit. The very brutish and savage beast have wit : oxen and asses by their wit choose out the best pasture to feed in, and thou art no better : for divers men will say, and especially Northern men, to one that doth anything unhandsomely, Whaten a Nash it is ! for What an ass it is ; and an ass, all men know, hath not a good wit.

Thus (by these descriptions) the definitive sentence of my determination is this : *Nash*, thou hast not a good wit ; thou art a silly fellow, and more silly than Sir *Thomas of Carleton*, who being a little sick, and the bell tolling to have him go read service, the clerk of the parish going to him, and

telling him that the bell tolled for him, meaning to go read, he went presently and made his will, because the bell tolled for him. And so do thou; pray thee, make thy will, and die betimes before thou beest killed, for thine own wit will kill thee; and call you that a good wit that kills a man? All the wife men of *Greece* and *Gotham* never came to the misery that thy good wit hath brought thee to. My mind presageth the great confusion that thy good wit will bring upon thee; for as the camel that (come he into never so clear a fountain) cannot drink of the water, till he hath roiled and fowled it with his feet, so whatsoever thy wit goeth about, it first defiles it, and so brings destruction to thine own body. Thy wit, thy wit, *Tom*, hath rods in piss for thee: 'twill whip thee, 'twill work thine overthrow, 'twill quite destroy thee. *Actæon* (as wise a man as you) no ways could escape it, for all his love to his hounds and swift flight when he saw their fellness, but was devoured of his own dogs.

But why then (mayest thou say) do I oppose myself against an ass, seeing now I do no more than all could do, for all the beasts in the field can insult and triumph over the silly ass, as well the creeping snail, to her power, as the fiercest tiger? *Asinus a sedendo*, because every child can ride an ass; therefore 'tis rather a reproachful shame for me to meddle with thee, and by that I get more discredit

than the two gods got dishonours, that conspired the downfall of one silly, weak, unable woman. The reason is, I only am left to tell thee thou art an ass, and if thou shouldest not be told it, thou wouldest not believe that thou art an ass. Therefore now, at length, know thine own strength, and knowing that thou art feeble and hast no strength, blush and be ashamed; and then thou shalt see that all the country hath seen thy ignorance, though kept it in silence, and how this many a year thou hast gulled them; but they (gentle minded auditors) still, still, expecting better, took all in good part, whilst thou, like a cowardly unskilful horseman mounted on a jade, curvetest and showest thy cranks among a company of valorous famous captains, whose stirrup thou art not worthy to hold. Alight and listen unto me, and I, even I, that never till now was acquainted with the press, and acknowledge myself far unfit for those things thou professest, I (I say) will read thee a lecture: hearken, in my gibberish (as thou termost it) I will construe thee this short distich which, though it wants an author, wants no authority.

*Thaida te credis duxiffe sed illa Diana est,
Namque Actæoneum dat tibi Cervi caput.*

*Ingenuously thou thee complainest an Irus poor
to he;*

*But thou art Midas, for thou art an ass, as well
as he.*

Or thus :

*Some says Nash is lascivious, but I say he is chast.
For he by chasing after whores his beard away hath
chast.*

Otherwise :

*Who says Nash riots day and night about the streets
doth lie,
For he in prison day and night in fetters fast doth
lie.*

Again :

*You say I am a fool for this, and I say you say
true :
Then what I say of you is true, for babes and fools
say true.*

Now, I give not every word their literal sense, and by that you may see how I presume of your good wit, to see if by allusions you can pick out the true meaning ; but I use a more plain demonstration, and apply it to yourself : for if you will understand anything aright, you must ever apply it to yourself. It may be thou likest not these verses, for that they want rhyming words, and I end both the verses with one word : no, *Tom*, no ; think not so, bewray not so thy poetry, for that distich is best contrived, and most elegant, that ends both verses with one word, if they import a divers sense. But now I see thou art no versifier ; thou hast only a prose tongue, and with that thou

runnest headlong in thy writing, with great premeditation had before, which any man would suppose, for the goodness, to be extempore, and this is thy good wit. Come, I say, come learn of me; I'll teach thee how to put verses an hour together.

Thou nothing doubttest (as thou sayest) of the *patronage and safe conduct of thy book*; and, indeed, thou needest not doubt, for I never meant it harm, but always wished it might safely pass by me: yet as I was patron to it, I could not but read some of it, but I think if I had read it though, it would have poisoned me, it stunk so abominably: therefore all the while I was reading of it, holding my nose, fie, out said I: had I but known this cockatrice whilst it was in the shell, I would have broken it; it never should have been hatched by my patronage: but 'tis no matter; thy eye-beams will reflect upon thyself, and will be burning glasses to thine own eyes.

And so in a fury (the countries coming down upon me) I, like a stout patron, out of all the countries that pressed me sore, challenged out the most valiant warrior of them all, *Monsieur Ajax*,¹ to single combat: him I overcame, and of him I

¹AJAX.—Nash, in his "Have with you to Saffron-Walden," has a rude wood-cut which he calls "The picture of Gabriel Harvey as he is ready to let fly upon Ajax."—The same cut was afterwards used by the printer of one of the Roxburghe Ballads, *viz.*, "The Countryman's new Care, Away!"

got safe conduct; and he hath promised safe conduct; and he hath promised safe conduct to all comers of that race; and moreover, he, as another patron hath gotten for them all safe conduct from hence to *Ely* by water.

The good admonition thou givest me, that is, to commence, I thankfully take and willingly would undergo, had I but one with whom I might keep mine acts.

As for mine answer, I nothing doubt that is kept (as I hope) with credit, but my reply is it I stand on: I can get none to answer me. Alas! thou art not able, neither fit, for thy want of a beard¹ taketh away half the subject of our disputation; not that I say a beard would make thee wise, and so by that thou shouldest be fit to dispute. And because in what art thou wouldest have me commence, in that I would dispute with thee: therefore suppose I should demand of thee the reason why thou hast so much hair on thy head, and so thin, or rather almost none at all, on thy face? thou couldest not quaintly answer, because the hair on thy head is twenty years older than that on thy beard; nor in natural reason, because the brain seated in the head yieldeth more

¹FOR THY WANT OF A BEARD.—Nash himself speaks of his beardless years, in “Pierce Penniless;” and Gabriel Harvey, in his “Pierce’s Supererogation,” 1592, calls him “a gosling of the printing house;” and in another place, “a proper young man.”

moisture about it than any way downward, by which moisture hair cometh; but thou hast too moist a brain that cannot hold and remember these things, or rather, thou hast too hard and dry a brain, and so these things were never impressed into it.

But this is thine answer: 'Tis God's will it should be so, thou wert never born to have a beard: 'tis true; indeed, thus thou mightest answer to all the arguments in the world; but the want of a beard makes thee thus cold in answering, for a beard is a sign of a strong natural heat and vigour: but the true answer is, thou seekest too many ways to cast out thine excrements; thou art too effeminate, and so becomest, like a woman, without a beard. Again, if I should demand of thee why the hair of a man's head groweth downward and not upward? *idem revolveres*; this would be thine answer, Because it pleaseth nature. Dost thou not know that hair is the cover of the head? and therefore, if it will cover, it must lie down: and do not all the parts of a man grow downward, though the whole man grows upwards? And therefore the philosophers say that a man turned downwards is a plant; that as a plant hath all her boughs, branches, and leaves grow upward, so all the parts of a man are upward when he standeth on his head; as his feet, legs, arms, nose, fingers, and the rest: but in faith, thou, turned upward or downward, art but a plant, or

stock, to be ignorant in those things : why I marvel of what art thou didst commence Batchelor : if I had but the question that thou hadst at thy sophister's act, I would dispute on that ; but now I see I cannot commence for want of an answerer, and I scorn to keep mine acts *in tenebris*.

In this thy trimming, thou being so fit for it, I will work a wonder on thee, and I will hold any man a wager that I will perform it ; that is, whilst I am washing you, I will request your *connivance*, and put myself to *connivance*, and shave you quite through ; and when I have done, you shall not be a hair the worse. You may make a riddle of the same if you will, but I will do it, and when I have done, raising myself on my tiptoes, I will so hunt thee for my pay, that thou shouldest be in worse case than the beaver, who bites off his stones, and lays them in the way for the hunter ; for which otherwise he should be hunted to the death. I think verily, and in my conscience, *I should break thy head, and not give thee rest again.*

*Leaning on a
jeat.*

Thou rude wretch ! thou wilt be so *cosmologized* if thou beest caught here, for calling our masters of art first *stigmatical* ; that is, burnt with an hot iron. Didst thou ever know any of our masters of arts burnt with any irons ? then thou callest them *sinckanters*, which is a proper epithet unto thyself ; for *sinckanter* cometh of *sincke* and *antrum*, a hole ;

and as all the puddle and filth in the channel still runs all along till it comes to a hole or *antrum*, and there it sinks in, so all wickedness and abhorred villainy, still straying abroad and seeking for an *antrum*, at last it finds thee, which art the very sink and centre, where it rests. And surely if thou shouldest have termed me so, I would never have suffered it unrevenged; for as the *torpedo*, being caught and laid on the ground, striketh a torpor and numbness into the hand of him that doth pour but water on her, so, I do not think but that in thy Epistle thou callest me but *Dick*, which is my name contract, and other adjuncts, which in their own nature are neither good nor bad, the very remembrance of me struck such a fear and numbness into thy joints, that yet thou shakest as not dispossessed of that fearful fever. I will stir thee up and make thee seething hot, and when thou art in thy heat, I will then quell thee by moving of thee more and more; as when a pot seetheth, if we lade it and move the liquor up and down, even while it seetheth, we shall make it quiet. Thou little wotest of what a furious spirit I am; for I, keeping among such spirits in this place, as thou sayest, am myself become a spirit, and go about with howling cries, with my lance in my hand, to torture thee, and must not return home, till *Ignatius*-like thou shalt be carbonadoed, and I shall be carried on my lance-point

thy bones to hang at my shop window, instead of a coronet of rotten teeth, as the trophies of my victory. And this shall be done, comest thou never so soon into my swinge.

Spirit walk.

Therefore keep out of my haunt, I have a walk ; thou mayest be blasted before thou comest near my walk : if thou dost but look back and see me in my walk, thy neck will stand awry, thy mouth distorted, thy lips ugly wrested, and thy nose hang hook-wise. But rather I take thee to be a spirit, for that I, talking with thee all this while, cannot have a glance on thee.

But see ! what art thou here ? *lupus in fabula*, a lop in a chain ? Now, sirrah, have at you ; thou art in my swinge. But soft ! fettered ? thou art out again ; I cannot come near thee, thou hast a charm about thy legs, *no man meddle with the Queen's prisoner* : now therefore let us talk friendly ; and as *Alexander* said to his father *Philip*, who being sorely wounded in the thigh in fight, and hardly escaping death, but could not go on the ground without halting, Be of good courage, father ; come forth, that every step thou sets on the ground may put thee in mind of thy manly courage and virtue : so say I to thee, *Nash*, Come forth ; be not ashamed of thyself ; stretch out thy legs, that every step thou goest, thy shackles, crying clink, may remember and put thee in mind of all thy goodness

and virtue. I am glad to see thee in this prosperity; thou never wert so rich as now; thou never hadst



so much money as would buy so fair a pair of fetters: in very deed, thou art beholden to thy keeper that will trust thee with so fair a pair of fetters: neither would he, if he had thee not by the leg: but now thou art in good case, thou art no vagabond, now thou servest a master, and hast a house to go to, and a couch to lie in: thou must be thriving and provident where thou art, and 'twill be a good saving for thee. Now thou hast clog at thy heel, as the proverb is, thou must learn

of *Æsop's* dog to do as he did : that is, thou must crinch up thyself round in thy couch all winter time, and dream of a goodly large chamber, fair lodgings and soft beds ; and in the summer time thou must stretch out thyself, lie all abroad snoring upon thy couch, and think that thy silly lodging (seeing thou feelest no cold) a stately chamber built of free stone, laid out with stately bay windows for to take the air at. But what need I tell thee of these things ? Thou knowest better than I how to lie in prison ; for what a shame were it else for thee, that hast many a day ago been free of all the prisons in London, now to learn thine occupation ? Thou art a journey man long since : I do not think but that thou art able to set up shop in that trade, for if thou wert but a novice in it, this dear year would quite kill thee.

But say, how dost thou for victuals ? do not they of thy old acquaintance help thee ? if ever thou hadst true friend, now let him show himself, for a friend is tried in adversity ; and though the Romans were wont to say, that a true friend was but the salt and sauce of a banquet, yet I say, that a true friend to thee must be salt, sauce, bread, and all the meat beside. But thou hast never a true friend, yet thou hast enough of those friends that would be sauce to thy meat ; that is, if thou couldest bid them to a supper, they would come to eat up thy meat and sauce it with fine talk. But (God knows) thou hadst no

need of those friends: thou couldst be sauce to thine own meat. Fie on friendship! what is become of it? not one drop nor crumb of friendship between them all? A true friend (as they say) were more necessary than water and fire; for unless he come and call for it, thou canst not have so much as fire and water; that is, a fire with a cup of small drink by it to nourish thy body. What is become of those true friends, *Damon* and *Pythias*, *Castor* and *Pollux*, *Pylades* and *Orestes*, *Nisus* and *Eurypylus*, *Pirithous* and *Theseus*, whom death itself could never separate? Dead? Then *Jove* raise some deadly tyrant to massacre that cankered brood of thy companions, that leave their jester desolate in the winter of his affliction. I curse them with more vehemency, because I see some hope in thee, in that thou now seemest simply to betake thee to the truth: for whereas thou wert wont to crack and brag abroad, and endeavourest to show that there was no learning in which thou wert not expert, and how that thou wert endowed with plenty of the liberal sciences, which thou knowest to be nothing so, now thou recantest, and in simple truth sayest, thou hast no learning, no, not such much as one of the liberal sciences; which thou showest unto us by coming forth in thy fetters, for none of the sciences are bond-slaves, or kept in chains: they are called liberal, *quasi liberi*, because they make men free. If

these are not sufficient motives for thee, happily let this move thee; that by thy proficiency in philosophy since thou camest into prison, thou, hearing of *Æsop*¹ that dwelt in a tub, of *Anaxagorus*(?), who in prison wrote his special book *Of the quadrature of the Circle*, of *Socrates*, who in prison studied phylo-sophy, and wrote verses, and yet (as *Cardan* saith) slept sweetly, so as *Socrates* gave more light to the prison, than the prison gave darkness to *Socrates*: and, lastly, of him that put out his own eyes, and so eclipsed himself of the sight of the world, that he might have a more clear insight into the light of nature, keep thou thyself still in prison, eclipse thee from the sight of the world, gaze only on thyself, that so thou, more clearly seeing thine own deformed nature, mightest labour to reform it, and bring thyself into light again. But (sayest thou) you are a merry man, Mr. *Dick*: it befits not the wise to mock a man in misery: In truth thou sayest true, *Tom*; and for my mind's sake I would not for a shilling but that thou hadst been in prison; it hath made my worship so merry: but because thou continuest my precepts that am a Cambridge-man, from whence all virtue flows, and is the very fountain and conduit-head of all learning—O! here I could praise Cambridge an hour by the clock.

¹Here the Learned (!) “Dick the Barber” has designedly written *Æsop* and *Anaxagorus* for *Diogenes* and *Metroum*, to expose Nash's ignorance?

Therefore, I say, for thy contempt of me I will call thy keeper, and tell how thou art stolen out of prison, and come to me to help thee off with thy shackles. No, *Thomas*, no; I am no pick-lock; I thank God, I live without picking, though thou livest not without locks. But are you gone? thou wert afraid of thy keeper; go to the place from whence you came, &c., with a knave's name to you. Ha, ha! if I had but followed this matter even a little more, I could have persuaded thee to live and die in prison.

Alas! I could do anything with thee now, all thy senses are so taken down. Happy (quoth I) in prison? hapless, indeed! how happy is the owl caught fast in a lime-bough, when all the smaller birds do chatter at her for joy? How happy the rat caught in a trap and there dies a living death? How happy the tired hart stricken of the hunter, who runs panting, consuming her breath, and at last faints for want of breath? How happy the wearied hare, pursued with dogs, ever looking when they shall tear her in pieces? And how happy the coney-catching weasel ensnared in the parker's net, and hanged upon a tree? Thus happy art thou; with the owl thou art limed and wondered at, with the rat thou art sore pressed, with the hart thou art in a consumption, with the hare thou always expectest a tearing, and with the weasel thou shalt be hanged. All these torments are in prison, a

demi-hell, where (like fiends) the prisoners crawl about in chains, every one perplexed with his several pain ; a darksome labyrinth, out of which thou canst never pass, though guided by a thread.

O! double unhappy soul of thine, that lives so doubly imprisoned, first in thy body, which is a more stinking prison than this where thou art ; then, that it accompanieth thy body in this prison. Were it not sufficient that one prison should torture thy soul enough ? No ; first, because thy soul hath too deep a hand in all thy knaveries, 'tis so imprisoned and fettered to thy body that it cannot go without it. Poor soul! more miserable than the king's daughter captivated and long time kept imprisoned in the thieves' houses, at last, offering to break away, was condemned to be sewn into the ass's body and there to die ; for the ass's body was dead, and nothing alive in the ass (the prison) to trouble the maid, the prisoner. But thy prison is alive, and all the affections in thy body are as stinking vermin and worms in it, that crawl about thee, gnawing thee, and putting thee to misery. She in short time was sure to die, and so to be free again ; thou art still in dying, and hoping for freedom, but still livest, and this augments thy calamity: she should have had her head left out to breathe into the air, but thou breathest into thy prison thy body, that corrupts within thee, and so returns to be thine own

poison. Thus much misery (poor soul!) thine own body affords thee, and by being with thy body in the second prison, all this is doubled. Now, if thou wouldest be free from thy prisons make a hole in thy first prison; break out there, and so thou escapeth both, thou never canst be caught again: and by this thou shalt cry quittance with thy body, that thus hath tormented thee, and shalt leave him buried in a perpetual dungeon.

*Continuata
metaphora.*

Here let me give a cut or two on thy latest bred excrements, before I go to the finishing of the perfect cut.

A little lump of lead while it is round will lie in a small room, but being beaten it will spread broad and require a larger place to contain it; and a rope, bound fast up, might easily be covered, but unfolded and drawn out at length it hardly can be hidden: so you (simply considered) are of no report, but if you be untrussed, and beaten out, and your actions all unfolded, your name cannot be limited. And now you, having a care of your credit, scorning to lie wrapt up in oblivion, the moth of fame, have augmented the stretched-out line of your deeds, by that most infamous, most duncical and thrice opprobrious work, *The Isle of Dogs*,¹ for which you

¹THE ISLE OF DOGS.—See footnote, page 1 of “Nash’s Lenten Stuff, or the Praise of the Red Herring,” in Part 1 of “The Old Book Collector’s Miscellany.”

are greatly in request. That as when a stone is cast into the water, many circles arise from it, and one succeedeth another, that if one goeth not round, the other following might be adjoined to it, and so make the full circle; so, if such infinite store of your deeds are not sufficient to purchase to you eternal shame and sorrow, there arise from you more under them to help forward: and last of all cometh this your last work, which maketh all sure, and leaveth a sign behind it. And of this, your last work, I must needs say somewhat; for seeing that this, my first work and offspring, hath remained in my womb beyond the time allotted, it must needs be grown greater; and if it become a monster, it must needs be in excess.

Cropt ears.

A Proclamation for T. Nash.

O YES, O YES! IF THERE BE ANY MANNER OF MAN, PERSON, OR PERSONS, CAN BRING ANY TIDINGS OF THO. NASH, GENTLEMAN, LET HIM COME AND GIVE KNOWLEDGE THEREOF, AND HE SHALL BE PLENTHOUSLY REWARDED.

Hark you, *Thomas!* the crier calls you. What! a fugitive? How comes that to pass, that thou, a man of so good an education, and so well backed by the muses, should prove a fugitive? But, alas! thy muses brought thee to this misery: you and your muses may even go hang yourselves. Now you may wish that he that first put the muses into your head had knocked out your horns. But

seeing it hath so happened, call for your *Thalia* among your muses; let her play some music, and I will dance at your hanging. But 'twas providence in thee to foresee thy woe, and to labour to eschew it, if not by averring what you have said, and standing to it, yet by showing your heels; for as is the proverb, *ubi leonina pellis insufficiens est, vulpina astutia assuenda est*: if by strong hand you cannot obtain it, light heels are to be required: for one pair of legs are worth two pair of hands. And as of all the parts of thy body thy legs are thy most trusty servants, in all thy life, when as thou couldest not obtain of any of the parts of thy body to effect thy will, yet legs thou hadst to command for to walk and flee whithersoever was thy pleasure: neither now, in this extremity, do they deceive thee. O! how much art thou beholden to thy legs! *Banks* was not so much beholden to his horse, that served to ride on, and to do such wonderful cranks, as thou art to thy legs, which have thus cunningly conveyed thee. If every beggar by the highway's side (having his legs corrupted and half destroyed with botches, boils, and fistulas,) maketh much of them, getteth stilts and creepeth easily on them, for fear of hurting them, because they maintain them, and prove better unto them than many an honest trade; then, why shouldest not thou (by argument *a malo in pejus*) make much of thy legs which, by speedy

carriage of thee from place to place to get thee victuals, do not only maintain thy life, but also at this time have saved thy life by their true service unto thee? Wherefore (these things considered) thou canst not choose but, in all humility, offer thy old shoes for sacrifice to *Thetis* for thy swift feet. And 'twas wisely done of that high dread leech, *Apollo*, to appoint *Pisces* the sign to the feet, to show that a man should be as swift as a fish about his affairs. Nevertheless can I accuse you of laziness; for all this time of your vagation, with you I think the sign hath been in *Pisces*. Now, in this thy flight thou art a night-bird, for the day will bewray thee: the bat and the owl be thy fellow travellers. But to come roundly unto you, this cannot long continue: the owl some time is snared in the day season, and old father Time at length will bring you to light. Therefore, were you as well provided to continue your flight as is the beast *Ephemeron*, which, because she hath but one day to live, hath many legs, four wings. and all what Nature can afford, to give her expedition to see about the world for her one day's pleasure; or as *Pegasus*, that winged horse, which in swiftness equalleth the horses of the sun, which in one natural day perambulate dill the world; or as the beast *Alce*, which runneth on the snow with such celerity that she never sinketh unto the ground:

were you (I say) as swift as any of these, you shall be caught; such is your destiny, and then your punishment shall be doubled on you, both for your flying and your other villany.

Since that thy *Isle of Dogs* hath made thee thus miserable, I cannot but account thee a dog, and chide and rate thee as a dog that hath done a fault. And yet do not I know why I should blame dogs? For *Can* which signifieth a dog, is also a most trusty servant: for that dogs are faithful servants, to whom their masters in the night time give in charge all their treasure. They are at command to wait upon their masters, whether they bend their journey, to fight for them against their enemies, and to spend their lives to defend them, and to offend their adversaries; as we read of king *Cazament*, who, being exiled, brought with him from banishment two hundred dogs, which (with wonderful fierceness) warred against their resistants: in whom he reposed much more confidence and hope of victory, again to be seated in his throne, than if he had been defended by a mighty host of armed men. And *Jason's* dog, his master being dead, never would eat any meat, but with great grief and hunger died for company. *Tycius*, the *Sabine*, had a dog which accompanied him to prison, and when he was dead he remained howling by the carcass; to whom when one cast meat, he laid it to the

mouth of his dead master, to revive him again ; and when his corpse was thrown into the river *Tybris*, the dog leapt after it, so that all the people wondered at the love of this faithful creature. *Pirrhus*, the king, going a journey, came by a dog which kept the body of a dead man ; which when he saw, he commanded the body to be buried, and the dog to be brought home with him : this done a few days after came soldiers before the king, among whom the dog espied them which killed his master, and barked incessantly at them ; sometime looking and fawning on the king, and then barked again : at which sign the king, astonished, examined them, and upon light examinations they confessed the murder, and took punishment for it. Further, we read of a dog called *Capparus*, in *Athens*, which in the night pursued a thief that robbed a church, and being driven back with stones by the thief, followed him a loof off, but always kept him in sight, and at last came to him and sat by him while he slept. The next morn, so soon as ever the sun's golden crown 'gan to appear, and his fiery steeds, trappered in their caparisons, set on their wonted race, the thief fleeing, the dog still kept his chase, and complained in his language to the passengers of the thief. At last he was taken and brought back, before whom the dog came all the way, leaping and exulting for joy, as to whom all the praise was due for this deed.

The *Athenians* decreed that for this public good the dog should be kept by public charges, and the care of his keeping was always afterward laid upon the priest. And I fear me, and almost divine so much, that the very dogs (wheresoever thou playest least in sight) will bewray thee, and bring thee to thy torture. Again (among the *Aegyptians*), *Saturn* was called *Kyon*, because, as a pregnant woman, he begat all things of himself, and in himself; and in antique time they worshiped dogs, and had them in great account, till on a time, when *Cambyses* killed a man and cast him away, no other beast but a dog ravened in the dead carcass.

Lastly, to come nearer to yourself, you shall hear of a dog that was an excellent actor. In Rome there was a stage-player which set out a history of divers personages, among whom there was a dog to be poisoned and revive again; a part of no less difficulty than the king or the clown, and was as well performed; for (at his time) he eat the poison, and presently (drunkard like) staggered up and down, reeling backward and forward, bending his head to the ground as if it were too heavy for his body, as his part was, and at last fell down, stretched himself upon the stage, and lay for dead. Soon after, when his cue was spoken, first by little and little he began to move himself, and then stretching forth his legs, as though he awaked from a deep sleep, and lifting

up his head, looked about him. Then he arose, and came to him to whom his part was he should come ; which thing (besides the great pleasure) moved wonderful admiration in old *Vespasian*, the emperor there present, and in all the other that were spectators.

These pretty tales of dogs might keep me from chiding of thee, but thou art no such dog : these were all well nurtured when they were whelps, you not so : the worm was not plucked out from under your tongue, so that you have run mad, and bit venom ever since ; for these are the properties of a mad dog.

First, the black choler which reigneth in them turneth to madness, most commonly in the spring time and in autumn : and you, though you are mad all the year, yet have showed the sign of it especially this last autumn : they always run with their mouths open and their tongues hanging out : we know how wide your mouth is, how long your tongue, your mouth is never shut, your tongue never tied : slaver and foam fall from their jaws as they run, and 'tis but slaver that proceedeth from thy mouth : though their eyes be open, yet they stumble on every object ; so thou seest who offends thee not, yet thou all offendest : they whosoever are bitten with a mad dog also run mad ; and they whom thy ulcered tongue did bite are so stirred up

by it that, till they have got you and wormed you, they cannot be well : thus you may see to what misery you were born. Woe to the teats of thy dam, that gave thee suck ! and woe to the blind fortune, that she opened not her eyes to see to afford thee better fortune ! and woe to the dog-days, for in those thou wroughtest that which now works thy woe ! Take heed hereafter what you do in dog-days. The natures secretaries record of that kind of goat called *Oryx*, that all the year her throat is shut, the strings of her voice tied till dog-days come ; and then, that very day and hour in which the dog-star first appeareth (at which time dog-days begin) she openeth her voice and crieth : the like miracle these last dog-days have done of thee ; for what all the whole year could not bring to pass, and all the country long have expected, that is thy confusion these dog-days by thine own words have effected. Therefore happy hadst thou been if thou hadst remained still in London, that thou mightest have been knocked on the head with many of thy fellows these dog-days, for now the further thou fleest the further thou runnest into thy calamity : there is watch laid for you, you cannot escape : though art in as ill a taking as the hare, which, being all the day hunted, at last concludes to die ; for (said she) whither should I fly to escape these dogs ? if I should fly to heaven, there is *canis fidus celeste* ; if I

The Dog-star.

The Dog-fish

should run into the sea, there is *canis piscis marinus*, and here on earth millions of dogs seek to torment me. Aye me! heaven, earth, and sea conspire my tragedy. And as woeful as the coney which, escaping the weasel, fell into the hunter's net; of which was that pithy epigram, Would to God the weasel with my blood had sucked out my life, for now I am kept a prey for the ravening dogs, and cruel-hearted man sits laughing, whilst my body is broken up, and my guts divided into many shares! And though yet thou hast escaped thy snares, it will not be long ere thou beest taken, and then there is laughing work for all the country; for though thy body were shared into infinite individuals, yet every one could not have his part whom thou hast abused, for recompense for thy injury done unto him.

Now let me see thy punishment for thy *Isle of Dogs*. 'Tis an ancient custom in our country, when we take a dog that hath done a fault, presently to crop his ears, and this surely for thy fault is thy punishment. But why (might some say) are thine ears punished for thy tongue's fault?

I answer, thine ears are worthy to be punished for not discharging their office; for whereas they should hear before thou speakest, as they that be skilful at the ball first receive the ball before they cast it forth again; and into a vessel there is first infusion before there be effusion out of the same,

The over pregnant dog (we see) bringeth forth blind puppies ; and the spider, that prepares her matter and weaves her web together at the same time, makes but slender work of it, and easy to be broken of every fly. I say, whereas thou shouldest first have heard thou first speakest, thy tongue was in thy ear's place : and for this cause thine ears are justly punished.

Nature gave thee two ears and but one tongue, because thou shouldest hear more than thou shouldest speak ; but because thou hast spoke more than ever thou heardest, thine ears shall be taken from thee. She set thine eyes and thine ears both of equal highness and always open, that they might be ready to hear and to see, but thy tongue she put into a case that it might be slow to speak ; but thine ears were dull to hear, and thy tongue too quick of speech. Therefore thine ears deserve their punishment. Then, to be short, to have thine cropped is thy punishment. What, *Tom !* are thine ears gone ? *O, fine man, will you* Ha, he, ha ! *buy a fine dog ?* Why thou art in the fashion, thou art privileged to wear long locks by ancient charter ; Crop-eared first wore locks. but now if the fashion were as hot as ever 'twas to wear rings in their ears, faith, thou must wear thine even in thy tongue, because that cozened thee of thine ears. Are thy ears so moveable ? Art thou a monster ? Indeed, all beasts have free moving of their ears granted to them, but for men, I never

knew any but thee have their ears moving ; and thine I see to have the gentle quite remove. I think 'tis a disease, for I am assured, 'tis a horrible pain to be troubled with the moving of the ears. I conjecture no goodness by this strange accident of moveable ears this year : I hope shortly we shall have ballads out of it. I am afraid, I tell you, by this strange sign, that we shall have a wet winter this year, for if it be true (which the philosophers affirm) that when an ass's ears hang down towards the ground, 'tis a certain sign of rain instant: then, seeing thine ears not only hang toward the ground, but even drop down to the ground, how can it choose but be a sign of great wet at hand? and to thee it should be a cause of perpetual showers that should flow from thine eyes ; but thou art dry, no drop of grace from thine eyes. If taking away of thine ears could take away thy hearing too, 'twere some profit for thee, for then thou shouldest not hear thyself railed on, laughed at, nor know thy self to be a mocking stock to all the country. But there is a more plain way made to thy hearing organs, so that thou shalt more lightly hear thy self every where called crop-eared cur. What wilt thou give me if I (I am a chirurgeon) make a new pair of ears grow out of thy head, which passeth *Apollo's* cunning, that so thou mayest still live with fame in thine own country? or if I heal them as though

thou never hadst any, that I may go with thee into Germany, and there show thee for a strange beast bred in England, with a face like a man, with no ears, with a tongue like a venomous serpent, and a nose like no body? The last I care not if I consented to, if thou wouldest live in good order but one half year; but to the first, that is to give thee new ears, I never will grant, though thou shouldest be inspired to live orderly all the residue of thy life; no, though I had wax and all things ready: for long ago hast thou deserved disgrace to be earless, ever since thou beganst to write, for libels deserve that punishment, and every book which yet thou hast written is a libel; and whomsoever thou namest in thy book hath a libel made of him, thou purposing to speak well of him: such is the malice of thy cankered tongue. Therefore, thou deservedest to lose thine ears for naming the Bishop of *Ely* and of *Lincoln*, and for writing of *Christ's Tears over Ferusalem*¹: how darest thou take such holy matters into thy stinking mouth, so to defile and pollute them? Your dildoe and such subjects, are fit matter for you, for of those you cannot speak amiss;

¹CHRIST'S TEARS OVER JERUSALEM, whereunto is annexed a comparative Admonition to London. By Thomas Nash, London, 1593, with prefatory Epistle, containing an offer of amends and reconcilment to Gabriel Harvey. This was at once rejected, and for that rejection he was repaid by Nash in a second issue of "Christ's Tears," bearing date 1594.

the more you rail of them the nearer you touch the matter. But because you were not punished for those libels, you began your old course again *canis ad vomitum*, you began to chew the cud of your villany, and to bring more libels into light. But I hope this last libel will revenge the rest.

We hear how you threatened to spoil our stirring Satirist: alas! have thy writings such efficacy? indeed they are poisoned, but poison will not work on every subject; and if thou shouldst but name him, so that it might give but any blemish to his fame, assure thyself to be met withal of troops of scholars, which will soon make thee be one of *Terence* his parasites: in wounds thou shalt exceed *Cassiodorus*, which was so pitifully pinked of his own scholars. And now, whilst I am in the hot invective, I have a message to do to you: the townsmen of *Cherrihinton* send you commendations, and they demand a reason of you why you call them clowns? They say, they never offered you any wrong; wherefore if ever you come that way, they will send all the dogs in the town after you, to pluck off your ears if they be not gone before you come. Now I think it be time to remember my promise to the readers, that is, that I be not irksome to them with tediousness, that so they might with good acceptance digest what hitherto they have read: therefore I will draw toward an end, and so finish

this perfect cut. Where thou commendest thy Epistle to me as a garment for a fool, and therefore that it should be long, I (as is thy desire) have cut it with my scissors, laid it open, and according to that pattern have made a coat for thyself; but it is so short that thou shalt not need to curtail it, for some fools have long coats, for that cause only, that they might the better hide their folly and cover their nakedness, which else all should see: yet I have made thy coat short and little, that by thy behaviour in it thou mayest bewray to others thy simplicity; and if I had took in hand to have made it great enough to cover all thy folly, this is not the twentieth part of stuff that would have served, neither possibly couldest thou have had thy new coat against this time: but seeing thy garment is despatched for thee, wear it and use it well, for the fashion of long clothes is wearing away, and short clothes will shortly be in request again, and then thou shalt be a fool of the fashion as soon as the proudest of them all.

Again, this coat for thy body, and the cool irons for thy legs, will be a most cooling suit for thee all this summer time: therefore make much of it; let it not be thy every day suit, but as the *Utopians* were wont to make them suits of leather, which lasted seven years, in which they did all their labour, and when they went abroad they cast on

their cloaks, which hid their leather clothes, and made them seem comely and handsome, so if thou canst but jet some old, greasy, cast fustian suit to wear within doors, this coat will serve thee to cast on to get abroad in, and do thee credit. Wherefore (good *Tom*) I exhort thee to keep thee (whilst thou art) in good case: thou art well apparelled; it may be thou presently mayest bestow a coat of me: do not so; all thy coats are threadbare and I need them not, though thou hast many, for I know thou hast three or four coats ready made (like a saleman) for some body. Then, to which soever thou sowest but a patch or two concerning me, that coat shall serve me: thou puttest divers stuff into one coat, and this is thy use in all thy confutations, as is in this thy book thou bringest into the party against whom thou writest, his brothers, which argueth (as I said before) want of invention; but it skills not, thou art privileged never to go from the matter, it might as well be permitted in thee as in the historian that, promising to speak of the faith of the Jews, made a long tale of *Nilus*: but (as I said) be a good husband, *Tom*, and keep thy coats to thyself, thou wilt need them all; and when this coat which I bestow on thee shall wax threadbare, I will dress it for thee the second time and give it thee again. This I speak not to wage discord against thee, but rather to make an end of all jars; that as wife and

husband will brawl and be at mortal feud all the day long, but when board or bed time come they are friends again, and lovingly kiss one another, so, though hitherto we have disagreed, and been at odds, yet this one coat shall contain us both ; which thou shalt wear as the cognisance of my singular love towards thee, that we, living in mutual love may so die, and at last loving like two brothers, *Castor* and *Pollux*, or the two sisters *Ursa Major* and *Ursa Minor*, we may be carried up to heaven together, and there translated into two stars.

Finally, these things considered aright, in love I beseech thee (that thou mayest see I am not past grace) to suffer me to retort thy grace, and so to end, which myself will follow for you ; you suing *sub forma pauperis*.

A Grace in the behalf of Thomas Nash.

To all ballad-makers, pamphleteers, press-hunters, boon pot poets, and such like, to whom these presents shall come, greeting. Whereas *Tho. Nash*, the bearer hereof, born I know not where, educated sometime at *Cambridge*, where (being distracted of his wits) he fell into divers misdemeanors, which were the first steps that brought him to this poor estate. As namely, in his fresh-time how he flourished in all impudency towards scholars, and abuse to the townsmen ; insomuch that, to this day,

the towns-men call every untoward scholar, of whom there is great hope, *a very Nash*. Then, being Batchelor of Art, which by great labour he got, to show afterward that he was not unworthy of it, had a hand in a show called *Terminus et non Terminus*, for which his partner in it was expelled the college : but this foresaid *Nash* played in it (as I suppose) the Varlet of Clubs, which he acted with such natural affection, thall all the spectators took him to be the very same. Then suspecting himself that he should be stayed for *egregie dunsus*, and not attain to the next degree, said he had commenced enough, and so forsook *Cambridge*, being Batchelor of the third year. Then, he raised himself unto an higher clime ; no less than *London* could serve him : where somewhat recovered of his wits, by the excrements thereof (for the space of nine or ten years) he hath got his belly fed and his back clothed. As also I hope you are not ignorant how he hath troubled the press all this time, and published sundry works and volumes, which I take with me as humble fellow-suitors to you, that you being all in one strain (and that very low, he in a higher key), you would vouchsafe to take him as your graduate captain general in all villany : to which villany conjoin your voices, and in which villany, pray and say together, *Vivat moriatur Nash*. To these premises, that they are true, and that he, among you

all, is only worthy this title, I (as head lecturer) put to my hand.

RICHARD LICHFIELD.

But, *Tom*, thyself art past grace; for some of thine own faction, envying thy proficiency and honour to which thou aspirest, hath pocketed thy grace. O, envy! caterpillar to virtue! But let him know that thou hast a patron will stick to thee, and that thou art gracious in more faculties than one, I will put up another grace for thee, wherein he shall have no voice, and one only man, an old friend of thine, shall strike it dead.

A grace, in the behalf of Thomas Nash, to the right worshipful and grand Commander of all the superrants and subtercubants of England's great Metropolis, the Provost Marshal of London.

Forasmuch as *Thomas Nash*, sundry and oftentimes, hath been cast into many prisons (by full authority) for his misbehaviours, and hath polluted them all, so that there is not one prison in *London* that is not infected with *Nash's evil*; and being lately set at liberty, rangeth up and down, gathering poison in every place, whereby he infecteth the common air; I am to desire you, that as you tender the common good of the weal public, and as the virtue of your office requireth,

which is to cleanse the city of all vicious and unruly persons, when this above named *Nash* shall happen into your precincts or diocese of your authority, you would give him his unction in the highest degree, and cleanse us quite of him; which you shall effect thus: Send him not to prisons any more which are corrupted by him already, but commit him to the *Proctor of the Spital*, where he shall not stay long, least he breed a plague among them also; but pass from him to Bull,¹ who, by your permission, having full power over him, and being of such amiable and dexterous facility in discharging his duty, will soon knit the knot of life and death upon him, stronger then that gordian knot never to be loosed; and by that pretty trick of fast and loose will loose your city from him, and him from all his infections, and will hang him in so sweet and clear a prospect, as that it will be greatly to your credit to see the great concourse thither of all sects of people: as first, I with my brethren, the barber chirurgeons of London, will be there, because we

¹BULL is the earliest hangman whose name has descended to us, as far as that accomplished antiquarian writer, Dr. Rimbault, has been able to trace. Bull was succeeded by the more celebrated Derrick, who appears to have been a "prime villian" and well adapted for his odious occupation. Derrick cut off the head of the unfortunate Earl of Essex in the year 1601. This circumstance is more remarkable because Derrick, on one occasion, had his own life saved by the interposition of the Earl. Both these facts are stated in a ballad of the time. For an interesting paper entitled "Some Account of Jack Ketch," see TIMBS' LONDON AND WESTMINSTER, vol. i, p. 296.

cannot phlebotomize him, to anatomize him, and keep his bones as a chronicle to show, many ages hereafter, that sometime lived such a man, our posterity having by tradition what he was ; and you in some part might be chronicled (as well as St. George) for destroying this serpent : then, there will flock all the coney-catchers of London to see the portraiture of the arch architector of their art : lastly, at the ballad-makers of London, his very enemies that stayed his last grace, will be there to hear his confession, and out of his last words will make epitaphs of him, and afterwards ballads of the life and death of *Thomas Nash*. Let this grace pass as soon as may be, if not for any particular love to him, yet as you are a magistrate of the city, and ought to know what 'tis to prefer a public commodity. If this grace pass not, he is like to be stayed finally to the next year : I, his head-lecturer, present him to you,

RICHARD LICHFIELD.

Thus (courteous Gentlemen) I have brought you to the end of his trimming : though he be not so curiously done as he deserveth, hold me excused ; he is the first man that ever I cut on this fashion. And if, perhaps, in this trimming I have cut more parts of him than are necessary, let me hear your censures, and in my next cut I will not be so lavish ; but as the curate, who when he was first installed

into his benefice, and, among other injunctions, being enjoined (as the order is), to forewarn his parish of holy days that they might fast for them, and thinking all those holy days which he saw in his calendar written with red letters, on a time said to his parishioners, You must fast next Wednesday for Saint *Sol in Virgo*, which is on Thursday, because he saw it in red letters. Which moved laughter to the wise of the parish ; who presently instructed him, that over what red words soever he saw *fast* written those he should bid holy days : so in short time he became expert in it. In like manner, I, having but newly taken orders in these affairs, if here I have been too prodigal in *snip-snaps*, tell me of it ; limit me with a fast, and in short time you shall see me reformed.



Notes and Observations

ON

DR. GABRIEL HARVEY'S

THE TRIMMING OF THOMAS NASH,

&c.

By _____

Of _____

in the County of _____

18 _____

